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A YEAR IN SPAIN.

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A YEAR IN SPAIN.

BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

VOL. II.

As I turned to depart I noticed that the ruffianly gamblers continued their game, and Pepe gazed on with listless indifference

Page 68

New York Harper & Brothers.
1836.

Mackenzie, Alexander Slidell

A

YEAR IN SPAIN.

BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es ponerle a un hombre en el entendimiento que puede componer y imprimir un libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama.

CERVANTES.

THIRD EDITION ENLARGED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, CLIFF-ST.

1836.

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TO

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, ESQ.,

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED STATES

TO SPAIN,

These Volumes are respectfully Dedicated

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

The present work contained originally a much greater quantity of matter than in the form of its previous publication. It was the intention of the writer to publish a complete account of his travels in Spain; but, finding that his book grew in a manner truly alarming to an unpractised author, and fearing that to cut down and generalize would take from the narrative whatever merit it might possess, he preferred rather to strike out entirely a sufficient portion to reduce it to more moderate dimensions. This portion is now restored, comprising the whole of the third volume with the exception of the concluding chapter.

June, 1836.

PREFACE.

GIVING his Satanic Majesty due credit for the temptation mentioned in our motto, the present work originated in a desire to convey some notion of the manners and customs of the Spanish nation. The writer found much that was peculiar and interesting in them, and was thence led to think, that what had furnished so much pleasure in the immediate study, might not be wholly unattractive when contemplated through the secondary medium of description. Though this object should not be attained by the work now offered to the public, it may, perhaps, serve to attract attention to a country which, though inferior to none in interest, has been almost entirely neglected by tourists.

The author merely proposes to enable those who have not visited Spain, and have no expectation of doing so, to form an idea of the country and its inhabitants, without abandoning the comforts and security of the fireside. As for the traveller, he may find most of the local information he may require in Antillon's Geography, and Laborde's View of Spain. He will do well to journey with as little state as possible, and to keep to the popular conveyances; for he will be thus most likely to avoid unpleasant interruption, and have favourable opportunities for observing the manners of the people. Nor should he fail to follow the old adage of conforming to the customs of the land, among a people who, more than any other, are attached to their peculiar

usages; to smother his disgust at whatever may be in contradiction to the habits and institutions of his own country; above all, to exhibit no irreverence for their religious ceremonies; to enter their temples with a sense of solemnity, if not due, in his opinion, to their forms of worship, due at least to the dread Being to whom that worship is addressed; in short, to respect outwardly whatever they respect, down to their very prejudices. The traveller who makes this his rule of action in Spain, will not fare the worse by the way, and will not think the worse of himself, for this exercise of charity, when arrived at the end of his journey.

If, by any accident, this work should find favour among his countrymen, some apology for the many faults which, though hidden from the author, will be obvious enough to nicer eyes, may be found in disqualifications for the task which every one will appreciate—the inexperience of youth, and the disadvantages of an interrupted education.

Some reason may, perhaps, be required for the work's being put forth without a name. The author's name would ensure it no acceptation; and there would, besides, be little modesty in appearing as the hero of a narrative, which, to be interesting, must become egotistical and exclusive. If it should succeed, the author will not enjoy it the less, that he will enjoy it in secret. But he dreads the contrary. The difficulties which he has encountered in procuring publication are ominous of evil, and he would willingly avoid the odium of having made a bad book.

Boston, January, 1829.

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CHAPTER I.

ROUSILLON AND CATALONIA.

Impressions of France—Provence—Face of the Country—Journey to Spain—The Diligence—Fellow-Passengers—The Lady and the Officer—The Pyrenees—Junquera—Catalan Language—Figueras—The Lady's Husband—Gerona—Fording Scene—Tordera—A Catalan Village—Coast of Catalonia—Barcelona—The Fonda—Rambla.

HAVING passed a year in France, and made the circuit of most of the provinces with great delight, I found myself in Rousillon, in October of 1826, at the close of my tour, and prepared in some sort to compare my impressions. Touraine and the Orleanais had equalled my highest expectations; with a fertile, well-cultivated, and abundantly productive country; scenery of a peaceful, quiet cast, yet full of attraction; a people honest, kind-hearted, and unaffectedly polite, speaking the best French in the whole kingdom, and worthy in all things to do the honours of their country, it was impossible to be otherwise than gratified there. I had found Normandy by turns rugged and beautiful, with a coarse, rude, scheming, yet brave and laborious population; the North, wet, smoky, and hypochondriac, with inhabitants busy, bustling, and great drinkers of strong beer; the East assimilating itself, by turns, to the neighbouring countries of Netherlands, Germany, or Switzerland; Dauphine more beautiful than Italy; the valley of the Isere, worthy of being called the valley of Paradise.

All this I was in a measure prepared for, and it therefore brought no disappointment. But in the South of France I was doomed to have all my expectations reversed. I had been taught to associate it with whatever is lovely in nature; I had cast, in imagination, the face of the country into a succession of hill and dale; I had watered it with many streams; the hill-tops were crowned with forest-trees, and the slopes devoted to fruit-orchards, with the vine stretching itself abroad in festoons from tree to tree, while the valleys were spread out into meadows of the brightest verdure, and animated by herds of cattle. The villages, too, were to be neat, and the houses well white-washed, each with its little arbour and clambering grape-vine. Nor was this Arcadian region to be peopled with unworthy inhabitants; the women were to be beautiful, and well-made young men were to be seen everywhere, leading them off in the graceful mazes of the dance. This picture was not entirely gratuitous; for my guide-book had sanctioned the most extravagant reveries, by telling me, in doggerel and impious rhyme, that, if God were to take up his abode upon earth, it would surely be in Rousillon.

Such, however, I did not find the original. The surface of the country was indeed broken; but I looked in vain for the meandering streams which my fancy had created. Forest-trees there were none; and the hill-sides, though devoted to the cultivation of the vine, were destitute of fruit-trees. This favoured plant, which furnishes man with so much comfort, and the poet with so many associations, is here laid out in detached roots, placed at convenient distances from each other. In the spring, the shoots of the last season are pruned close to the ground; three or four new ones spring up from the stump; and these, when they can no longer sustain themselves erect, are supported by small poles planted beside them. Thus a vineyard in the South of France, when most luxuriant, greatly resem-

bles an American bean-field. In October, however, the case was very different; the vine, having yielded its fruit, no longer received the care of the cultivator; the props had been removed, to be preserved for the next season, and the leaves, already scorched and deprived of their verdure, had been blown away by the last mistral—a strong north wind, which, alternating suddenly with the warm breezes of the Mediterranean, produces the effect of the most intense cold. The mournful olive added a grave-yard solemnity to the picture, and the parched valleys, instead of being green with herbage, showed nothing but a burnt-up stubble, to tell that they had once been verdant. Though goats were occasionally discovered, climbing the hills in search of their subsistence, sheep, and oxen, and droves of horses were nowhere to be seen. The villages, though frequent and populous, were any thing but neat; the streets were filthy, and the dwellings neglected. It is true, however, that the women were beautiful: their glowing eyes and arch expression denoted passionate feeling and intelligence, while their ruddy hue and symmetric conformation gave assurance that they were both healthy and agile. The men, too, were well made, and of larger size than is general in France; but, though the wine-presses were still reeking from the vintage, there was no music, no song, and no dance. That the Provençaux were noisy and turbulent, I had already been told; but I had occasion to make the remark for myself at a bull-fight in the amphitheatre of Nismes, and at an execution in Montpelier, where I first beheld the fatal guillotine. The conductor of the diligence grew harsh and brutal, and even the French postillion, that model of good-natured civility, beat his horses harder, and became more surly, as I approached the Pyrenees.

I had promised myself, long before, to spend a year of remaining leisure in Spain, and I now determined to carry my purpose into immediate execution. My motives for

going to a country which travellers ordinarily avoid, were a wish to perfect myself in a language which is becoming so important in the hemisphere which it divides with our own, and a strong desire to visit scenes so full of interest and attraction. It chanced that a young Frenchman, with whom I had come to Perpignan, had the same intention. He had been in Germany, Russia, and England, and spoke our language with a fluency which Frenchmen rarely attain. We had sat beside each other in the diligence, and our conversation, among other things, had revealed our mutual plans; so we agreed to keep on in company to Barcelona. We were yet talking over the necessary arrangements with our landlady, when our group was joined by a discontented old captain of foot, who had fought beside Dugommier, when he fell in battle in the neighbouring Pyrenees, and who had remained stationary since the downfall of Napoleon. As he also had been our fellow-passenger the day before, he could not see us go into Spain without a word of warning. He said that he had just seen a friend who had come lately from Zaragoza, and who had been twice plundered on the way; and endeavoured, by drawing a terrible picture of the state of the country, to deter us from trusting ourselves in a land where, according to him, we might be robbed and murdered at any hour of the day. This, however, was but a trifling impediment to men already resolved. There was a fair chance of escaping untouched, while the little danger that might be incurred would heighten the pleasure of every scene and incident, reached with some risk, and enjoyed with a sense of insecurity; and even to be pounced upon on the highway, and thence carried off, like Gil Blas, to some subterranean cave, to feast with the bandits on the fat of the land, and be instrumental in saving some beautiful widow, were no bad alternative. So, our journey was determined upon; and having taken our seats in the interior of the diligence,

which was to set out early the next morning, and having bought Spanish gold with our French money, we returned to the hotel, to eat our last meal in France. Quitting the table, where a party of friendly and social commercial travellers, who had never seen each other before, and might never see each other again, were discussing, in the most earnest and familiar manner, the relative merits of their respective departments, we withdrew early to bed. We went more reluctantly forth the next morning, before dawn, at the summons of the porter; and by the time we had seated ourselves, the horses were harnessed, and, the gates of the town being open, we rattled over the drawbridge, and took leave of Perpignan.

For some time after our departure, each continued sleeping or ruminating in his peculiar corner; but by-and-by the day stole gradually upon us, until the sun rose at last above the horizon, sending its rays through the broken clouds, which grew thinner as we advanced. I was now enabled to discover something of the economy of our diligence, and to speculate with more certainty upon the profession and character of my fellow-passengers, than I had been enabled to do when we took our seats, by the light of a single lantern.

One of the first things with which the traveller is brought into contact on his arrival in France, and which, as much as any other, attracts his attention, is the public coach, very gratuitously named the diligence. This most curious of vehicles is composed of three distinct chambers or cabins for passengers. From without, it has the appearance of as many carriages, of different constructions, which have formed themselves into a copartnership for the public accommodation. The front part, called the coupé, or cabriolet, resembles those oldfashioned chariots, that have only a back seat, with windows in front and at the side. Here three passengers may be very comfortable; for the seats

are much more roomy than with us, and an extra passenger is never crowded in; each seat, too, is numbered, and, on taking your place, it is marked upon your ticket, and all cause of difficulty and altercation is obviated. As an additional convenience, the sides and backs of the seats are cushioned up to the top, and over head are bands for placing hats, for which nightcaps of silk or cotton are usually substituted. Equipped with one of these, a passenger can not only read, but sleep with some comfort in the diligence, which, from its slow rate of about five miles an hour, is forced to travel all night, in order to make a tolerable progress. The interior carries six passengers, who sit on two benches, facing each other; and the rotunda, which, though the after-cabin, is not the post of honour, an equal number. Last comes the imperial; so called, doubtless, from its stately appearance; for it stands upon the summit, and is covered at pleasure with a leathern top. From this proud elevation the captain of the diligence overlooks all the concerns of his land-ship, and gives his orders with the peremptory air of one accustomed to command. In a square box at the back of the conductor, which occupies the whole roof, the baggage is stowed, and covered with a leathern apron; a singular assortment of trunks, bags, dogs, monkeys, bandboxes, and parrots. The whole fabric rests upon horizontal springs, which are in turn sustained by framework and wheels of corresponding solidity. Five horses are sufficient, over the fine roads of France, to form the team of this moving mountain: one is attached on each side of the pole, the remaining three go more sociably together on the lead. The whole are driven by a postillion, who best rides the left wheel horse, and who, from the singularity of his costume, and the incredible size and heaviness of his boots, is by far the most wonderful particular of this truly wonderful whole. The immense weight of these vehicles, when overladen and top-heavy—for they

also carry freight—renders them very difficult to manage in a long descent. The wheels are shod as a matter of course, but the chains which hold them, and keep the wheels from revolving, sometimes break, when the horses, to save themselves from being run over, are forced to set off at a gallop. As the momentum, however, is constantly increasing, they cannot long preserve their station in advance. They are at length overtaken, and crushed by the resistless impetus of the mass, which passes over them, and is at the same time overturned, or, being diverted from its course, is precipitated over the roadside. Fearful accidents of this nature sometimes occur; and on the road between Geneva and Lyons, which passes over the Jura, they are not unfrequent.

My attention, when the day had dawned, was first attracted to the portion of the diligence in which I rode. My former companion was beside me, and in front of us were a lady and gentleman. The latter was an officer, some thirty or forty years old, with a mixture of fearlessness and good-humour in his countenance. He wore the broad-breasted capote of blue, peculiar to the French infantry, and had the number of his regiment engraved upon his buttons. A leathern sword-belt hung from his left pocket-flap, and on his head was a military bonnet of cloth, with the French lily embroidered. His beard was of some days standing, indicating the time he had been upon his journey; and his long mustaches hung about his mouth, neglected and crest-fallen. When the sun rose, however, he hastened to twist them up, until they stood fiercely from his face; then, having run his fingers through his hair, and replaced his bonnet on one side, his toilet might be said to be complete, and he turned, with an air of confidence, to look at the lady beside him.

She was much younger than himself, and was very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were as black as they

could be; and her face, full of life and animation, was of a mellow brown, which, while it looked rich and inviting, had, besides, an air of durability. It was somewhat difficult to understand the relation subsisting between the officer and the lady. He had come to the diligence with her, made her accept of his cloak to keep off the cold air of the morning, and was assiduous in his attentions to her comfort. Their conversation soon showed, however, that their acquaintance was but of recent date; that the lady was going to Figueras to join her husband, a sub-lieutenant in the garrison; that the officer had been on leave from his regiment in Barcelona, whither he was now returning; and that they had travelled together accidentally from Narbonne. The difference between the French and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost any situation, is, simply, that they endeavour to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. "Utiliser ses momens," is a maxim which they not only utter frequently, but follow always. They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin, where duller spirits end, by gaining the good-will of all who come near them. In this way, our officer had turned his time to good account, and was already on excellent terms with his fair companion. Nor was he inattentive to us, but exceedingly courteous and polite; so that, instead of frowning defiance upon each other, and putting ourselves at ease without regarding the comfort of the rest, we all endeavoured to be agreeable, and even to prefer each the convenience of his fellow-travellers to his own.

There were no passengers in the cabriolet, and the conductor, in spite of the ordinance, had descended from his stately station on the imperial, to the humbler, though warmer birth in the front of the diligence, where he sat,

wrapped up in a great variety of fur jackets, with a red comforter round his neck, and a seal-skin cap on his head, which he would occasionally project from the window to hail a passing acquaintance, or give some order to the postillion. The rotunda, however, was full, as I could see by opening a small window which communicated between it and the interior. Some of the passengers were still sleeping, with their cotton nightcaps drawn over their faces; while others were smoking cigars, and carrying on a discordant conversation in French, Provençal, or Catalan. In one of the sleepers I recognised a pastry-cook, whom I had met at the mayor's office at Perpignan. The old gentleman, a chevalier of St. Louis, refused at first to let him leave the kingdom, in consequence of some defect in his passport; but finally yielded to the poor fellow's solicitations, and made him happy by telling him that he might go and make petits patés for the Barcelonians. Beside this gastronomical missionary, there was another who might belong to the same sect, as he was going to buy cork; and a third was a glove-maker of Grenoble, who had been settled some years in Barcelona, and was now returning from a visit to his native town. This was a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, with a short bull-neck, and a stubborn countenance, not at all improved by a low fur cap without a brim, by which it was surmounted. He had married the wife of his former master, who had taken a fancy to him on or before the death of her husband, stepping thus, at once, into his bed and business. The old lady came forth a half-day's journey to meet and welcome him at Mataro; where, as they encountered, the cloying fondness of the one, and the patient endurance of the other, furnished a singular and amusing picture of matrimonial felicity.

The country through which our road lay, on leaving Perpignan, was highly cultivated, producing some bread-stuffs,

but chiefly wine, oil, and silk. These branches of agriculture, however, though they carry with them associations of luxuriance and beauty, furnish by no means so many picturesque attractions as are to be found in a pastoral district, with its simpler combination of trees, and streams, and meadows. The season of the year, too, was very unfavourable for rural display. A powerful sun had already destroyed the leaves of the vine and mulberry, so that the only remaining verdure was offered by the olive, which still preserved its foliage and its fruit, blackening as it ripened—if, indeed, that could be called verdure, whose gray and lifeless hue was akin to the soil which nourished it. The olive, in truth, owes every thing to association; it has the sadness of the willow, with little of its grace.

As seen from Perpignan, the Pyrenees had stood in rugged perspective before us, rising gradually from the Mediterranean, and bending westward, where Mont Perdu reared his snowy head, until lost in the heavens. Their apparent elevation did not, however, increase as we advanced; for our road, instead of attacking the loftier ranges, sought an inferior pass, not very distant from the sea, where the Pyrenees may scarce claim the character of mountains. There are three principal roads communicating between France and Spain; one from St. Jean de Luz into Guipuscoa; another from St. Jean Pied de Port into Navarre; and a third, by which we were crossing, from Rousillon to Catalonia, by the pass of Junquera. There are, however, a variety of passes through the Pyrenees, which are not only practicable for horses, but even for carriages and artillery; yet does this famous range offer an admirable boundary to the two great nations which it divides, defined as it is, on both sides, by the course of water, which marks the French territory when its direction is northward, the Spanish when it seeks an outlet to the south.

When the ascent commenced, the postillion left his saddle, jumped out of his boots, which he hitched together and threw over the back of the bidet, that he might not miss his rider, and sauntered along at the side of the team, in the light shoes which he wore within his boots, smacking his whip, and thundering out an oath or a hard name to stimulate his cattle. The conductor, too, got down, and we all took to our legs, except our female companion and the captain, to whom a march offered no novelty. In ascending, the crests of the mountain became craggy, but the gorges were still cultivated. There was little, however, to merit the name of fine scenery; for our windings along the bottoms of the ravines cut us off from any extended vista, while around us there were neither woodlands nor mountain streams, with their attendant fertility.

At the last French post, our passports were examined; and when we reached Junquera, the first village in Spain, diligent search was made for the necessary countersign of some Spanish consul, or other authorized functionary. Here our trunks were likewise inspected with much eagerness, to discover if they might contain any contraband articles or prohibited books, under which title are included all except such as preach political and religious obedience, but especially the works of Marmontel, Voltaire, and Rousseau, together with the modern metaphysicians and economists. The orders to search were the more particular at this moment, in consequence of a large package of books having lately been detected in attempting to pass the barrier, bearing on their backs the pious title of "Vidas de los Santos;" but which were, in fact, nothing less than Spanish translations of the Social Contract, and pocket editions of Llorente's History of the Inquisition. As I chanced to have with me the Henriade and a few plays, productions of the arch-skeptic, I was glad to avoid the trouble of search and the risk of detection, by slipping a piece of silver into the

hands of the officer, who had given me to understand that it would not be unacceptable.

Junquera is a miserable village, owing its existence, not to any advantages of soil, but to its situation near the top of the pass, where a stopping-place is essential to the accommodation of travellers. Like most places similarly situated, it has but a squalid appearance; so that the traveller who enters Spain by this route, will always receive an unfavourable impression of the country which he is about to visit. As usually happens in passing the frontier of two countries, he may likewise be surprised at finding so little difference in the manners and appearance of the inhabitants. Remembering that those who live north of the frontier are Frenchmen, those south of it Spaniards, he may wonder that there should exist so much conformity between people of two nations, which, in all their essential characteristics, are as different as they can well be. But here, as elsewhere, there is a sort of neutral ground, where the dress, manners, and language are made up of those peculiar to the neighbouring countries. Thus, at Perpignan, the Provençal begins to blend itself with the Catalan, the latter entering more and more into the compound as you approach the Pyrenees, until there is little of the former left but such words and expressions as are common to the two languages. They may be called languages, because, besides being generally spoken, they are both written, and have their respective grammars, their literature, and their poetry. Even now, as in the days of the troubadour, there are perhaps more ballads hawked about in the cities of Provence than in any other country, and there is a softness and harmony in their versification which French poetry does not always possess. The Provençal is a degenerate offspring of the Latin, between the French and Italian, the French words being terminated by aspirated vowels, and softened into an Italian pronunciation; but the Catalan, though chiefly derived from the old language

of the troubadour, is a rougher and much harsher tongue: it has a hawking, spluttering sound, which may have come with the barbarians from the north of Europe.

In the public officers, police, military, in fact, in every thing which relates to the general service, the traveller will, however, notice a most decided change in passing from France into Spain. On the French side he finds snug buildings to shelter the custom-officers, who are men that would repel a bribe with indignation; cleanliness and uniformity in the dress of the employés; and gendarmes well accoutred and well mounted, patrolling the country to guard it from robbers, and enabling the citizen to pursue his avocations in security. On the Spanish side how different! Miserable looking aduaneros crawl forth, with paper cigars in their mouths, in old cocked hats of oilcloth, and rolled in tattered cloaks, from beneath mud hovels, which seem to be only waiting for their escape that they may tumble down. They make a show of examining you, ask for something for cigars, and if you give them a pistareen, they say that all is well, and you go by unmolested. Here there is no law but that of the strongest, and every man is seen carrying a gun to protect his person and property.

On leaving Junquera, the road followed a rivulet, and, after descending a while, the barren region of the Pyrenees softened into scenes of partial cultivation. The valleys and sheltered situations were covered with wheat, vines, and olives, and the hill-tops were fringed with cork-trees. This useful production is known in Spain by the name of alcornoque. It is a species of the encina, which, though of very different appearance from our oak, furnishes a wood of the same grain, and bears acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told that Sancho was a great lover of bellotas. The cork-tree grows to the height of our apple-tree, and spreads its branches

much in the same manner; but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its body and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old; but is then of no use, except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.

Towards noon we drove into the town of Figueras, the first place of importance within the Spanish frontier, which is commanded by a citadel, in which the science of fortification has been exhausted. There is an old proverb, which, in characterizing the military excellence of three great nations, prefers "the French to take, the Spaniards to fortify, and the English to keep." The Spaniards have proved, at Figueras, that they are entitled to the praise awarded them; for, with a sufficient garrison and supplies, the place is esteemed impregnable. It is now occupied by the French, to secure their communications with the army in Barcelona. When it will cease to be thus occupied is another question.

As soon as we drove up to the posada, a party of wild Catalans rushed forth from the stable-yard, to assist in carrying away our team; and the conductor, who had long since abdicated his elevated station, and descending along the iron steps placed at the side of the diligence, had taken his stand upon the lowest one, supported by a rope from above, now jumped to the ground, and hastened to release us from our captivity. Our captain alighted first, and having refreshed himself by a well-bred stretch, was just holding out his hand to assist his female friend, when he was

suddenly saved the trouble by a stout, fine-looking fellow, a sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, who stepped in before him. This was a rough Provençal, with a black beard, who had fought his way to his present station, without fear or favour. He was evidently the husband of the lady; for she, declining the captain's courtesy, jumped into his arms and embraced him. The husband seemed pleased enough to find himself once more so near "sa petite," and when he had called some soldiers, who were standing by, to carry his wife's bandboxes, he took her under his arm, and conducted her in a hurry to his quarters, his spurs jingling at every step, and his sabre clattering after him over the pavement. The captain twisted his mustaches, and glared fiercely after the receding couple; but, as the man was only exercising an honest privilege, he said not a word, but bade the conductor hand him down his sword, and when he had thrust it through his belt, we all went into the posada.

The next place of any consequence through which we passed was Gerona, a fortified town situated on a mountain. Its foundation is ascribed to the Gerons, who make so distinguished a figure in the fabulous history of Spain, and whose destruction by the Lybian Hercules constitutes one of the twelve labours of the god. Gerona is very celebrated in Spanish history for the many sieges it has sustained, and for its successful resistance on twenty-two occasions, which gained it the name of "La Doncella—The Maiden." It lost its character, however, in the War of Succession, when it was entered by the Marshal de Noailles, and since then its fame is gone entirely. It was near nine at night when we reached the gate, where we were kept waiting half an hour, until the key could be procured from the commandant.

The next morning at four we were again in motion, mounting and descending hills in rapid succession, until we

came to a stream of some width, over which there was no bridge, as we had already found to be the case with several others since crossing the frontier. While we were yet descending the bank, the postillion put his team to its speed, so that we proceeded a good distance with this acquired velocity. When in the middle, however, we were near stopping; for the river, which was much swollen, entered at the bottom of the diligence, washing through the wheels, and striking against the flanks of our horses, until it rendered them powerless, and had wellnigh driven them from their legs. They were for a moment at a stand; but the whip and voice of the postillion encouraged them to greater exertion, and, after much struggling, they succeeded in dragging the coach over the stones at the bottom of the torrent, and in bringing it safely to land.

We were not alone in this little embarrassment, for there was a party of about a hundred Frenchmen crossing the stream at the same time. They were going to join a regiment at Barcelona, and, with the exception of a few "vieilles moustaches" among the non-commissioned officers, who did not need their badges of service to proclaim them veterans, they were all conscripts, as any one who had seen Vernet's inimitable sketches would readily have conjectured. It happened that there was a small foot-bridge, only one plank in width, which stood on upright posts driven into the bottom of the stream. The water was now nearly even with the top, and in some places flowed over. This, however, afforded a more agreeable way of crossing than wading the river with the water to the middle. The commander of the party had already passed, and stood, buttoned in his capote and with folded arms, upon an eminence beyond the stream, watching the motions of his followers. Those of the soldiers who had already crossed stood upon the bank, laughing and hallooing at the unsteady steps of the conscripts as they came faltering over, with caps and coats fit-

ting them like sacks, and their muskets held out before them to assist in maintaining a balance. Though many tottered, only two or three fell, and these came to land well drenched, to the infinite amusement of their comrades. Last came a young sub-lieutenant, evidently on his first campaign tripping along the plank with the airy step of a muscadin. Unfortunately, just as he had cleared two thirds of the bridge, and was quickening his pace with an air of great self-complacency, a flaw of wind, rushing down the ravine, caught the skirts of his oilcloth coat, and, throwing him out of the perpendicular, he fell full length, like a thresher-fish, upon the water. The soldiers respected the feelings of their officer, and repressed their mirth; they rushed into the stream with exclamations of anxiety for "mon lieutenant," and soon drew him to land, dripping with the water, from which his patent cloak had not availed to protect him.

The little village of Tordera lay just beyond the bank of the stream, and its whole population had come out to the corner of the last house to witness our simultaneous arrival. It happened to be Sunday, and, as I have sometimes fancied is apt to be the case, it brought with it a bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The inhabitants, in consideration of the day and the weather, were decked in their gayest apparel, furnishing me with a first and most favourable occasion of seeing something of the Catalans and their costume. The men were of large stature, perfectly well made, and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair, and the exaggerated cast of their countenances, partly by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half way down the ribs, studded thickly with silver buttons at the breasts, lapels, and sleeves; the trousers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground

to the armpits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, while their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes in Spain, who say that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow sashes of red or yellow silk; some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red, and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer the look of a cut-throat. Whether from the association of ideas with the "bonnet rouge," or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable head-gear.

As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same colour. They were generally bareheaded, just as they had come from their dwellings; a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the mantilla. The Spanish mantilla is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with lace or velvet. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front.

These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever-moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavours to conceal her neck furnish a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though, in former times, the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock has been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well-turned ankle and neat little foot, shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were, besides, of graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace, and ease, and fascination of the Provençale, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun.

We were detained a short time in Tordera to change horses, so that, before we departed, the French party filed into the little square by beat of drum; the captain marching, sword in hand, at the head, while his lieutenant slunk past us, with the water oozing from his boots at each tread, and sought out the kitchen of the posada. When the line was formed, the sergeant proceeded to call the roll; sentinels were placed to parade on each side of the square, and then the arms being stacked, and the sacks and accoutrements suspended upon them, the soldiers became instantly as merry as crickets, stretched their backs, now relieved of their burdens, or capered about the square, wrestling with each other, or fencing with their hands as if they had foils in them. Others wandered away to a neighbouring wine-shop, to stay their stomachs while their rude meal was preparing, levying a subscription of coppers for the purpose as they went, while a solitary swain preferred rather to roam aside to a neighbouring alley, and make love to a damsel of Tordera.

Leaving this little village and its pleasant scenes, we as-

cended a hill and came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean, and of a far-stretching extent of coast, whitened, at short intervals, by busy little villages, which received the tribute of both sea and land; for, while a well-tilled soil supplied the wants of the industrious cultivator, countless fishing-boats were seen upon the water, urging their way to the beach by sail and oar, to land their spoil, and share in the rest and jubilee of the Sabbath. When we came to the shore, some of these boats were already hauled up. They had but one short mast, leaning forward, with a very long yard, over which their nets were now suspended to dry, while the fish taken in their toils fluttered in heaps on the sand, or were carried away in baskets. These boats were sharp at both ends, with a high prow, ending in a round ball, painted to represent the human face, and covered with a wig of sheepskin. Besides this odd ornament, some had a half-moon or a human eye on either bow. Nor were there wanting larger vessels, clean-built smugglers and others, anchored near the shore; while, farther in the offing, were ships and brigs, stretching to and fro against a contrary wind, anxious to escape from the stormy region of the Gulf of Lyons. One ship had come quite near. Her well-fashioned and varnished hull and trim-rigged masts, with the snowy whiteness of her canvass, rendered it likely that she was an American. Nor was there any thing hazardous in the conjecture, since, wherever there is water to float a ship, it has been divided by an American keel. I felt sure of the matter from the first, being somewhat of a connoisseur in matters of ships and rigging; for, when yet a child, I had loved to loiter about the wharves of my native city, watching the arrival of ships from countries which I knew as yet only through my geography, or witnessing the casting-off of departing vessels, the last halloo and later greeting of shawls and handkerchiefs, as friends were separated from each other.

It was not, however, without a feeling of additional satisfaction, that I presently saw the proud ship turn towards the wind, present the opposite side to its efforts, and change the direction of her sails, offering her stern to our view, and, as if pleased with the opportunity, hoisting aloft and displaying in the bright sunshine the stars and stripes of that banner which has never been branded with dishonour, nor sullied by strong-handed injustice. I was alone in a foreign land, strange sights were before me, and stranger sounds were echoing in my ears; yet the home feeling, thus called up, asserted itself within me, and, as the gallant ship faded from my view, I offered an inward prayer that the winds and waves might be propitious to her.

Our road now lay along the coast through a great number of villages, which formed themselves into a double row of houses on either side. I was struck with the neat appearance of these dwellings, unlike any thing I had seen in France. Some were two stories, more but one in height, plastered and whitewashed, with red tile roofs. The door opened into a long entry, neatly garnished and matted. Not unfrequently, a little altar stood at the extremity, illuminated by a single lamp. A rude image of Our Lady of the Pillar was usually the prominent object, and around was an abundance of pewter ornaments and pictures. It was the family shrine; its refuge in the hour of distress; when the storm rages, and the boat of her husband is not yet upon the beach, the only succour of an anxious wife—if not the source of real protection, at least a foundation for confidence and hope.

Beside the door revealing this shrine of family devotion was a high window, grated with iron bars, and ornamented with flowerpots. This was also a shrine, though devoted to a different order of excellence. A lovely girl might often be seen sitting with her chair in the window; one foot concealed under it, the other projecting between the gra-

tings of the balcony, displaying perfectly its graceful curve and well-defined outline. Her left arm over the back of her chair, the right holds a fan, with which she presses her under lip into more inviting relief. Her full dark eye glances rapidly at all who pass, frowns upon some, and favours others, whom she at the same time salutes with a gracious bending forward of the head, and one of those winning and prolonged shakes of the fan or fingers, which, though so common in Spain, are yet quite enough to turn the head of any man. One of our passengers, a young student whom we had taken in at Gerona, had never before been from home. He set out sad and tearful, as boys are wont to do, and during the whole morning dealt only in monosyllables. As his home receded, however, he grew less sorrowful, and the unaccustomed scenes of the coast and the shipping became so many sources of amusement. But the bright eyes of these brown beauties were far more effectual; indeed, they put the devil into the boy. Whenever we passed one of these favoured balconies, he would jump to the window, shake his hands with a smile, after the fashion of the country, call the lady "the heart of his soul," and utter many tender speeches in Catalan. Once, when a rarer combination of lips and eyes had raised his rapture and admiration too high for words, he took refuge in signs, loading the ends of his fingers with kisses, and wafting them tenderly, after the manner of the Turks. Nor did the damsel thus saluted grow angry at his impertinence. When she saw how fast the diligence went, and that it was only a boy, she took courage, and returned the salutation by mimicking it.

In this merry way we rattled through many villages which lay in the road to Barcelona. Nor was the country itself without attraction. The protecting Pyrenees formed a barrier against the bleak mistral, while the sunny exposure of the coast, and the moist winds of the Mediterra-

nean, tended to keep alive vegetation. There were corn-fields, vineyards, and olive-orchards, all divided from each other by hedges of aloe. This hardy plant, while it forms enclosures which take care of themselves and are impenetrable, furnishes fibres which are woven into a coarse cloth, used in the country, and sent to America for cotton-bagging, and even into lace and other fine fabrics. The orange, too, might occasionally be seen at the sunny side of a house, loaded with its rich fruit, and its leaves still verdant and exhaling fragrance; nor had the singing-birds yet ceased their carol.

Such was the succession of objects that varied our drive to Barcelona, which we reached before sunset. The population, dressed in various and fantastic costumes, and intermingled with French soldiery, were returning from their Sunday's promenade, and hurrying to reach the gates before they should close for the night. We entered with them, wound through the streets of the Catalonian metropolis, and were presently set down at the coach-office beside the Rambla. We were not long in dispersing, and the young Frenchman and I sought lodgings at the neighbouring Fonda of the Four Nations.

Before separating, however, we had exchanged addresses with our companion the captain, and received an invitation to visit him at his quarters. We took an early occasion of redeeming our promise, and at length found him out in a little room, overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona. As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a schaiko, which hung from the wall by its mailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau, containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travel-

ling equipage and moveable estate of this marching officer. We accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertaining us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed, his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet which he had prepared from the cuff of his capote, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy; instead of a signature at the bottom, had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were folded in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her, and protested that he had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of mustaches, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.

When we were about to depart, our captain said that he was going to the caserne of his regiment to assist in an assault of arms which was to be given by the officers, and asked us to go with him. The scene of the assault was a basement room, the pavement of pounded mortar being covered with plank, to make it more pleasant to the feet. We found a couple already fencing, and our companion soon stripped to prepare for the encounter. It was singular to see the simplicity of his dress. When he removed his boots to put on the sandal, his feet were without stockings, and under his close-buttoned capote there was no waistcoat, nothing to cover his shaggy breast, but a coarse linen shirt without a collar; for the French officers wear nothing about the neck besides a stock of black velvet edged with white. Having taken off the swordbelt which hung from

his shoulder, and bound his suspenders round his loins, he rolled his sleeves up, chose a mask and foil, and was ready to step into the arena. It appeared that our captain was master of his weapon, from the difficulty in finding him an antagonist. This, however, was at length removed, by the stepping forth of a close-built little "sabreur." It was a fine display of manly grace, to see the opening salutations of courtesy, and the fierce contest that ensued, as they alternately attacked and defended, winding themselves within the guard of each other with the stealth and quickness of the serpent, and glaring from within their masks with eyes of fire. The buttons of their foils were not covered with leather, as is usual among more moderate fencers, lest the motion of the points should be embarrassed. Hence the rough edges, as they grazed the arm or struck full upon the breast, brought blood in several places. This same weapon, the foil, is generally used by the French military in duels, with the single preparation of cutting off the button. When the assault was concluded, the antagonists removed their masks and shook hands, as is the custom, in order to remove any irritation that might have occurred during the contest. Then commenced a brisk and earnest conversation upon the performance, furnishing matter for many compliments and never-ending discussion. During a year's residence in France, I had never before met with any one who had taken part in the campaign of Russia. As I now looked, however, upon the muscular arms of the captain, and his iron conformation, I was not surprised that he had been of the few who had gone through the horrors of that disastrous expedition.

Our fonda was situated upon the Rambla, a broad highway through the city, the chief thoroughfare and promenade of Barcelona. Being of modern construction, we found large and commodious apartments. But to one accustomed to the convenience and luxury of a French bedchamber, my

present room was but dreary and desolate. Besides the tile floor and whitewashed walls and ceiling, there were a few chairs, a table, and no mirror; on one side a comfortless bed, hidden by curtains in an alcove; on the other, a large window, with folding sashes and grated balcony.

It overlooked an open field, which had no trees, but was covered with ruins and rubbish. The place had formerly been the site of the convent and spacious garden of a Capuchin fraternity. The property had been sold during the late period of the Constitution, and the buyers were proposing to build houses, and to render it productive, when the royalist insurrection, which the despoiled clergy had stirred up, aided by French armies, brought about the counter-revolution. Those who had paid for the land were dispossessed with little ceremony, and the materials which they had been collecting to erect shops and dwellings were now fastened upon by the returning fugitives, to renew the demolished combination of church, and cell, and cloister. The good fathers might be seen all day from my window, moving about as busy as bees, with their long beards and dingy habits of gray, girded with ropes, superintending the labour of twenty or thirty workmen.

The balconies in the front of our fonda offered a gayer view; for it overlooked the wide walk of the Rambla, which was constantly frequented by every variety of people, and in the afternoon was thronged to overflowing. The scene then became animated indeed, including many well-dressed men and women, evidently the fashion of the place; country people and artisans; French officers and soldiers, moving along with pretty girls hanging on their arms, and each apparently as much at home as though he were in the centre of his own department. There were also students rolled in long, flimsy black cloaks; their breeches, stockings, and cocked hats, also black, and without even so much as a shirt-collar to relieve the gloom of

their attire. But the most numerous class of pedestrians was the clergy. Their appearance was grotesque enough; the seculars, canons, curates, and vicars, wore frocks of black, concealing breeches and stockings of the same colour. Over all they had an ample cloak of black cloth or silk, without a cape, which either hung loosely around them, or was thrown into a graceful fold by placing the right skirt over the opposite shoulder. The hat, however, was the most remarkable object of their dress. It consisted of an immense flat, three or four feet in diameter, turned up at the sides until the two edges met above the crown, which was worn with the long part pointing before and behind; for, had it been carried sidewise, a few would have served to block the Rambla, and render passing impracticable. The best time to convince one's self of the convenience of this headgear is in a gale of wind. Many a severe fit of laughter have I had in Spain, when it has been blowing hard, to see a priest coming unexpectedly upon a windy corner and struck by a flaw. One hand is stretched to the front of the long hat, the other to the back of it, as though devotion had prompted a new way of signing the cross; and then the full robes, fluttering and struggling, to the sad entanglement of the legs, combined to form a figure perfectly ludicrous. Besides the secular clergy, there was a goodly store of monks in black, white, blue, or gray, with their fat and unseemly heads shaved bare at the crown, and about the neck and temples. A few were worn down and emaciated, as if from fasting, vigils, and maceration, with an air of cold-blooded and fanatic abstraction; but the greater part were burly and well-conditioned, with sensuality engraven on every feature. As they waddled contentedly and self-complacently along the Rambla, they would peer into the mantilla of every pretty girl that passed them, exchanging a shake of the fingers or a significant glance with such as were of their acquaintance. There

is no part of Spain where the clergy are more numerous than in Catalonia, for they form more than two per cent. of the entire population. Two men in a hundred who neither sow, nor reap, nor labour; and who nevertheless eat, and drink, and luxuriate! The fact is its own best commentary.

CHAPTER II.

CATALONIA.

Barcelona—Environs—The Noria—History of Barcelona—First Steamboat—Present Condition of Barcelona—Departure for Valencia—Team of Mules—Morning Scene—Murder of a Bishop—Road to Tarragona—Management of Mules—Traits of Mulish Character—Tarragona.

THE principality of Catalonia forms part of the kingdom of Aragon, and extends along the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. It is by nature broken, mountainous, and steril; but the stubborn industry of the inhabitants has forced it into fertility, and at no very distant period it had more manufacturers than any other part of Spain, carried on extensive fisheries, and traded to the remotest corners of the world, thus offering the noble spectacle of a country sustaining a numerous and flourishing population, though unaided by the bounties of nature.

Barcelona is the capital of the principality, and is situated upon a plain beside the sea. Without the walls, towards the southwest, is an insulated hill called Monjui, which is crowned with a fine fortress, and is impregnable by any regular attack. The Lobregat runs behind it, while the horizon on the north and west is closed by a bold range of mountains, which arrest the bleak winds of winter. Among these, Monserrat, celebrated not less for its vener-

ated shrine, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, than for the horrors of its scenery and situation, lifts its crest, fringed with a forest of rocky pyramids. The port is partly formed by a natural indentation of the coast, but chiefly by an artificial mole of noble construction, which stretches far into the sea. Vessels drawing sixteen feet may cross the bar at the mouth of the harbour, and be protected from most winds within the mole. In the season of Levanters, however, there comes an occasional hurricane, forcing in a terrible sea, which drives the ships from their anchors, dashes them against each other, and covers the beach and bay with an awful scene of confusion and disaster.

Barcelona yields only to Madrid and Valencia in extent and population. The greater part of the city is very ill built, with streets so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages ; this is especially the case in the centre, where the old Roman town is supposed to have stood, from the ruins found there—arches and columns of temples, incorporated with the squalid constructions of modern times. Here the public square or Plaza is found, with arcades and balconies, the scene of many an auto-da-fe and many a bull-feast. It has, however, witnessed one redeeming spectacle ; for it was here that Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a wondering and proud array of cavaliers and courtiers, received from Columbus the tribute of a new-found world.

The churches of Barcelona are not remarkable for beauty, but the custom-house is a noble edifice, and so is the exchange. In the latter, public schools are established for teaching the sciences connected with navigation, and the arts of architecture, painting, and statuary. These noble institutions are maintained at the expense of the city, and all, whether natives or strangers, children or adults, may attend the classes gratuitously, and receive instruction from able masters. The Catalans have much taste for music,

and have long supported an Italian opera in Barcelona. I found the performance better than in Madrid. The company confines itself to the music of Rossini, which, doubtless, contributes to its success. The comedy is very inferior, lacking as it does the support of the lower classes, who are but little acquainted with the Castilian tongue. The only performance which I attended gave me but a poor opinion of the Spanish drama; it was not thus with Spanish dancing, which I there witnessed with delight for the first time. Notwithstanding the great size of Barcelona, it has no public journal of its own; nothing, indeed, which approaches the character of a newspaper, except a little diary, as big as your two hands, which contains a description of the weather, and a marine list, together with such a collection of commercial advertisements as indicates too clearly the fallen condition of trade.

The environs of Barcelona, as seen from Monjui, are exceedingly picturesque. Besides the noble metropolis, which spreads itself at your feet, with its combination of palaces, churches, promenades, and lines of circumvallation, you have the bay before you, filled with its shipping, drawn up within the long white mole, terminated by a noble faro; and beyond, the open sea, spotted by many a white sail, and stretching far east, wave following wave in diminished perspective, until lost in the horizon. In the interior is seen the rugged barrier of mountains, while the verdant prospect below bespeaks its protecting influence. The fields about Barcelona are cultivated with the greatest care, and are extremely productive in silk, wine, oil, figs, oranges, almonds, apricots, and pomegranates; flax, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and Indian corn, with every species of esculents. When contemplated from above, this scene of varied production, neatly divided into fields, and enclosed by hedges of aloe, delights the eye, and fills the mind with the most pleasing ideas. The leading feature in the culti-

vation here, and to which much of this fertility is owing, is the system of irrigation. With a view to facilitate the operation, the fields are levelled into terraces, and a small stream which runs by the city furnishes the lands through which it passes with water; but it is more generally procured on each little farm by a machine called the noria, introduced by the Saracens, which is of general use throughout Spain, and is of essential value in so dry a climate.

The noria consists of a vertical wheel placed over a well, and having a band of ropes passing round it, to which earthen jars are affixed. These jars, set in motion by the turning of the wheel, descend empty on one side, pass through the water in the well below, and, having small holes in the bottom for the air to escape, fill easily, before they ascend on the opposite side. A little water leaks from the holes during the ascent, and falls from jar to jar. When arrived at the top, the water is emptied into a trough leading to a reservoir, elevated above every part of the field which it is intended to irrigate. Connected with the reservoir is a basin for washing clothes. As for the vertical wheel which immediately raises the water, it receives its motion from a horizontal one, turned by a horse, cow, mule, or, more commonly, an ass. There is something primitive in this rude machine, that carries one back to Scripture scenes and oriental simplicity. Often have I sat by the roadside for an hour together, watching the economy of these little farms in the environs of Barcelona. While the labourer was digging among his lettuces, that oldfashioned animal, the ass, performed, unbidden, his solemn revolutions; the wheel turned, and the ropes of grass brought up the jars and emptied them of their burden, while at the neighbouring reservoir a dark-eyed damsel would be upon her knees beside the basin, her petticoats tucked snugly around her, and, as she rubbed the linen with her

hand, or beat it against the kerbstone, singing some wild outlandish air, like any thing but the music of Europe. Much labour is doubtless lost by the rude construction of the noria; but the system of irrigation with which it is connected is an excellent one, and is the means of fertilizing lands which must otherwise have remained uncultivated.

Barcelona is of very great antiquity, having been founded more than two centuries before Christ, by Hamilcar Barcus, father to the great Hannibal, from whom it derives its name. It made no great figure under the Roman domination, having been eclipsed in those days by the immense city of Tarraco. When the Saracens overran Spain, Barcelona shared the common fate, and yielded to the dominion of Mahomet. Its remoteness, however, from Cordova, the seat of the Saracen empire, rendered its tenure precarious, and accordingly, in the ninth century, it was recovered by Louis le Debonnaire, son and successor of Charlemagne. He erected it into a county, which he vested in the family of Bernard, a French noble. The Counts of Barcelona continued to yield allegiance to the French crown, until it voluntarily relinquished its sovereignty in the thirteenth century. The county became annexed to Aragon by marriage, as the latter afterward blended itself with Castile to form the present Spanish monarchy, whose kings still use the title of Counts of Barcelona.*

Though Barcelona remained inconsiderable under the Romans, it made a distinguished figure in the days of returning civilization. From the Jews, who took refuge in it when driven from their homes, it derived that spirit of frugal and persevering industry which still characterizes its inhabitants. The Catalans became enterprising traders, and the Mediterranean, which lay so convenient for com-

* Mariana, Historia de España. Most of the historical matter introduced in the course of this work is upon the authority of the same author.

mercial pursuits, was soon covered with their ships. Barcelona became the rival of Genoa, and the depot whence Christian Spain received the precious commodities of the East; nor was the valour of the Catalans inferior to their industry and enterprise. They fitted out piratical expeditions, with which they worried the commerce of the Saracens; and even when they encountered armed fleets, victory was almost ever sure to declare for them. One fact, recorded by Mariana, may be sufficient to show the character and reputation of the early Catalans. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Turks, led on by Othman, the fierce founder of their empire, began to extend their conquests in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, the Emperor Andronicus, conscious of the effeminacy of his warriors, sent an embassy to Barcelona to ask assistance of the Catalans. Reguier, one of the most distinguished Catalan captains of that day, accepted the invitation. Having obtained the consent of his king, he enlisted five thousand adventurers equally fearless with himself, and set sail for Constantinople. They gained many battles in Phrygia, and drove the Turks from the vicinity of the Black Sea, until they at length became so powerful, and withal so insolent, that the Greek emperor would willingly have been delivered from their friendship. He made war with little success against his rapacious auxiliaries, until, after losing many battles, he was obliged to beg the interference of the pope and of the King of Aragon, before they would leave his territory. Thus compelled to yield obedience to their spiritual and temporal masters, these Catalans seized, as a last resort, upon Athens and Negropont, where they long continued to maintain themselves. To this romantic expedition the kings of Aragon owed their title of Dukes of Athens and Neopatria, still used by the Spanish sovereigns down to the present day.

At length, however, when the discovery of America and

the progress of intelligence had revolutionized the public mind, and when the spirit of war and destruction had given place to that of civilization, the Catalans were among the foremost to yield obedience to the change. Barcelona became a vast magazine, where goods of wool and silk, firearms and cutlery, with almost every fabric, were prepared for the distant colonies of Spain. The Catalan sailors repaired with these commodities to every part of America, and adventurers from among the surplus population would be absent a few years, and then return with fortunes to increase the resources and quicken the industry of their native province.

It appears from a late valuable publication, Navarrete's collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, that the first known experiment of propelling a vessel by the agency of steam was made at Barcelona, more than eighty-five years before the idea of procuring motion by means of it was first started by Brancas in Italy, more than a century before this power was first applied to any useful purpose by the Marquis of Worcester in England, and near three centuries before Fulton, adapting and combining the inventions of a host of contemporary mechanists, successfully solved the same wonderful problem in our own country. Singular, however, as the fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archives of Simancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible. It appears that in the year 1543 a certain sea officer, called Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit before the Emperor Charles V. a machine, by means of which a vessel should be made to move without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. It consisted of Don Enrique de Toledo, Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Ravago, the Vice-chancellor Gralla, and many

experienced seamen. The experiment was made the seventeenth June, 1543, on board a vessel called the Trinidad, of two hundred barrels burden, which had lately arrived with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment to move forward and turn about at pleasure, without sail or oar, or any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles. The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbour of Barcelona resounded with plaudits, and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favourable reports to the emperor, except only the Treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine. He took great pains to undervalue it, stating, among other things, that it could be of little use, since it only propelled the vessel two leagues in three hours; that it was very expensive and complicated, and that there was great danger of the boiler's bursting frequently. The experiment over, Garay collected his machinery, and, having deposited the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house.

Notwithstanding the invidious representations of Ravago, Garay was applauded for his invention, and taken into favour by the emperor, who promoted him one grade, gave him two hundred thousand maravedises, and ordered the jealous treasurer to pay all the expenses of the experiment But Charles was then taken up with some military expedition, and the occasion of conferring an inestimable benefit on mankind was neglected for the business of bloodshed and devastation, while the honour which Barcelona might have received from perfecting this noble discovery, was reserved for a city which had not yet started in the career of existence. The fact that a vessel was propelled by steam as early as the sixteenth century thus rendered certain, the question next occurs, whether it in any way detracts from

the honour due to our countryman, Fulton, not for having made the first successful application of steam to purposes of navigation, for he was even anticipated by Fitch in our own country, but for having brought it into use over the whole civilized world? By no means. This experiment at Barcelona, owing to the absence of journals and newspapers, those modern vehicles of intelligence, was unknown to the world generally, at the time of making it, as it ever was to Fulton. And besides, who can tell but that in like manner many inventions, which constitute at once the pride and profit of the present age, may have existed centuries ago in countries of forgotten civilization?

The present condition of Barcelona compared with the past is a very sad one. Though industry and frugality still characterize the Catalan, the capital and outlets which gave activity to these qualities no longer exist. The manufactories of cutlery and fire-arms are ruined and forgotten, and the wines and brandies of Catalonia, the cotton and woollen goods, which used formerly to be carried to every corner of the Americas, are now either shipped away by stealth or consumed only in Spain. The ships, whose tall masts once loomed like a forest within the mole of Barcelona, are now replaced by a paltry assemblage of fishing-boats and feluccas. Even these are not allowed a free navigation along the coasts of the Peninsula; nor does Spain even enjoy the pitiful privilege of an interchange of her own productions. Pirates and outcasts, adventurers of every nation except Columbia, assuming the easy flag of that country and the name of patriot, rendered loathsome by its wearers, post themselves along the headlands of the Peninsula, and pilfer all who pass. Will this state of things last always? Those who believe that the prosperity of one country does not involve the ruin of another, may hope that it will not. Spain must sooner or later sacrifice her prejudices to her interest; and when the Americas shall be independent in name as

in fact, the influence of a community of language, manners, and wants, will not fail to assert itself. The spirit of enterprise, smothered, but not extinct, among the Catalans, will revive, and Barcelona may again resound to the rattle and clang of the loom and the hammer.

Having passed a week in Barcelona, I set out early one morning for Tarragona, on my way to Valencia and Madrid. At three o'clock, the waiter who had served me in the fonda came to call me and carry my trunk to the diligence-office. There it was carefully weighed, and all that it exceeded an aroba, or twenty-five pounds, was paid for, over and above the charge for passage, which, from Barcelona to Valencia, a distance of fifty-seven Spanish leagues, of seventeen and a quarter to the degree, or two hundred and twenty-eight miles, amounted to about fifteen dollars.* There was, besides, a charge of one real, or five cents, for each postillion during the journey, and a gift of courtesy of nearly as much more, which usage had taught the conductor to expect at its termination. The advantages of the exclusive system, for diligences in Spain belong to the general sys-

* Though there is some variety in the currency of the different provinces, yet the following division of money is generally used throughout Spain. The highest gold coin, the ounce, or doblon of eight, is equal to sixteen dollars; the doblon of four is equal to eight dollars; the doblon of gold, to four dollars; the escudo, or doblon simple, to two; and the durito to one dollar. The silver coins are the duro, or peso fuerte, equal to one dollar; the escudo, to half a dollar; the peseta, to one fifth of a dollar; and the real of vellon to the twentieth of a dollar. This last is divided into eight copper cuartos, and nominally into thirty-four maravedises. The real, however small, is yet the unity of Spanish currency. Formerly there were but eight reales to the dollar or ounce of silver, which was thence called the real of eight; but the progressive depreciation of the copper or vellon money, arbitrarily forced into circulation, has reduced it to its present value. In America, where the copper money was not issued, the real still preserved its value. It is the same coin which passes among us for twelve and a half cents; and it is to the original real of eight, that we are indebted for our unity of a dollar.

The Spanish weights are the pound, the aroba, of twenty-five pounds, and the quintal.

tem of monopoly, were here brought home to me in the way which travellers are most apt to appreciate. In France, a seat in the cabriolet for a corresponding distance would not have cost more than the half of what I was now paying. I was further struck with some items of the stipulations printed on the back of my receipt; one interdicted the carrying of more money than was strictly necessary for the expenses of the way, under penalty of being liable for any detriment which might result to the diligence; another held out to the traveller the consoling assurance, that the company would not be liable for any loss which might be sustained by "robo a mano armada."

By the time I had snugly adjusted myself in my corner of the cabriolet, an absentee, for whom we had been waiting, arrived and took his seat beside me. This done, the door was closed with a slam, the iron steps were turned up with a grating sound, the guttural "Arre!" rattled out by the mayoral was repeated by the zagal, and our ponderous diligence hove itself into motion, as it were, with a universal groan.

In riding from Perpignan to Barcelona, the horses had been exchanged for mules very shortly after crossing the boundary. In Spain, mules are generally preferred to horses as beasts of burden and draught, and are seen before the most elegant carriages. Horses are employed for the saddle, to make a display in cities; but to travel any distance, even in this way, the mulé is preferred as an easier-gaited and hardier animal, capable of enduring the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Hence the mule commands a much higher price. The female being of showy figure, with limbs beautifully formed and sinewy, is used for draught, while the macho, or male, the most stubborn and stupid animal in the world, is laden upon the back, and made to work in a more unworthy manner. The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs,

abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head, and was honoured with the name of Capitana. Their harness was very different from any thing I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel-mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills by a leathern strap, fastened to the end of the pole, through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of Capitana, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their headstalls for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their bodies were smoothly shaven, to enable them better to endure the heat; but this was rendered subservient to decoration, by leaving the hair in partial stripes; the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat flybrush, and the haunches were covered with a curious fretwork in imitation of embroidery. They were, besides, plentifully adorned with plumes and tassels of gayly-coloured woollen, and had many bells about the head, to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a zagal and mayoral, or postillion and conductor. The zagal, with whom we set out from Barcelona, was a fine-looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The mayoral, who was much older, was in similar attire: but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning, and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.

Thus drawn and thus conducted, we wound through the streets of Barcelona, and when we came to narrow and intricate passes, the zagal would place himself beside Capitana, and lead her by the headstall. The day had not

yet dawned, and the gate towards Monjui was not open when we reached it; we were therefore compelled to wait a few moments, embarrassed among a great number of carts, which were carrying off the filth of the city to manure their fields, and which furnished company with which we might easily have dispensed. A gun, however, from Monjui, coming at first with a heavy peal, and then dying away among the mountains, gave the signal for which we were waiting. Before the reverberations had ceased, the gates grated upon their hinges as they were thrown open by the punctual Frenchmen, and the chains of the drawbridge creaked and jarred with the weight of the descending mass. Our filthy neighbours opened right and left to make room for us, and the zagal, taking Capitana by the head, led her over the bridge, through the zigzag approaches of the exterior works; and having fairly gained the high road without the city, he gave her a good lash with his whip, and, standing still, bestowed the same greeting upon each mule as it passed in review before him. They all set off at a gallop, and he, grasping with his left hand a rope which depended from the top of the diligence, and the tail of the hind mule with the right, vaulted to the bench of the mayoral.

On leaving the gate of Barcelona, we ascended the side of Monjui at a round pace; and, having crossed the summit of the ridge, descended to the valley of the Lobregat with equal rapidity. The diligence was of less heavy construction than in France, insomuch that the hind wheels were not now shod, but allowed to revolve. It would have been bad enough to descend rapidly so long a hill in the daytime, and with a clear road before us; but we had the further disadvantages of almost total darkness, and of having the whole hill strung with market-carts repairing to the city. The mayoral and zagal were both looking sharply into the obscurity before us, and when one or more objects

suddenly appeared in the road, the sagacity of the mules, or, when they slackened their pace and moved unsteadily, as if in doubt which side to go, a sudden twitch of the reins of Capitana, would send them all in a hurry upon the course most likely to extricate us. This succeeded generally, but the carmen could not always anticipate our motions; so that we several times grazed closely by them, and even caught the shaft of one that stood across the road, through the perverseness of the mules, in our hind wheel. Our drivers had neither the inclination nor the ability to stop the diligence, in order to inquire into the damage; but a loud crash and louder curses rising behind us, gave assurance that the contact had not been harmless.

When the daylight came, and the sun at length rose into an unclouded sky, I looked with pleasure upon the varied scene around me. Our road, though it followed the general outline of the coast, and commanded occasional vistas of the Mediterranean, sometimes struck into the interior to avoid a headland, and thus gave an insight into the character and cultivation of the country. From my first entrance into Spain till my arrival at Barcelona, I had seen ranges of mountains constantly rising in the interior, and had placed them all to the account of the neighbouring Pyrenees; but the same state of things now continued to fix my attention. The land rose boldly as it receded from the sea, ridges overlooking ridges, and I found, what, indeed, I have everywhere found in Spain, a broken country and a constant succession of mountains. These, however, do not baffle the efforts of the cultivator. Many of them were covered with forests of cork-trees, orchards of olive, or furnished pasture to goats and sheep, while the hill-sides, declining towards the sea, were spread out in vineyards or grain-fields, now no longer verdant. The wine here raised is much esteemed in the country, and Villafranca, through which we passed at seven in the morning, produces a Mal-

voisie or Chian of some celebrity. The population was everywhere busy ploughing the fields, and in laying the foundation of a future harvest; the spirit of industry seemed strong, and yet there were not wanting appearances of a pervading poverty; the implements of husbandry were ill contrived and rudely made; and the plough, instead of making a regular and rapid furrow, went forward devious and slowly, and seemed to linger in the soil. It was drawn sometimes by mules or oxen, sometimes by meager cows; and I once saw a poverty-stricken peasant, rolled up in a tattered blanket, and pushing his plough through an ungrateful-looking field, with no better assistance than an ass and a cow. The scene was a characteristic one: and as I looked upon the gaunt form and wasted figure of the poor peasant, as he struggled for the bread that was to meet the cravings of a hungry family, I could not avoid the conclusion that he must be kept poor by some unfriendly participation in the fruits of his labour; that he must be toiling to pay the pageantry of some degenerate noble in Madrid, or to fatten and sensualize the monks I had seen rolling along the Rambla of Barcelona.

Early in the morning we came to a place which had been the scene of a cruel tragedy during the late short and violent period of the Constitution. I learned from the gentleman who rode beside me, that at the time of the regency of Urgel, and of the religious and royalist insurrection, which of itself would doubtless have sufficed to overturn the offensive system, the Bishop of Vique became obnoxious to the Constitutionalists; for, at the same time that he claimed the character of a liberal, he was lending secret assistance to the opposite party. His treasonable practices being discovered, he was seized in some village of Catalonia, and brought towards Barcelona. His crime was clear, and merited the punishment of a traitor; but it was feared that the reverence of the people for the clergy, and especially for the episcopal office, might produce a commotion, if the

treacherous bishop should be openly put to death. So they contrived a plan to place a band of ruffians in concealment by the road-side, who should take the bishop from the hands of his escort and slay him. The place chosen for the act was a hill-side, where rocks and trees disputed possession of the soil. The assassins took advantage of the concealment, and when the escort arrived at their ambush, they sallied out and dispersed it. The aged bishop was ordered to alight from his carriage, dragged a short distance from the road, and there cruelly butchered. Though the murdered man was not remarkable for the virtues which, even in Spain, are usually associated with the episcopal dignity, he is nevertheless now reverenced as a martyr throughout the land; at the solicitation of the Catalonian clergy, he has lately been duly enrolled upon the list of the beatified; so that, from having only been Bishop of Vique, he is now become its patron saint. A cross elevated upon a rock indicates the site of this horrible tragedy, so similar, not only essentially, but even in its details, to the murder of the Scottish archbishop, as related by Robertson, or as brought before us in one of the most graphic productions of the great romancer. As we caught through the trees a passing view of this sad memento, I could not help expressing my horror at the outrage. The person who had related the story attempted to justify the act by the many crimes of the clergy, and by political expediency; but I am unwilling to believe that the happiness of a nation, any more than that of an individual, can be promoted by crime. A government which could resort to such acts of retribution is entitled to but few regrets.

The individual who shared the cabriolet with me was a pleasing man of thirty, who had been a miliciano during the constitutional period, which, with the present government, was a fair title to proscription. After the return of despotism he had gone into voluntary exile, and remained a year

at Marseilles, whence he had only returned when the licensed assassinations and plunder of the royalists had in a measure subsided, or been put down by the establishment of the police. He complained bitterly of the vexations to which he was still subject, and mentioned among other things that, being fond of shooting, he had been at some expense in taking out a license to carry fire-arms; he had likewise purchased a very valuable fowling-piece, and had scarce used it half a dozen times, when down came a royal order to disarm the late milicianos. His house was entered and searched by the armed police, and his fowling-piece taken off and deposited somewhere, whence in all probability it would never return. All this served to give some notion of the degree of liberty now enjoyed in Spain, and to make the time pass, if, indeed, there could be any thing wearisome amid scenes which, besides the charm of novelty, were fruitful enough in amusement and excitation.

The road from Barcelona is, or rather has been, one of the most beautiful in Spain; being constructed in a manner which combines convenience with great durability, winding round hills where they are too steep to be crossed, and sometimes cutting directly through the side of them, and making a deep gap for its passage. As the hills are pierced for the passage of the road, so the ravines are rendered passable by bridges which span them, of one, and sometimes two rows of arches, rising above each other, as in the aqueduct at Nismes. This road, like others in Spain, is made upon the McAdam principle, as we call it, a system which has been in use there from time immemorial; though now out of repair and neglected, it was not positively bad; and, even though it had been, why should we care, with a string of seven mules to drag us, and two wild men to drive them? Indeed, we kept trotting up one side of a hill and galloping down the other, the whole way to Tarragona. There was a pleasing excitement in this heels-over-head mode of trav-

elling, after the slow and easy pace of the French diligence, their heavy-headed and thick-legged horses, and the big boots of their postillions. The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules, was quite peculiar; the zagal kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling them by name, and apparently endeavouring to reason them into good conduct, and making them keep in a straight column, so that each might draw his share of the burden, and not rub against his neighbour. I say he called them by their names; for every mule in Spain has its distinctive appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, besides Capitana, we had Portugesa, Arragonesa, Coronela, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road, or failing to draw its share, the zagal would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable, and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postillion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the zagal called to Coronela, and Portugesa obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry sharply, "Aquella otra!—that other one!" and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow: the zagal would jump to the ground, and run forward, beating and belabouring the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately behind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is indeed wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of the diligence. In general, the zagal ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole way, and stopping occasionally at the roadside to pick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed in his

sash, or, more frequently, in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While going down, he would hold his cap in one hand, and with the other throw a stone, first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their proper stations, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs. These precautions would not always produce the desired effect; the traces would sometimes break or become entangled, the mules be brought into disorder, and a scene of confusion follow. This happened several times in one stage, when a vicious mule had been put among the team to be broken to harness. It was, indeed, an obstinate and perverse animal, and even more stupid than perverse. It would jump first to one side, then to the other, and kick the ribs of its neighbour without mercy. When, at length, it had succeeded in breaking its own traces and entangling its legs in those of its companions, it would stand as quiet as a lamb until the damage was repaired, and then renew the same scene of confusion. Nor did the more rational mules behave themselves much better. They would start to one side when the zagal cried out Arre! and when he whistled for them to stop, they would sometimes go the faster. If one had occasion to halt, the rest would not obey the hissing signal of the postillion, but drag the reluctant animal forward; and, presently after, the mule which had been most unwilling to stop would be itself taken with a similar inclination, and receive similar treatment from its comrades; whereas the horses of a French diligence would all have halted sympathetically, at the invitation of the driver. I hate a mule most thoroughly, for there is something abortive in every thing it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive

eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice of thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown, who has begun a fine speech and has not courage to finish it.

On our approach to Tarragona, and when yet at a short distance from it, we passed under a stone arch of vast dimensions, and of elegant, though unadorned construction. It was perfect in all its parts; and though the rains and winds of many centuries had rounded the angles of the uncemented stones that composed the pile, not one had fallen from its place. This road, then, over which our mules and diligence now hurried so rapidly, was the relic of a Roman way; and that arch, which still rose over us in all the simple elegance of classic times, had been raised to a Scipio or a Cesar, in honour of some forgotten triumph.

Just before reaching Tarragona, the road led along the beach, where a number of boats were hauled up, with nets suspended to their masts. All was bustle and activity among the Catalan fishermen; some carrying their fish to market, others mending their nets and greasing the bottoms of their boats, in preparation for the next day's voyage. At the end of the beach before us stood Tarragona, perched on a rocky eminence. It was everywhere surrounded with walls and irregular fortifications, and bristling with steeples and antique towers, while at the foot of the rock was a mole stretching far into the sea, and giving shelter to a few square-rigged and smaller vessels. The diligence soon arrived at the foot of the hill, wound slowly up its side, entered the town, and drove to the wide open door of the posada. This building was of very different construction from any inn I had yet seen; for the whole of the ground floor was left open for carts and other vehicles, while the stables for mules, horses, and asses stood farther in the rear; the kitch-

en and all the apartments were in the stories over head. Conducted by the stable-boy who carried my trunk, I was able to find out the obscure staircase, and trace my way to the common eating-room, where our dinner was already smoking on the board.

I found my companions in a room whose balconies overlooked the Plaza, or large open square, earnestly employed in swallowing their food, for they were to set off again in a few moments for Reus, a very flourishing agricultural and manufacturing town, which lies inland from Tarragona, and where the Catalan industry still continues to make head against the pervading depression. They soon after rose from table, descended, and took their seats in the diligence; and when they disappeared at the end of the Plaza, I returned from the balcony to which I had wandered, as if loath to part with these acquaintances of a few hours' standing, and proceeded in silence to despatch my solitary meal. Never in my life did I feel more completely alone; for the girl that waited upon me at table spoke even less Spanish than myself, and it was therefore vain to attempt a conversation. What would I not have given for the friendly presence of my social and familiar Frenchman? I had a letter for a merchant, and the delivery of it might have secured me a pleasant afternoon, and an insight into whatever was curious in this once famous city; but not feeling in the most pleasant mood to deliver a note of hand for hospitality, I took my hat and wandered forth into the streets of Tarragona, without any fixed purpose, bending my steps whichever way chance might lead them. At the western end of the Plaza I found a gate opening upon a cultivated valley, which was not without its attractions. Over the ravine below was an aqueduct, raised upon a double row of arches, which furnished the city with water, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. I wandered towards this monument which Roman hands had raised, and found near it a

small stream, beside which a number of women were employed in washing. Seating myself near them, I listened to their prattle, their laugh, and their song, until the sun sank below the horizon; and when they all gathered their work together and departed, I followed them into the city.

As I returned to the Plaza, it was the hour of paseo or promenade, and in any other city in Spain it would have been crowded with walkers of every sex and age, enjoying this salutary recreation; but here a few priests and friars, fewer citizens, and one or two Spanish officers grotesquely dressed in antique cocked hats of oilcloth, military surtouts, and jingling sabres, were all who loitered through the walks. How different the last from the lighthearted Frenchmen I had seen at Barcelona! Instead of their military frankness, these officers scowled on all who passed them. There was little of the soldier about them, except their thick mustaches, and it was easy to conjecture that they owed their rank rather to a zeal in the royalist cause, the effect either of interest or fanaticism, than to military experience.

As I looked round upon the squalid structures of Tarragona, and these gloomy beings moving among them, it was difficult to believe that the city, which now scarce numbers six thousand half-fed inhabitants, was indeed that Tarraco which had been founded by the Phœnicians, and which, under the Romans, counted nearly half a million of population, and became the largest city that ever existed in Spain. Yet history furnishes abundant proof of the importance of Tarraco, and the remains of temples that still exist in Tarragona, of a palace of Augustus, a theatre, an amphitheatre, and an aqueduct, are conclusive as to its site. It is sufficient, therefore, to name Hamilcar, Hannibal, and Asdrubal, the Scipios, Pompey, Julius Cesar, and Augustus, as having trod the soil of Tarragona, to awaken the loftiest associations.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO VALENCIA.

New Travelling Companions—Departure from Tarragona—The Ebro—Amposta—New Costume—Supper Scene—Manners of Travellers—Journey Renewed—The Arrest—Valencian Brigands—The Murdered Pepe—Spanish Justice—Vinaroz—Pepe's Mother—Road-side Crosses—Escort—Saguntum—Valencia.

The morning after my solitary ramble among the ruins of Tarraco, I was called very early, in order to be in readiness for the departure of the Valencia diligence, in which my seat had previously been taken. I had come thus far in the Reus coach, with the view of rendering the ride less continuous, and travelling as much as possible by day. My new travelling companions, less mindful of their comfort, had only enjoyed a halt of two or three hours, and had not, therefore, been at the trouble of undressing; so that, when I entered the eating-room, they were already assembled. Among them was a middle-aged man, dressed in a harlequin frock-coat, buttoned high in the neck, and covered with frogs and gimp, wide striped pantaloons, and brass-heeled boots, a plush cap bound with tawdry gold-lace, and an ample brown cloak, well lined with velvet. This was the most distinguished-looking personage of our party; his air was decidedly soldierlike, and I set him down at once as a military man; but he turned out to be only a Valencian merchant, or shopkeeper, which in Spain are synonymous terms, there being now no merchants in the country, except those who likewise keep shops. The same may be said of Spanish bankers as a class; for the universal depression of commerce does not admit of that subdivision

of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. I had afterward frequent occasion in Spain to notice the military air and bearing even of its more peaceable inhabitants, and a disposition in them to increase this effect by their mode of dressing. This fierce-looking but good-natured Valencian, as he proved to be, had with him his wife, a woman of thirty, round and fat, as Spanish matrons usually are. Their daughter, who sat between them, with a shawl covering her head and neck, instead of the cooler mantilla, was an interesting girl of fifteen. The rest of my future companions were students, going to Valencia to attend the university, whose exercises were to commence with the coming November. They were all accoutred in the gloomy garb in which alone science may be wooed in Spain, and with which the life and animation of countenance incidental to youth, especially when thus relieved from the eye of authority and brought into congenial company, were utterly at variance.

The party thus assembled, and of which I now became one, was seated round a deal table, taking chocolate from cups scarcely bigger than wine-glasses, which they ate singularly, by dipping narrow slices of bread into it, carefully rubbing the sides of the cups, that the scanty pittance might not be diminished, and each finishing with a glass of water. This chocolate, of such universal use in Spain, is a composition of cocoa, sugar, and cinnamon, carefully ground together and formed into cakes. To prepare the usual portion for one person, an ounce is thrown into three times its weight of water, and, when dissolved by heat, it is stirred by means of a piece of wood turned rapidly between the palms of the hands, until the whole has a frothy consistency. When the chocolate was despatched, and the no less important matter of paying for it and rewarding the maid attended to, we all obeyed the summons of the mayoral, took our seats in the diligence agreeably to the

way-bill, and were soon without the ruinous walls of Tarragona.

On leaving Tarragona the road passes through a country of vines and olives, tolerably well cultivated, keeping generally to the level of the seacoast, and only seeking the interior when necessary to avoid a projection of land and too great an angle. This is the case at Col-du-Balaguer, which, as its French name indicates, is a narrow pass lying between two mountains. The castle of Balaguer crowns the crest of the mountain on the right, and commands completely the passage of the defile. Beyond this the road passes over a deep break, called Barranco-de-la-Horca—Ravine of the Gallows. This place was formerly infested by robbers, who, taking advantage of the seclusion and concealment of the ravine, and the impossibility of escape from it, would take their stand at the bottom, survey at leisure those who entered the pass, and then selecting their game, plunder and murder it at pleasure. To check these atrocities, a gallows was erected on the very site, where every robber caught in the neighbourhood was hanged with little ceremony.

Before reaching Amposta we came to a fork of the roads, where a small covered cart was in waiting to receive the mail for Tortosa, a considerable city raised to the municipal dignity by Scipio. While the mail was shifted from the top of the diligence, we all set off to walk the remainder of the distance to the Ebro. The country throughout was a barren and sandy down, destitute entirely of trees and underwood; so that it was easy to catch sight of the neighbouring sea, and of a number of small keys which lay along the coast, forming an interior navigation, as is the case in other parts of the Gulf of Lyons, and in a still more remarkable manner along the coast of the United States.

We reached the Ebro at four in the evening, just as the

diligence drove down to the bank. The river before us was the Iberus of the ancients, the classic stream which has furnished the poet with another and a softer name for Spain, and which in distant days has witnessed scenes of the highest importance. It was on this Ebro that the Scipios, Cneius and Publius, met and conquered Asdrubal, when on his way into Italy with a strong force to join his fortunes to those of his kinsman Hannibal, already in the neighbourhood of Rome ; and it was thus that the destinies of the future mistress of the world were decided by a battle fought in Spain, as was afterward the case on the banks of this same stream in the civil wars of Pompey and Cesar.

No river, however, can stand in greater need of the consecrating power of associations of the past than the Ebro, at least such as it presents itself at Amposta ; for it is a turbid stream, flowing through a flat, sandy, and uncultivated country ; with naught but a desert on the left bank, and on the right the poverty-stricken town of Amposta, with tottering battlements skirting the course of the stream, and a few antique coasters and fishing-boats, clinging to them for support against the rapidity of the current. Here we found a large boat in waiting to receive the diligence. The mules were detached from it, except two, which drew it on board ; this done, the remainder of the team were fastened to the boat by a long line, and made to draw it far up the stream, when we struck across, and, by the assistance of two ponderous oars, were enabled to gain the opposite beach, and the kingdom of Valencia.

We were not long in reaching the posada at which we were to sup and pass the night, and which lay near the ferry. Here preparations were at once made for our evening meal, while, to pass the time, the passengers loitered along the bank of the river or through the cheerless streets of Amposta. The fishermen and labourers had already returned from their daily occupations, and were sitting alone,

at the thresholds of their doors, or else were collected in groups at the corners, eying us as we passed, and making remarks, doubtless, upon the singularity of our attire compared with their own. My own astonishment was probably greater than theirs; for I had never before seen the singular costume of the Valencian peasant. In the short distance of a few leagues, and without any sensible change of climate, the long pantaloon of the Catalan, extending from his shoulders to the ground, is exchanged for loose breeches of linen, called bragas, which tie over the hips with a drawing-string, and which, like the Highland kilt, terminate above the knee. Besides this airy and convenient garment, the Valencian wears a shirt, a waistcoat, straw or hempen sandals, and a long red cap like the Catalan, or a cotton handkerchief, tied round the head and hanging down behind; his legs are in general bare, or only covered with a leathern gaiter laced on tightly, or more frequently a stocking without a foot. Instead of the velvet jacket and silver buttons of the Catalan, the Valencian wears a long woollen robe, called manta, edged with fringe, and checkered like a plaid; this hangs carelessly over one shoulder on ordinary occasions, and when the air is sharp he wraps it closely about him. If he has a burden to carry, he puts it in one end of his manta, and lets it hang behind him, while the remainder serves to keep him warm; when it rains, he thrusts his head through a hole in the middle of it, and it falls in folds over his shoulders. Nor was there a less striking difference in the figure and faces of these natives of two neighbouring provinces of the same kingdom, than I had noticed in their dress. The stature of the Valencians seemed less than that of the Catalans, and their faces, instead of indicating a northern origin, were of an Asiatic cast. Indeed, as I looked upon their red and well-turned limbs and sunburnt faces, unshaded save by the straight black hair that hung about them, I was strongly reminded of the red inhabitants of our forests.

When the sun was down I wandered back to the posada, and found a group of three of these oddly-attired Valencians sitting before the entrance to the courtyard, with their naked legs crossed before them, and busily engaged with a pack of dirty cards, which they dealt upon the manta of one of them spread out in the midst. They had been thus engaged when the diligence arrived, were still at it when I went forth to walk, and now, at the end of an hour, the gambling continued with undiminished ardour. Leaning against the wall, occupied in overlooking the fate of the game, was a tall and graceful stripling, in the first bloom of opening manhood, whose half-listless indifference contrasted singularly with the interested and excited energy of the gamblers, which gave a still more ferocious expression to countenances in themselves sinister and forbidding. The simple innocence of the youth was brought more strikingly into relief by the comparison, and the repose of his attitude and the beauty of his person, which even the garb of Catalonia did not disfigure, formed altogether, in connexion with the ill-favoured figures below him, a group which a painter would have been pleased to sketch, and which after circumstances tended to impress indelibly on my memory. This young Catalan was the postillion who was to conduct us the first stage from Amposta on the following morning. His dress evinced more than usual care, and from his neck depended the rosary which a maternal hand had placed to guard from the evil which was too soon to overtake him. Within the court our mayoral had been employed in oiling the wheels of the diligence; and having finished his task, called to Pepe, for such was the name of the postillion, to aid him in turning the unwieldy vehicle, in readiness for our departure, which was fixed for two in the morning. I put my hand to a wheel, to assist the operation, and when every thing was adjusted to his wish, the mayoral drew on his jacket, pulled his red cap closer

over his head, as if sensible of the growing coolness, and having thrust his hands under the sash which girded his loins, we continued to talk of the journey of the next day, of Valencia, the fair city to which we were going, and of a thousand other things, until the summons came that supper was ready. As I turned to depart, I noticed that the ruffianly gamblers continued their game, and Pepe gazed on with listless indifference.

I found our table spread in a very large room, which was strewed with boxes and straw panniers, while in one corner was a heap of algarroba beans, which are gathered from a large overgrown tree, very common in this part of the country, and used as fodder for mules. In the midst of all this confusion was a wooden table covered with a clean cloth, plates of English earthenware, and an odd assortment of knives, with French forks of iron, tinned over in imitation of silver. My companions were already seated upon long wooden benches, and silently employed with the soup. This was succeeded by the puchero or olla, a dish of universal use in Spain, which takes its name from the earthen jug or iron pot in which it is prepared. It consists of an odd mixture of beef, chicken, a species of pulse called garbanzo, a kind of chick-pea, in great favour among the Spaniards, and of a great variety of vegetables, the whole being seasoned plentifully with garlic, and a small piece of salt pork or bacon. This is the common olla, such as one meets with everywhere in Spain; but the olla podrida is a rarer dish, a species of ark where animals of every colour and every kind meet, and are represented as in a common congress. After the puchero came roast fowls and salad, which we ate together as in France; and then a dessert of olives, apples, figs, almonds, together with grapes dried in the shade, which, though a little withered, still preserved their juice and sweetness. Last of all, a decanter of brandy impregnated with anise, as Spanish

brandy usually is, was placed on the table. Each person, ladies and all, swallowed a portion of it unadulterated, from small Dutch cordial-glasses curiously ornamented and gilded, which, from the manner in which they were produced from an antique chest that stood in the corner, were evidently in high estimation at Amposta.

Such was the nature of our repast; and a hungry man could scarcely have complained of it. But the manner in which it was eaten, or rather devoured, was by no means so free from objection. Each of our Catalan students would grapple the dish he fancied, tear off a portion with his fork or fingers, as was most convenient, and then resign what was left to the first applicant. I thought that I had never before seen people behave so ill at table; unless it had been on board of a steamboat on our Hudson, where an elegance of decoration unknown in other countries, and still more the harmony of surrounding nature, would necessarily soften the manners and promote refinement, were they not counteracted by the spirit of despatch, which all seem to catch sympathetically from revolving wheels and dashing paddles.

When these uncouth Catalans were pretty well gorged, they gradually became less exclusive, and would occasionally offer to others the dish of which they had already partaken, and, growing more polite as they grew less hungry, would even sometimes help others before serving themselves. This politeness was more especially extended to our fair Valenciana; and when the dessert came, each one who sat near her, after paring an apple, would first offer her a portion of it on the end of his knife. This she always accepted, and ate either the whole or part of it, as if usage rendered it obligatory, which I afterward found to be congenial to the old and popular usages of the land. Thus, the Spaniard, particularly of the lower classes, offers the cup from which he is drinking to the by-standers, and rather

thinks his offer slighted if the cup be not at least touched to the lips. It is a custom of hospitable origin, and worthy of respect. These acts of courtesy were sometimes accompanied with gallant speeches, which, instead of being received amiss by the lively girl, either excited a laugh or a repartee. After being accustomed to the retiring modesty of young girls in France, I was much startled at this freedom of manners in our Valenciana, and still more so at the indifference of her father and mother, who, so long as they saw that she was in sight and sitting between them, seemed to care little for a few hardy words.

Supper being over, and paper cigars lighted by most of the company, the landlady went round the table to collect her dues, followed by a modern Maritornes, with hand outstretched to receive the expected gratuity. The demand was sixteen reals for each, and two more for those who wanted chocolate in the morning. The Catalans exclaimed against the charge, pronounced it outrageous, and swore that at least ten reals must be for the "ruido de casa," or noise of the house, which is a fair subject of taxation in any Spanish posadà. Finding, however, that the matter was not to be got rid of in any other way, each fell to chasing his money about in his pockets, and having drawn it forth, reluctant to appear on such an occasion, the account was at length balanced; not, however, without a supplemental dispute with Maritornes, on the question of a real or a half real. This over, we were shown to our sleeping-place, which was next to the eating-room, and which had a small double door fastened with a swinging bar, as in our stables. It had likewise a single window with an iron grating, which looked upon the courtyard, and, instead of a sash, was furnished with a door. Eight beds, spread on cots, were arranged at convenient distances round the room for the accommodation of our party, with the exception of the Valencian family, and at the head of each couch was a

rickety chair, which, from its own infirmity, or the inequalities of the earthen floor, leaned fearfully with one leg in the air, or else sought support by reclining against the bed. Having closed the window to keep out the night-air, I chose a bed, and, without investigating the sheets too nicely, threw myself upon it, and was soon unconscious of the conversation which my companions still maintained in their discordant Catalan, as well as of the munching of the mules and jingling of their bells in the adjoining stable.

Towards two the next morning, a knocking at the court-yard gate announced the arrival of the courier from Tortosa, for whom we were waiting to recommence our journey. This noise was succeeded by the voices of the hostlers, and jingling of bells, as the mules were brought out and attached to the diligence; and very soon after, all further idea of sleep was banished by the mayoral, with a lamp in his hand, putting his head and red cap inside of the door, and shouting long and loudly, "Arriba! arriba! seniores! ya vamos—Up! up and away, sirs!" In a few minutes we had drawn on our clothes, swallowed the chocolate with which the maid was waiting in the outer apartment, and taken our seats as before. The mayoral placed himself on the box, and our young Catalan postillion, taking the leading mule by the head, guided it out of the court, and continued to run beside it until we were completely clear of Amposta, and on the high road to Valencia; then releasing the impatient animal, he bestowed the customary lash on it, and on each of its followers, and vaulted to the station of his companion. The mayoral relinquished the reins to the lad, whom he called Pepito, which is a diminutive of Pepe or Jose, and is expressive of affection. This Pepito was even more lively and active than is common with those of his age and stirring occupation; and when he had taken the reins, as the mayoral rolled himself up in blankets and prepared for a nap, he spoke inspiringly to the mules, and smacked his whip,

as if satisfied and happy. Poor fellow !—I remember these little circumstances the better from the fate which afterward befell him.

Before we had been an hour beyond the barrier of Amposta, our mayoral had yielded to the drowsiness occasioned by two sleepless nights, and was snoring audibly as he leaned his head against the window in front of me. Pepito, too, had wearied of his own gayety, and ceasing to encourage the mules with whip and voice, allowed them to trot onward in the middle of the road at their own gait. Beside me, on the right, was a young man whom I had known to be a candidate for the priesthood, by a narrow stock of black silk with violet stripes, which he wore about his neck, in addition to the common garb of the student. Though there were in the party several other aspirants to the sacred office, he alone was moping and reserved; indeed, he seemed to have put on in anticipation that cloak of gravity, which, as it is in the Spanish church the surest road to honours and preferment, is also the closest covering for an irregular life. Though we were alone together in the cabriolet, we had scarce exchanged a dozen words since leaving Tarragona; and now he too was motionless in his corner, either wrapped in pious abstraction from the cares of this world, or buried in the more mundane forgetfulness of sleep. Thus powerfully invited by the example of those who were near me, I caught the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into my corner, soon lost entirely the realities of existence in that mysterious state which Providence has provided as a cure for every ill.

As the thoughts of a man when alone in a distant land, without any outward objects to attract his attention, are apt to do, mine, before I fell asleep, had wandered back to a home from which I had been some time absent, and which, in contradiction to every other law of attraction, is ever found to draw us more powerfully the further we recede.

These waking reflections passed insensibly into sleeping dreams, and I soon realized what before I had only hoped; for, if it be true that men easily believe whatever they anxiously desire, how much more is this the case when sleep has taken the place of sensibility. Thus I was suddenly transported some thousands of miles nearer home, and having connected what was real in my situation with what was only fanciful, I believed that I was on the last stage of my journey towards my native city.

This pleasing deception had not lasted long, when the noise of the hoofs and bells of our mules, and the clattering of the wheels, were silenced. The rapid progress of the diligence ceasing as suddenly, and my body, which it had kept snug in the corner, still retaining its momentum, was thrown forward with my head against the panel. I was now awake; but, as if loath to relinquish so pleasing a dream, I at first fancied myself arrived at the end of my journey. The delusion was but momentary. There were voices without, speaking in accents of violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I now roused myself, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows.

By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive-trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right hand gave a clew to the mystery; just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta; his red cap, drawn closely over his forehead, reached behind far down his back, and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder; while his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was level-

led in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side, the scene was somewhat different; Pepe being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature; he had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road-side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the tree towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding, "La bolsa!" in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed; he raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, he said, "Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!—Take it, cavalier, but spare my life!" Such, however, did not seem to be the robber's intention; bringing a stone from a large heap which had been collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for "misericordia" and "piedad;" invoking the interposition of "Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgin del Pilar," and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain; he might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. The murderer redoubled his blows,

until, growing furious in the task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The supplications which blows had first excited, blows at length quelled; they had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, then declined into low and inarticulate moans, until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath, and an occasional convulsion, alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans, that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have ensured him compassion; but no such thing; the robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery; so that what in almost any other situation in the world would have given a claim to kindness, was here the cause of perdition. I even fancied that I could detect in the one whom I had first seen something that reminded me of the gamblers of the previous evening in the courtyard of the posada, and who, perhaps, while I had fancied them deeply engaged with their cards, were only eying the numbers and arrangement of our party. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians, who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel as an additional security against escape, opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps, I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses,

some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a moment at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it contained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their stronghold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, had returned to the spot where the zagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and, having opened it, he placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim; pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back into the corner, and hid his face within his trembling fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim; it was not a blunt sound, as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance, but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate without the power to aid him.

Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it; he shook it violently, calling to us to assist him; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always

got out on the other side; and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought from the circumstance that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visiters, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and stowed it snugly in my boot; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again, in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary; the third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral, and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, while the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathing and chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; while our mangled guides, by groans and writhing, gave evidence of returning animation. My companion and I slowly let down the windows beside us, and, having looked round a while, we opened the door and descended. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left, and those within sat each in his place in anx-

ious conversation. In the rear of the coach was a black heap on the ground, which I presently recognised as the six students who had occupied the rotunda, and who, lying flat upon their faces, made the oddest figure one can conceive, rolled up in their black cloaks, with their cocked hats of the same solemn colour, emerging at intervals from out the heap. As we came cautiously towards them, they whispered among each other, and then first one lifted his head to look at us, and then another, until, finding that we were their fellow-travellers, they all rose at once like a cloud, notwithstanding the threat which the robbers had made to them at their departure, to wait by the road-side, and shoot down the first person who should offer to stir. It will readily occur to the reader, that if resistance to this bold and bloody deed could have been made at all, it might have been by these six young men, who, being together and acquainted with each other, might easily have acted in concert, whereas the rest of the party were as completely separated as though they had been in distinct vehicles. But if it be considered that they had been awakened suddenly by armed ruffians, that they were destitute of weapons, and knew not the number of their assailants, it will appear more natural that they should have acted precisely as they did.

Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if any thing could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names, whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood, that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk, were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took

the lead in the Samaritan office of binding with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs the wounds of these unhappy men. While thus engaged, we heard the noise of footsteps in the direction of Amposta, and shortly after a man came up with a musket in his hand, and inquired the cause of our interruption. Having learned the truth, and inquired the direction which we supposed the robbers to have taken, he discharged his musket several times in that direction. He wore a mongrel kind of uniform, and proved to be one of the resguardo, or armed police, which is scattered over the country in Spain for the prevention of smuggling, and protection of lives and property; but its members, receiving a salary insufficient for their support, as is the case with almost all the inferior servants of the Spanish crown, are obliged to increase their means the best way they can, and are often leagued in practices which it is their business to suppress. It would, perhaps, be bold to say, that this man was either directly or indirectly engaged with those who had just robbed us; but his appearance at this conjuncture was both sudden and singular.

The tragedy over, a farce succeeded, which lasted until daylight. Many carts and wagons that were passing on the road came to a halt about us; but we could not proceed in our journey, nor could the bleeding guides be removed from the road, until the alcalde of the nearest town should appear and take cognizance of the outrage. He came at length; a fat little man, with a red cockade in his hat, in token of the loyalty which had doubtless procured him his office. He commenced examining the scene of bloodshed with an air of professional indifference, which showed that this was not the first time he had been called from bed on such an occasion. He put his hand into the puddle of blood beside the mayoral, and gave the stone with which his head had been battered in care to one of his attendants. This done, one of the carts which had halted near

us was put in requisition to carry off the poor fellows, who had now lain rolling and weltering in the dust for more than two hours. There was some difficulty in getting the people who stood by to lift the bodies into the cart, and we were ourselves obliged to perform the task. I afterward learned that in Spain a person found near the body of a murdered man is subject to detention and imprisonment, either as a witness, or as one suspected of the crime; and it is owing to this singular fact that Spaniards, instead of hurrying to lend succour, avoid a murdered man as they would avoid a murderer. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, in Spain, the law be not more dreaded by the peaceful inhabitant, than the very robbers and murderers from whom it should protect him. When a murder has been committed in a house, the first step of justice is to seize not only all the occupants, but to carry off whatever furniture it may contain, until nothing but the walls be left; hence it is that now, as in the time of Gil Blas, the word "Justicia," which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder.

These painful scenes at length had an end, and the cart into which the guides had been placed returned slowly towards Amposta. Before it drove away, the mayoral showed symptoms of returning sensibility; but Pepe seemed in his last agony. Two soldiers of the resguardo took their places to conduct the diligence; and when the rope which the robbers had stretched across the road from tree to tree had been removed, the mules were again set in motion, hurrying from the scene of disaster as though they had been sensible of its horrors. The day had now completely dawned, and the sun, rising in a cloudless sky, shone abroad upon a fertile country and the peaceful scenes of cultivation. There was little, however, in the change, to inspire cheerfulness or consolation; for, if nature looked so fair, man sank in the comparison.

The first place we came to was San Carlos; one of the new villages established by the patriotic Olavide. We halted in the public place, which had the form of an amphitheatre, and were soon surrounded by all the village worthies, to hear once and again from the loquacious students the story of our misfortunes. It was, however, no novelty to them; and when they had seen us entering the town, driven by the cut-throat resguardo, holding muskets in their hands instead of whips, they were all, doubtless, as certain of what had happened as when in possession of the details. The alcalde of San Carlos came forth with especial consequence to receive official information of the outrage; then consulting with the rusty commandant of a few ragged soldiers who composed the garrison, part of them were sent off to search for the robbers, already snug in bed, perhaps, in Amposta, and part were ordered to accompany the diligence to Vinaroz, where our mules were to be changed.

Vinaroz is quite a large town, and, as we entered it, the inhabitants were in a buzz of anxious curiosity at the unusual detention of the diligence. We had scarcely stopped ere we were completely hemmed in by a questioning crowd; so, leaving my Catalan companions to find consolation in imparting their sorrows, I pushed my way through groups of half-naked Valencians, royalist volunteers of most unprepossessing appearance, and greasy monks of St. Francis, until, having cleared the crowd and reached the courtyard, I mounted at once to the eating-room of the posada. Here were parties of travellers still more interested in the story of our misfortune than those below, who had merely an idle curiosity to gratify. Two Catalan gentlemen, who were travelling from Madrid to Barcelona in their own carriage, cross-questioned me as to the dangers that lay in the road before them, and in return for the consolation I imparted, told me that the same thing might happen to me any day

in Spain; that in La Mancha the robbers no longer skulked among the trees and bushes, like snakes, but patrolled the country on horseback, and at a gallop; that hitherto I had passed along the seacoast, where the country was well cultivated and populous, and the inns good; but that towards Madrid I should find a naked plain, destitute of trees, of water, of houses, and of cultivation, with inns still more miserable than the poverty of the country justified; and learning at last that no motive of business or necessity had brought me into Spain, they wondered that I should have left the kind looks and words, the comforts and security, which meet the stranger in France, to roam over a country which they frankly owned was fast relapsing into barbarity. I half wondered at myself, and, dreading further discouragement from these sorry comforters, abandoned their society, to see about getting something to eat; for, in consequence of the detention we everywhere met with, it would be three in the afternoon before we could reach Torre Blanca, the usual stopping-place of the diligence. There was fish frying in some part of the house, and now, as I scented my way to the kitchen, I thought that there was still a consolation.

The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the diligence-company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with an attention to her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion; and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of

themselves, felt the force of habit, and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure. It was, indeed, a singular and piteous sight, to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that was frying, lest it should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all in the same breath. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, every thing was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

So long as the daylight lasted, our road continued to follow the general line of the coast, and passed through a country of vines and olives, which, by its fertility and laboured cultivation, began already to indicate the fair kingdom of Valencia, the garden of Spain, so renowned throughout all Europe. The season, though much later than in Catalonia, and still more so than in Provence, was nevertheless the season of decaying cultivation, and nature was beginning to put on a graver dress. There was enough in this and in the events of the past night to promote melancholy, had other causes been wanting; but the whole road was skirted with stone crosses, that had been raised opposite to as many scenes of robbery and assassination. They were rudely fashioned from blocks of stone, with a short inscription cut on each of "aqui mataron á Fulano," here they killed Anthony or Francis, on such a day of the year; and almost every one had a stone upon it in a hollow which had been gradually worn there. This usage, which is not peculiar to Spain, is variously accounted for; some say that it originates in a desire to cover the ashes of the dead; but such cannot be the cause here, since the bodies of the people thus murdered are not buried by the road-side, but in the campo santo of a neighbouring village. It is also as-

serted that a superstitious feeling leads to the placing of a stone in this manner, as an evidence of detestation towards the murderer. Be it as it may, the continual occurrence of these crosses, placed singly or in groups of two or three along the road to Valencia, seemed to me to corroborate that character for perfidy which the Valencians bear throughout Spain. It furnished a well-filled index of treachery and murder, of avarice, revenge, and all those darker passions which degrade our nature. Many of the crosses were very old; others bore date in the last century: many denoted the murderous struggle for independence in later times, while a still greater number had been erected in the turbulent period of the Constitution, and bore testimony to the fury of religious and political fanaticism. As we passed rapidly along, I glanced with a feverish interest at each, while my fancy, taking the brief inscription as a text, and calling up the recollections of the night before, endeavoured to furnish forth the story of disaster.

At Torre Blanca, as at every place we came to during the remainder of the journey, there was a most annoying scene, caused by the garrulity of the students, and the curiosity of the gossiping portion of the inhabitants. Acting upon the principle of shutting the stable-door after the steed was stolen, the military commandant of the town ordered four ill-fed dragoons to mount on as many worse fed horses, and accompany us to Villareal. Though the number of these soldiers was so limited, there was as great a variety in their caps and uniforms as though they had belonged to different corps. Some had boots with spurs on the heels, others laced shoes with a spur on the right foot, and, instead of snug valises of leather, they had old canvass saddle-bags tied to their saddles. Though their accoutrements were so defective, they made up in long black mustaches, and eyes of fire, that were constantly on the look-out for enemies; and when there were any objects of suspicious

appearance in the road before us, they would prepare their carbines, and, kicking their jaded beasts into a gallop, hurry forward in a way that showed that good looks were the least of their qualifications.

At Villareal we were beset as before; but an excellent supper, served with neatness, furnished a solace to our party, which by this time had nearly emptied itself of its grief. At eleven in the night we once more set forward, with an escort of four foot-soldiers; for there were no dragoons at Villareal to relieve those who had come with us from Torre Blanca. These fellows belonged to the corps of Provincials, a species of draughted militia, furnished as a quota by each province. They were miserably accoutred, and, instead of shoes, wore the straw sandal of Catalonia and Valencia. Few soldiers, however, could have matched them on a march; for as there was only room for one of them on the bench of the mayoral, the remaining three were obliged to run constantly beside us, loaded as they were with muskets and cartouch-boxes. In this way they performed the twenty-three miles that lie between Villareal and Murviedro, always keeping pace with the rapid motion of the diligence.

The inconsiderable town of Murviedro, in which we paused towards daylight for a change of mules, was no other than the ancient Saguntum, once so flourishing and celebrated, and whose cruel destruction by Hannibal gave rise to the second Punic war. Saguntum is said to have been founded about two centuries before the fall of Troy, by Greeks, who came with an immense fleet from Zante in the Ionian Sea. These, seeking to have something in their new home to remind them of the older and dearer one which they had left, called their colony Zaynthus, which afterward was changed into Saguntum.

We left Murviedro as the day was dawning, passing constantly through a fertile and highly-cultivated country.

Shortly after leaving the town and getting upon the open road, I noticed a young man, with his manta hanging from his shoulder, with something in it that seemed to be seed or grain, and who ran constantly at the side of the diligence. I watched him with some curiosity; sometimes he would be before us, and then, when our guides used their whips, he would get behind, when I supposed that he had stopped; but presently he would overtake us again, first his shadow, and then his head and lank hair enveloped in a red handkerchief, and with a step or two more his whole person would appear, manta, bragas, naked legs, and sandals. This did not last for a short time merely, but during the whole distance of fifteen miles to Valencia, for we only lost sight of him, finally, in the immediate environs of the city. I was not a little curious to learn the meaning of this singular proceeding, and therefore asked our new mayoral what made the fellow run beside the diligence. "Quien sabe?" says he; and then, after a pause, "Va á Valencia y lleva priesa.—Who knows? He is going to Valencia, and is in a hurry."

At the distance of three miles from Valencia we came to the extensive convent of San Miguel de los Reyes. This princely establishment owed its foundation to the Duke of Calabria, who was captain-general of Valencia about the middle of the sixteenth century. He caused this convent to be built, according to the fashion of the day, to receive his remains, and made a provision for sixty monks of Saint Jerome, who, in return for their fine habitation, warm clothing, and good cheer, were bound daily to say a mass for the soul of the generous duke. It is not a little curious, and indicative of the change which time brings about in the manners and institutions of men, that the pillars and arches of the amphitheatre at Saguntum should have been torn down, to furnish materials for the construction of this monkish edifice.

The country had grown more and more populous throughout our morning's drive, and as we drew near to Valencia, the villages became almost continuous. Nothing can be

finer than the northern approach to this city; domes and towers without number are seen gradually to emerge from out the continuous orchard of lemon, orange, fig, pomegranate, and mulberry, which extends itself over fields, laid out in kitchen-gardens, and thus made to yield a double tribute to the cultivator. At length, after passing through this grove, the source at once of usefulness and beauty, we came to the bank of a wide ravine, bounded on both sides by strong parapets of hewn stone. This ravine was the bed of the Guadalaviar, and is evidently formed to contain the waters of a powerful stream; but, when I saw it, a brook could with difficulty be discovered, trickling along a small channel which it had made for itself in the middle of the ravine. The remainder was covered with grass of the richest verdure, and cropped by sheep and goats, now wandering fearlessly over the soil, which in the rainy season is covered high with the resistless element. The cause of this disappearance of the Guadalaviar is, that its waters are diverted throughout the whole course of the stream, for the purpose of irrigation. We may, however, well pardon this plunder, in consideration of the plenty which results from it; and even if poetry and the picturesque were alone worthy of attention, the loss of beauty which the Guadalaviar thus sustains, is far more than requited by the verdure which it imparts to so large a portion of the plain of Valencia.

The bridges over this ravine were five in number, and their stout piers and massive arches gave sufficient indication of the occasional force of the Guadalaviar. The one over whose noisy pavement we were now rapidly drawn, had been ornamented by the spirit of devotion with a rude shrine, dedicated to the patron saint of the city. At its southern extremity was a time-worn gate, covered with antique ornaments and inscriptions, through which we now entered into Valencia—"Valencia the Fair, Valencia of the Cid."

CHAPTER IV.

VALENCIA AND MADRID.

Kingdom of Valencia—Past History—Present Condition—Departure for Madrid—San Felipe and Mogente—Central Plateau of Spain—Change of Climate and Costume—Almansa—El Toboso—The Windmills—The Spanish Colonel—The Inn of Quintanar—Ocaña—Aranjuez—Madrid.

The kingdom of Valencia extends itself about two hundred miles along the eastern coast of Spain, and varies from thirty to sixty miles in breadth. While on every other side it is bounded by Catalonia, Arragon, Cuenca, and Murcia, on the east the Mediterranean bathes its whole extent, furnishing its inhabitants with an abundant supply of food, and placing them in ready communication with the whole world. This kingdom is one of the most wealthy and flourishing divisions of the Spanish monarchy, and numbers a population of near a million of souls. Towards the confines of the central provinces are ranges of mountains, abounding in iron, marble, jasper, and other valuable minerals; while the space which intervenes between these mountains and the sea forms a continuous and sloping plain, like the Milanese, watered by no fewer than thirty-six small rivers, which take their rise in the mountains of the interior, and flow eastward to the Mediterranean.

The more elevated parts of the kingdom consist of dry situations, producing figs, wine, and olives, and of watered fields, either level by nature, or rendered so by art, for the convenience of irrigation, forming luxuriant platforms, covered with vegetation, and rising above each other in animated perspective, like the ascending grades of an amphi-

theatre. These produce abundant crops of hemp, flax, cotton, wheat, rice, Indian corn, algarroba beans, apples, pears, peaches, oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, dates, almonds, besides melons, which are renowned throughout Spain, and every species of culinary vegetable, with such an infinity of mulberry-trees, that they furnish annually a million and a half pounds of the richest silk. In addition to these natural productions of Valencia, the industry of her inhabitants enriches commerce with a variety of manufactured articles; such as brandy, barilla, paper, crockery, fabrics of straw, hemp, flax, and especially of silk, which may be considered the staple of the country.

Such are the fertilizing effects of the system of irrigation universally applied in Valencia, that the mulberry-trees are thrice stripped of their leaves, and the meadows of clover and luzerne are mown eight and even ten times; citrons are often gathered of six pounds, and bunches of grapes of fourteen; wheat sown in November yields thirty for one in June; barley in October produces twenty in May; rice in April yields forty in October; and Indian corn, planted as a second crop, gives one hundred fold. Besides these there are intermediate crops of vegetables; so that, with a varied choice of productions, a powerful sun, and the fertilizing aid of water, the farmer may here realize two, and even three harvests in a single year. It results from this important use of irrigation, that the value of lands in Valencia depends entirely on the facilities of procuring water. The right to the use of every stream is of course nicely defined; and when the fructifying seasons arrive, those who enjoy water-privileges sedulously prepare their fields, open their sluices, fill the ditches, and inundate the whole, even to vineyards and olive-orchards. In consequence of this system, productions are multiplied to a wonderful extent, and the earth continues prolific throughout the year. It is, however, remarked by Bourgoanne,

that this artificial fertility does not bestow on plants the substance which they elsewhere receive from nature alone; and that hence the aliments in Valencia are much less nourishing than in Castile. Hence, too, the deterioration, which the excessive use of water communicates to plants, is said likewise to extend to the animals, to which they in turn furnish subsistence; a fact which has doubtless authorized the Spanish proverb, "En Valencia, la carne es hierba; la hierba, agua; los hombres, mugeres; y las mugeres, nada!"

Though disposed to think this proverb hyperbolical, at least so far as it relates to the lovely and not too ethereal Valencianas, it proves, if nothing else, the low estimation which the people of Valencia enjoy throughout Spain. It is well known—we may learn the fact even from novels and romances—that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it was customary for every distinguished personage to have his hired assassins at command, they were almost all natives of Valencia. Even their dress and weapons are described. The miscreant went forth, enveloped in his cloak, and favoured by the obscurity of night. Having found the individual proscribed by public policy or personal hate, he would steal after him until time and place were propitious, then, raising his hand from beneath its concealment, drive the murderous weapon which it grasped deep into the back of his unsuspecting victim.

Nor is the climate of Valencia unworthy of the soil. The mountains, which form its landward barrier, intercept the cold winds of the interior, while the genial and equalising influence of the Mediterranean tempers alike the summer heats and the cold of winter. In summer, sudden showers are neither unfrequent nor unwelcome; but in the intervals, and generally throughout the year, the air remains ever pure, pleasant, and healthful, the sky ever serene, and the whole system of seasons seems lost in one

continual delicious spring. The Cardinal de Retz, whose blood was rather warmer than became his office, thus speaks of this country in his singular memoirs:—"The kingdom of Valencia may well be pronounced not only the healthiest country, but also the most beautiful garden, in the whole world. Lemon, orange, and pomegranate-trees form the palisadoes of its highways, while crystal and transparent rivulets meander in trenches beside them. The whole plain is enamelled with an endless variety of flowers, which, while they enchant the eye, delight the smell with the most grateful odours." Father Mariana, too, who was also something of an enthusiast, assures us that, in the environs of the city, "the gardens and orchards, mixing and entangling their vegetation, form a continuous arbour, always green and always pleasant. Such is the beauty of Valencia!—Such were the Elysian fields which the poets fancied!"

In the midst of the mingled beauties and bounties of this favoured plain stands the city of Valencia, upon the south bank of the Guadalaviar, at whose mouth it has an inconsiderable and unsafe harbour. Though known in the time of the Romans by the name of Valencia, this city so greatly augmented its importance under the Saracen domination, that it may be said to owe its origin to that industrious people. They introduced the system of rural economy which has converted this vast plain into one extensive garden; and, seeking new sources of wealth, commenced the culture of silk before it was known in Italy. Nor did the sciences, and such arts as are tolerated by the Koran, fail to keep pace with the progress of industry. The Valencians became celebrated for the cultivation of letters, and of the sixty libraries which then existed in Mahometan Spain, at a time, too, when books were scarcely known in the rest of Europe, that of Valencia yielded for extent and value to none but the library of Cordova.

But, though this literary and scientific superiority of the Valencians may have sharpened their intellects and humanized their hearts, it gave them but little advantage in the field over the hungry and strong-handed Spaniards, who used no other logic than the sword, and knew but one way of signing their name—upon the visage of an enemy. As the misfortune of Valencia would have it, towards the close of the eleventh century, one Rodrigo diaz de Bivar, an illustrious outlaw whom the Saracens had surnamed the Cid, or Lord, was banished from Castile for having broken the peace with the King of Toledo by a predatory excursion into his territories. Collecting a party of hidalgos, equally reckless with himself, he made war on many petty kings among the infidels, assisting one against another, until he had conquered several and rendered them his vassals. He at length became an auxiliary in a war between two rival competitors for the crown of Valencia; and, having conquered the one and set aside the other, took possession of the subject of contention. In order to conciliate the good-will of the king his master, the Cid sent him a present of two hundred beautiful horses, richly caparisoned after the fashion of the Moors, and with as many cimeters hanging at the saddlebows, beseeching him at the same time to allow his wife and daughters to come from their convent in Cardeña. This being granted, the Cid established himself in Valencia, and, notwithstanding several sieges on the part of the dispossessed Moors, he maintained the conquest until the day of his death. This took place at a moment when the African prince Bekir was before the city with a strong force, and resistance being now hopeless, it was determined to abandon every thing and return to Castile. The body of the Cid was placed on a litter with his wife, the proud-spirited Ximena, and the whole garrison, forming in the funeral procession, ready to defend him who hitherto had needed no other safeguard but his

own good arm, thus marched forth from Valencia. The Moors, being ignorant of what had happened, fled before the Cid, and opened a passage through which the mourners were allowed to return to their own country. The old romances, which have connected so many fictions with the real achievements of this wonderful man, even tell us that the dead champion was mounted upon his good steed Babieca, with his terrible sword Colada in his right hand, and his long black beard hanging down upon his burnished cuiras.

Valencia was thus restored to the dominion of the Moors, from which it had been prematurely wrested by the valour of the Cid. Its day, however, of final conquest at length arrived. In 1238, just after the taking of Cordova by Saint Ferdinand, King James of Arragon determined to lay siege to Valencia. The number of his troops being no more than a thousand foot and half as many horse, his followers became discouraged; but the king having taken a solemn oath that he would not return without being master of Valencia, they became inspired with his resolution. Having crossed the Guadalaviar, he intrenched himself between the walls of the city and the neighbouring sea, and was soon joined by soldiers drawn from all quarters to share in the glory of the siege and the spoils of the city. Among these adventurers was a body of Frenchmen under the command of the good Bishop of Narbonne. If we are astonished that so small a force as fifteen hundred men should have laid siege to a city like Valencia, let us remember that the tide of victory was rolling back; let us go back to the period of the conquest, and we shall see Cordova besieged and taken at a gallop by six hundred cavaliers of Arabia.

The army of Don Jayme, thus re-enforced from all quarters, amounted at length to seventy thousand soldiers; and the people of Valencia, being disappointed in the succour

which they had expected from the King of Tunez, began to think of a surrender, for famine had already commenced its ravages among them. After much debating about the terms, the capitulation was at length signed. It was agreed that the city of Valencia should be given up to Don Jayme, that its inhabitants should be allowed to go unmolested to Deña, and that each might carry away with him as much gold, silver, and precious commodities as he could bear upon his person.

The fatal day at length arrived which was to separate for ever the inhabitants of Valencia from the fair city so deeply endeared to them. The mournful procession of dejected men, heart-sick women, and helpless children, to the number of fifty thousand, was seen to go forth from the south gate of the city, which opened towards the sacred promontory of Deña. The priests and soldiers of the Christian army formed a lane without the gate, through which the unhappy exiles tottered forth, assailed by the revilings of their persecutors, and bending not less under the burden which each bore, than under the weight of their common misfortune. When all had thus passed onward, the Christians made their solemn entry into the city; the mosques were purified and consecrated; a bishop installed into the long vacant see, and thanksgivings forthwith offered to Him in whose name and for whose glory the conquest had been effected. The neighbouring country, which the labour of the exiled cultivators had brought to fertility, was duly divided between the prelates, military orders, and nobles, who had taken part in the siege, not forgetting such convents as had lent the more passive assistance of their prayers. From Gerona, Tortosa, and Tarragona, people were invited to come and fill the vacancy in the industrious classes occasioned by the sudden departure of so many citizens.

It must have required centuries for Valencia to recover

from the effects of this severe blow to her prosperity; and the vicious division of property must have been, as it still is, a constant check to every species of melioration. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, its growth had gradually continued until the beginning of the present century, when the population amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand souls, twenty thousand of whom were engaged in silk manufactories, which annually consumed near a million pounds of the raw material. The war of independence, and the political struggles which followed, checked the prosperity of Valencia, the city itself having been twice besieged and bombarded by the French; but it nevertheless continues to be the second city in Spain, and may even dispute with the capital for superiority in wealth and population.

The climate of Valencia has often been compared to that of Greece, and the genius of its inhabitants is said to be similar to that which once characterized the natives of that famous country; a taste for poetry prevails among the people, and even improvisatori are not unknown. Letters, which under the Moors attained an advancement in Valencia to which the age was a stranger, have likewise flourished here in modern times. Until lately, more books were annually printed in Valencia than in any other city in Spain; and several works which I have seen, that were printed towards the close of the last century, can scarcely be surpassed for embellishment and execution. Printing, however, has declined here since the French revolution; no new works are now allowed to go to the press except books on devotion, and French novels translated into Castilian; and even the old works which during centuries have formed the pride of Spanish literature, are now well searched by ghostly censors, and gleaned of their most pithy sentences, before they can be republished. In this way, the book-trade in Spain is now reduced to the buying and selling of

second-hand works; and I was not a little surprised in Valencia, on going into several bookshops, to find myself surrounded by a venerable collection of well-worn tomes, bound in parchment, and tied with strings, or fastened by huge clasps of brass.

The fine arts have always been cultivated with great care in Valencia; the style of building, too, is generally good, and the Gothic taste, which has left many monuments in Barcelona, can no longer be traced here. The most remarkable of its buildings is the cathedral, of vast extent and various construction, but very noble and imposing within. The city possesses a university, which is much esteemed in Spain, a gratuitous academy of fine arts, two public libraries, a seminary for the education of noble youths, a general hospital, and a commercial exchange. The theatre of Valencia is very inferior to that of Barcelona, the house itself being small and miserably arranged, while the threadbare and ill-fed appearance of the players forms the best apology for their indifferent performance.

The principal dwelling-houses of Valencia are built in a quadrangular form, with a large gateway in front, and a square court in the centre; but the greater number have a narrow door and staircase at one side, as with us. In addition to casements which open inwards like folding-doors, the windows near the ground have cages of iron, composed of perpendicular bars called "rejas," and to which the French give the more appropriate name of "jalousies." These serve to prevent the entrance of a thief or a lover, or the evasion of a wife. The windows of the upper stories descend nearly from the ceiling to the floor, and open on balconies of iron, which are decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and thronged by both sexes whenever any religious or military procession is passing, and by the females at all seasons when not otherwise employed. The houses are constructed of stones of every shape and size, coated

with cement and whitewashed; when animated by gay groups of well-dressed people standing in the balconies, they make a very good appearance.

The streets of Valencia are very crooked, and so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. From this reason, and the treacherous character of the people, there is great risk of being robbed in the night, and I was repeatedly cautioned at my hotel to be on my guard, and keep to the principal streets. The streets are not paved, for the dryness of the climate renders it unnecessary; hence they are very dusty, and the inhabitants resort for exercise to the paseos, or public walks, of which there are several, beautifully planted and furnished with benches, along the banks of the Guadalaviar, and in the direction of the seaport at the mouth of the river. The most beautiful of all is the Glorieta, a very small square contiguous to the custom-house. It is enclosed by a railing, and planted with the trees most grateful to the eye and smell, among which the orange, the lemon, and the still fairer pomegranate are most conspicuous. The ground is covered with shrubs and flowers, native and exotic, whose thrifty appearance attests most strongly the genial influence of the climate. These form hedges to the various walks, which intersect each other, and are ornamented at their angles with sparkling and gushing fountains. There is a principal alley, along which those who court observation make repeated turns; while others sit and review them upon stone benches that skirt the walks, or on rush chairs hired out by a provident old woman. There are more secluded alleys on each side for those modest groups and whispering couples who prefer privacy and the shade. Whether the peasants and labouring classes are excluded from the Glorieta, or are unwilling to mingle with people so much richer and better dressed than themselves, there were none of them to be seen, except, indeed, a solitary bare-legged Valencian, in bragas, who car-

ried about a lighted match, for the accommodation of the smokers. Outside of the Glorieta were bodies of royalist volunteers or regular troops, with bands of music, passing in different directions, intermingled with crowds of pedestrians and horsemen ; and antique carriages on four wheels, or light tartanas, in attendance on their owners. The tartana, so generally in use at Valencia, is a small cart, covered with a canvass top, and drawn by a single horse or mule, whose harness is well studded with brass tacks, and hung with small bells of the same metal. The entrance is at the back, and the seats are along each side ; the interior of the tartana is adorned with curtains of silk, while without it is painted with a variety of gay colours, which, like the grotesque paintings upon the outer walls of the churches, long preserve their brilliancy in this dry climate. As it has no springs, it would be but a comfortless vehicle in a paved city, but it moves noiselessly and without a jar over the level streets of Valencia.

The Glorieta was laid out and planted by a late captain-general, a testy and high-handed don, who punished delinquents, hung up robbers, and did on the spot whatever seemed right or pleasant to him ; in short, he was just the man to govern the Spaniards of the present generation. He took the land of the present Glorieta from a convent or other useless establishment, and converted it into the delightful little place which now adds so greatly to the amusement of the Valencians. When the Constitution came, however, and the captain-general exchanged his palace for a prison, the uncurbed populace wreaked their fury upon every thing connected with the memory of the man who had restrained them, and would even have restored the Glorieta to its original state by cutting down the trees and tearing up the shrubbery, had they not been opposed by others whose ideas of liberty were less fanatical. O'Reilly, the present captain-general of Valencia, is likewise a tyrant,

but of a much worse kind than the one of whom we have been speaking; for he is a tyrant at second-hand, and to suit the views of his employers. Notwithstanding his severity towards the persecuted Liberals, he is flexible enough in the hands of the priests, who very lately made a successful opposition to his authority. They had the audacity, a few months before I passed through Valencia, to take a poor Jew who had avowed his opinions, and hang him up publicly, in defiance of the injunction of the civil officers, and even of O'Reilly himself.

The interval of three days between the departures of the Barcelona diligence for Madrid having at length passed by, I rose early on the morning of its expected arrival to hear what had been the fate of the mayoral and Pepe, whom I had last seen bleeding and groaning in a cart on their way to Amposta. The mayoral was still alive three days after the event, when the diligence stopped at Amposta; but his head was so badly fractured as to render recovery doubtful. Poor Pepe breathed his last at ten o'clock, about eight hours after our attack, and long before his widowed mother could have arrived to close the eyes of her child. More than a month elapsed before I again heard any thing of the still surviving mayoral, or of the men who had committed the violence; for, such things never being published in Spain, one half the population might be murdered without the rest knowing any thing of it. It may, however, be as well to repeat here what I at length learned in Madrid from a Valencian wagoner, whom I questioned on the subject. The mayoral, after lingering about a week, shared the fate of Pepe, and the three robbers had at length been detected and taken into custody. One of them was a native of Perpignan, son to a man who had formerly kept the inn where the diligence put up in Amposta. The other two were natives of the town, and all were acquaintances of Pepe; possibly the very varlets who were playing at cards beneath

our window. My informant could not tell me whether the murderers were likely to suffer for their crime. The fact of one of them being a stranger rendered it probable; but if they had money to put into the hands of an escribano or notary, to fee him and the judges who would be called to decide upon the case, or to buy an escape, or, as a last resort, if they could procure the interposition of the clergy, they might yet go unpunished.*

The diligence was to leave Valencia at noon for Madrid, and finding, when I had repaired to it and stowed my luggage, that there was yet half an hour of idle time to be got rid of, I wandered to the cathedral to pass once more through its aisles, and then ascended to the top of the antique tower called Miquelet, to take a farewell look at Valencia and its environs. The belman was getting ready to ring for mid-day mass; and I therefore found the tower-gate open, and a person, who was familiar with every object of the landscape, ready to answer my inquiries. The city upon which I now looked down gained nothing by this change of position; the irregular roofs of all the buildings, public and private, were covered with rude tiles, and the streets, now seen collectively as in a map, shocked the eye by their want of regularity. As the sight gradually extended its circle, it took in objects that were more agreeable; the verdant Glorieta, with its trees and fountains; the Gate of the Cid, and the numerous avenues leading to the capital;

* That one at least of them escaped, I had occasion several years after to discover, through the son and aid-de-camp of Sir William Houston, Lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar, and who, on his way from London to his post, visited in Madrid the prison in which the miscreant was confined, and heard from his own mouth an exulting narration of the part which he had taken in this horrible atrocity. In the years that had intervened, he had built up for himself a diabolical reputation, under the cognomen of "El Gato," which continued, down to the moment of his execution, to constitute at once his pride and consolation. Such is poor human nature! Tremble, mortals, as you approach the threshold of crime, at the contemplation of that to which the first ill-guided step may lead you!

the five bridges of the Guadalaviar, and the promenades which skirt its banks. These were enclosed in that wide expanse of verdure, interspersed everywhere with villages and farmhouses, to which the Spaniards have given the glowing name of Huerta de Valencia, the orchard of Valencia, whose fertility had no other bounds but the sea and mountains which enclosed it.

By the time I had regained the office of the diligence, the bells of the cathedral and of the many churches and convents of Valencia were tolling for noon. The coach was already in the street, and the superintendent, waybill in hand, was calling over the names of the passengers, and assigning to each his seat for the journey. I had taken a corner of the cabriolet, and now found the adjoining one occupied by a Spanish officer, a colonel of chasseurs, who had a pair of horse-pistols in the coach pocket beside him, with his sabre clothed in buckskin, and standing upright in the corner, to keep sentry over them. He had on a red jacket worked with gold lace, over which was an ample cloak of blue, lined with red velvet, and on his heels a pair of long brass spurs, that were continually incommoding him during the journey. His schaiko was hung up overhead, and replaced by a light bonnet of blue cloth, adorned in front with a gold fleur-de-lis, the common badge of the Bourbons. He had a fair round face and well-nurtured mustaches, and appeared to me a very young man to be a colonel. Indeed, his whole appearance indicated more familiarity with the drawing-room than with the stir and strife incidental to his profession. I afterward found he was a conde or count, and having thus been born to the military life, as alone worthy of his rank, he had gradually grown into a grade which in France can only be reached over many a field of battle. He was, however, on the whole, a very agreeable travelling companion, and when he was not engaged with a musty book on cavalry, or I with

my map, or dictionary and grammar of the language, we gossiped together throughout the journey. In the interior were two passengers, besides one of the proprietors of the diligence, a wary old Catalan, who was performing a tour of observation through the line to look into the state of the teams, of the inns where the coach stopped, and other matters relating to the service of the company. He carried with him a small blank-book, bound with parchment, and a portable inkhorn, with a couple of superannuated pens in it. These materials for authorship he would produce every night after supper, and spreading them out amid the wreck of the repast, proceed to write up his journal. The rotunda contained one solitary occupant, a candidate for the priesthood, who was going to pursue his studies in Alcala, being one of the fast-talking youths who had shared in our disaster near the Ebro.

With these five persons for travelling companions, and a good-natured Catalan, called Lorenzo, for mayoral, we turned our backs upon Valencia, and took our course to the southwest, in the direction of San Felipe. As on the approach to the city from the other side, our road now lay through cultivated and well-watered fields, which at the same time were planted with orchards of every kind of fruit, and especially the mulberry, olive, and algarroba. On the left we passed the Albufera of Valencia, a fine lake which abounds in fish and water-fowl. The neighbouring country is entirely laid out in rice, of which such a quantity is produced, that the share of the king, who claims sixteen per cent. as proprietor, and probably receives much less, is worth annually near fifty thousand dollars. This princely estate belonged, during the short reign of King Joseph, to Marshal Suchet, who commanded the French forces in this part of Spain, and was almost the only one of his countrymen who promoted successfully the cause of Napoleon, and was at the same time able to win the affec-

tions of the Spaniards. This distinguished general lost his estate on the restoration of the Bourbons, but preserved the title of Duke of Albufera, which, with the peerage conferred by Louis XVIII., has lately devolved upon his son. In the afternoon we came to a small stream which flowed under a few scattering algarroba-trees, whose foliage, as well as the grass that grew upon its banks, seemed to catch new verdure from the fertilizing element. Here a party of travellers had halted to make a rude meal upon the bread and sausages which they had brought with them, while their mules and asses were likewise refreshing themselves along the margin of the brook.

When the sun was sinking in the west, we began to ascend the mountains, which seemed to grow more formidable as we approached them, winding occasionally through narrow and concealed gorges, or crossing an eminence which overlooked a wide expanse of the rich plains below, and of the more distant Mediterranean. At the summit we came in sight of Mogente, while on the left were seen the turrets of San Felipe. This city was called Jativa by the Moors, and was once famous for its manufactures, particularly of paper, which it claims the honour of inventing; an invention, in its effects upon the progress of civilization, not unworthy of being compared to that of printing itself. In the war of succession between the French and Austrian pretenders to the vacant throne of Spain, Jativa was so unfortunate as to espouse the cause which proved unsuccessful. Philip V., when he at length got possession of the place, was so greatly exasperated against the inhabitants, that he caused it to be demolished, and in its stead founded a city to which he gave the renovating name of his patron saint. Another honour claimed by San Felipe, and it is indeed a proud one, is, that it gave birth to the distinguished painter, Joseph Ribera, whom, for his diminutive size, the Italians christened Spagnoleto. On the road which leads to San

Felipe is a small bridge, thrown over a torrent in which a widowed mother had the hard fortune to lose her only son. Making an honourable exception to the unworthy rule that misery loves company, she caused this bridge to be erected, that no other mother might suffer like herself. It still bears the name of the Widow's Bridge, or, in the more melodious language of the country, Puente de la Viuda.

At sunset we arrived at a venta, or solitary inn, which lay at a short distance from Mogente. We had journeyed forty-eight miles, and, instead of going in a direct line towards Madrid, we had been making a right angle to its direction from Valencia, and, to look on the map, were not a jot nearer our destination than when we started. So much for communications in Spain. In the venta we found a German merchant, who had come from Alicante to take passage with us to Madrid. He proved an agreeable companion, and brought his share of amusement to our already pleasant little party. When supper was over, and our passports had been returned by the intendant of police, each hurried to his bed, in order to improve the few hours that were to intervene before we should renew our journey.

The next day we were called at an early hour, and by three o'clock were already in motion. There was a keen wind from the northwest, and as we were going in that direction, it drove into the crannies of the cabriolet, and produced the withering sensation of the most intense cold, which to me was the more severe, that I had lost my overcoat not long before, and had neglected to get another. My companion had rolled himself up in his ample cloak until nothing but his cap was visible, and seemed to defy the weather. Seeing that the mayoral had a variety of skins and blankets under him, I begged from him the warm fleecy skin of a merino, which I rolled closely round my torpid feet; thus partially relieved, I sought the support of the corner, and was soon asleep.

When the morning came, we no longer beheld the vineyards and fruit-trees of Valencia, and the sea and mountains were likewise withdrawn from view. On reaching the summit of the mountains near Mogente we did not again descend, but continued to move forward over a champaign country which spread out interminably as we advanced into that level region which forms the greater part of the two Castiles, and which stands near two thousand feet above the sea, an elevated plain in the midst of the Peninsula. Nothing can be more unqualified than the gloomy character of this plain. When we first entered it, a solemn group of olives might occasionally be seen, sheltered by a slight inequality in the surface of the country; but in advancing, these too disappeared, until the monotony at last became pervading and perfect.

The utter destitution of trees in La Mancha, and the almost equal deficiency of them in the other provinces which form the central regions of Spain, are attributed partly to the flat, unsheltered nature of the country, and the dryness of the climate, but chiefly to a prejudice which the inhabitants have entertained from time immemorial against them, as being the means of attracting and sheltering birds, those busy pilferers. After having long since stripped the country of its trees, the Castilian, instead of creating nurseries for their restoration, has such an abhorrence for every thing of the kind, that he will even prevent the establishment of them along the high roads, by wounding those which the government has been at the expense of planting there, with the beneficent view of sheltering the traveller. In consequence of their proscription in the interior of Spain, it has been remarked that the soil, scorched by a powerful sun, with no trees to moderate its force or attract humidity, has gradually lost its streams and fountains, of which nothing now remains but empty ravines, to mark the forgotten sources of former fertility.

The greater part of this country is, however, susceptible of being rendered productive, and especially of furnishing wheat and wine of the finest quality; but its population is so dwindled, and has so partial an interest in the produce of the soil, which it shares with an inactive clergy and nobility, that agriculture is on the worst possible footing. The system of manuring is not generally practised; and thus, while three fourths of the country remain fallow, the remainder only produces a scanty crop of grain or potatoes. The great distance between the towns, too, and the insecurity of life and property, which prevents the farmers from living each insulated on the land which he cultivates, are additional checks to agriculture and population. We frequently travelled eight or ten miles without finding a single habitation on this road, one of the most important in Spain, and which, probably, was a Roman way in the time of Cesar. When, too, after hours of rapid travelling, we at length came to a town, nothing could be more gloomy than its appearance. As there were neither hills nor forests intervening to obstruct the view, it could be seen a long way off, with its ill-fashioned towers projecting out of a gloomy group of houses, plastered over with clay, which, being of the colour of the soil, were only distinguished from it by rising above the cheerless horizon. At the entrance of each town was a gate for receiving duties, and in the centre of it a square, round which were the different buildings of the ayuntamiento, or municipality, of the posada, of the butcher, baker, tailor, cobbler, and of the village surgeon or barber, living at the sign of a bleeding arm or leg, flanked by the helmet of Mambrino. Most of these towns exhibited strong symptoms of decline. Many houses were abandoned, with their roofs fallen in, and those which continued tenanted had but a cheerless look; while, as a key to this desolation, the master of each might be seen, listless and unoccupied, enveloped in a tattered cloak, and moping like

a statue within the doorway. It was, besides, the season of sadness and decaying nature. There were no cattle, no pasture; and the single harvest of the farmer having already been gathered, nothing but a dusty and faded stubble remained upon the soil, to attest that it had once been productive. I had at length arrived in a country where forests, and the feathered songsters who find their home in them, were alike proscribed. As I looked round on the dismal expanse, unvaried by either tree or bush, I was at a loss to imagine upon what the inhabitants could subsist, unless indeed it was on the recollections of the past, or upon the poetic associations which Cervantes has fastened to their soil. How different all this from the streams, the trees, and the gardens we had left behind us in the Huerta!

On reaching this mountain plain, the change in the character of the country was even surpassed by the change in the climate. The day before we had basked at Valencia in a summer's sun, tempered by Mediterranean breezes, whereas here we were met by a cold wind, which rushed unchecked over the wild, monotonous plains, and seemed to freeze one's blood. It was indeed cold; there could be no mistake about it, for we found ice in several places, long after the sun had risen, though it was only the fourth of November.

This sudden change of climate in so short a distance, calls for a corresponding change in the popular costume. Besides a waistcoat and jacket of cloth, covered with abundance of silver buttons, the inhabitant usually wears a jacket of skin with the wool outwards, which once warmed the back of some black merino, or, instead of this, an ample cloak of brown, the right fold of which is thrown over the left shoulder with a Roman air. The head is covered with a pointed cap of black velvet, the ends of which being drawn down over the ears, leave exposed a forehead which is usually high, and features always manly. Instead of the

primitive braga of the Valencian, we now find tight breeches, sustained above the hips by a red sash, and fastened the whole way down the outside of the thigh by bell buttons. In the place of the naked leg and hempen sandal are woollen stockings, stout shoes, well shod with nails, and gaiters of leather curiously embroidered. These are fastened at the top with a gay-coloured string, and not buttoned the whole way up, but left open for the purpose of displaying a muscular calf, and to produce that janty air which pleases the fancy of a Spaniard. The poorer people, instead of shoes and stockings, had their feet simply wrapped in bits of old cloth or blanket, and covered with skins bound to the foot with a thong.

The inhabitants of this central region speak the pure Castilian tongue, unadulterated by foreign idioms or provincial pronunciation, and in all its native simplicity and beauty. They are of larger size and stouter conformation than the half-clad Valencians, but are perhaps inferior to them in that untamed symmetry of limb, which the latter possess to an equal extent with our aboriginal Americans. They are stigmatized by strangers as being proud, grave, inactive, and silent, more ignorant and more attached to their antique prejudices than those of their nation who, living in the neighbourhood of the sea, have gained something by commercial intercourse. Be this as it may, I could not help admiring the unbent form and lofty bearing with which these poor fellows strode forward, enveloped in threadbare cloaks, their feet bound in sandals of untanned leather, disdaining to ask the alms they so evidently needed, or to betray any sense of inferiority to those who were better apparelled than themselves; nor could I avoid the conclusion, that if the Castilian be fallen from his proud rank among the people of Europe, we must not seek the cause of this abasement in the man himself, but in the institutions which have crushed him.

The road over this monotonous region was almost as lonely as the surrounding country. Occasionally, indeed, we could see a large covered wagon, miles ahead of us, rising, like a house, at the end of the road, and on coming up find it drawn by a string of mules as long as the train of our diligence. One that we passed in this way had pots, kettles, and chairs, suspended about it in every direction, as if a family were moving, while beside it were four or five servants, armed with fowling-pieces. Our colonel at once recognised their livery, and, putting down the coach window, waved his handkerchief to the travellers. One of the servants soon overtook us, and, jumping to the box of the mayoral, rode a while beside us, answering the inquiry of our colonel, "Como esta la marquesa?" and a thousand others all ending with marquesa. A marchioness! thought I—perhaps the wife of a grandee, making a nine days' journey in a wagon from Valencia to Madrid! At other times we overtook groups of dusty mules and asses, loaded with sacks of wheat or skins of wine, and driven by fellows in coats of sheepskin. They were usually walking, to work off the cold. Once we saw them stopping by turns to drink wine from a leathern bottle, the drinker looking steadfastly towards the heavens, like Sancho in the adventure of the wood. An envious glance of our mayoral at the upraised bottle was a sufficient hint to these simple roadsters, and one of them came running with it beside us, to make a tender which was not rejected. Early in the morning we met a half-naked muleteer of Valencia bestriding one of a string of mules returning homeward. He seemed to have been baffled in his calculations, and prematurely overtaken by the cold, like Napoleon in Russia; for, rolling his blanket tightly about him, and drawing up his legs, so as to bring them under the broad folds of his linen bragas, he hurried his mules forward, eager to escape from the unfriendly climate.

Having journeyed sixteen miles, we came to Almansa, in the kingdom of Murcia, over a corner of which the road passes to Madrid. This old city derives its celebrity from the bloody battle fought in its neighbourhood, in the beginning of the last century, between the forces of the Archduke Pretender, and the Marshal Duke of Berwick. The signal victory achieved by the latter decided the dispute of succession, and secured the Spanish crown to the grandson of Louis XIV. The family of this illustrious son of James II. continues in Spain to the present day, enjoying the highest honours. Just before reaching Almansa, we came to an inconsiderable pyramid, erected upon the site of the battle, which it is every way unworthy to commemorate.

Our arrival at Almansa was most welcome to all of us; and the diligence had scarce paused in front of the inn where we were to eat our breakfast, before we all abandoned it, descending carefully, lest our legs, which were brittle with the cold and torpor, should break under us; and when fairly on the ground, we hobbled with one accord to seek out the kitchen of the posada. By the smoke, circulating throughout the building, we soon found the place of which we were in search. The kitchen was a square room, with a funnel roof, having a large hole at the top for the escape of the smoke. In the middle of the earthen floor was a large fire of brushwood, blazing and sending forth volumes of smoke, that either circulated in the room, or sought the aperture above. Round this primitive fireplace was a close ring of tall Murcians and Castilians, or bare-legged Valencians, whose fine forms and strongly-marked features were brought into increased relief by the glare of the fire. At one side of the room was a dresser of masonwork, connected with the wall, which contained small furnaces heated with charcoal, over which an old dame, with three or four buxom daughters, was preparing our break-

fast, which I discovered was to consist, among other things, of eggs fried in oil, and the universal puchero. The arrival of the diligence had accelerated matters, so that I happened to come up just at the interesting moment when the old woman was holding the pot in both hands and turning its contents into an immense dish of glazed earthenware. First would come a piece of beef, then a slice of bacon, next the leg, thigh, and foot of a chicken jumping out in a hurry, and presently a whole shower of garbanzos. I said not a word for fear of disturbing the operation; but, rubbing my hands and snuffing up the odour, I bethought myself of my cold feet, and joined the group that was huddled closely about the fire. The circle was at once increased so as to make room for me; but unfortunately I had got on the smoky side, and, before I had even begun to thaw, my eyes were suffused with tears. It is the province of tears to excite pity. A stout Manchego, who stood near, compassionating my suffering, grasped my arm and pulled me into his place, taking mine in its stead. I would have remonstrated, but he shook his finger, as if it were all one to him, and said, "No le hace."

Leaving Almansa at ten, we journeyed forward over a dull and level country until sunset, when we arrived at the considerable town of Albacete, which boasts some rude manufactures in steel and iron, and where an annual fair is held in September, which is one of the most frequented in Spain. Having reposed until three in the morning, we once more set forward. The cold was not less severe than the morning before; but my system had become a little hardened to it, and besides, my former travelling companion, the student in the rotunda, had lent me his black uniform cloak, which he had replaced by a heavier one of brown cloth. To be sure, if it were not for the name, I might as well have covered myself with a cobweb; for this apology for a cloak was, from old age and much brushing,

quite as thin as paper, and had doubtless served in the family of the young man for several generations of estudiantes. It was, furthermore, very narrow in the skirts, and my vain endeavours to roll myself up in it furnished abundant amusement to my companions, who would fain have persuaded me to put on the cocked hat of the student, to complete the metamorphosis of the Anglo-Americano.

From Albacete we went to El Provencio, in the province of Cuenca, which, with those of Toledo and Madrid, through which the remainder of our road lay, forms part of New Castile. Cuenca is an arid and steril region, the most desert in the whole Peninsula. The streets of El Provencio were strewed with the yellow leaves of the saffron, of which large quantities are raised in the neighbourhood. This plant is prepared in the form of a powder, which serves as a die for the coarse goods made in the country, and is likewise universally used in cooking, to season the soup and puchero. Leaving El Provencio after breakfast, we all went to sleep, as was our custom. When we had advanced about twenty miles I was startled by an unusual noise, and, on looking round, found that it proceeded from ten or twelve windmills that were drawn up on the top of a ridge on either side of the road before us. They seemed stationed there to dispute the passage of the place, a circumstance which doubtless suggested to Cervantes the rare adventure of the windmills; for these which now flapped their heavy arms in defiance at us were no other than the giants of Don Quixote. Having left them behind, we came unhurt in sight of El Toboso—a place not less famous than the Troy of Homer and of Virgil. A single fact, found in the delightful Memoirs of Rocca, while it shows how universal is the fame of Cervantes, displays also the benign influence of letters in awakening the kinder sympathies of our nature, and stripping even war of its sternness. It reminds me of what I have somewhere read of an Athenian army, defeat-

ed and made captive in Sicily. The prisoners were ordered to be put to death; but out of reverence for Euripides, such of his countrymen as could repeat his verses were spared.

"If Don Quixote was of no service to widows and orphans while alive, his memory at least protected the country of the imaginary Dulcinea from some of the horrors of war. When our soldiers discovered a woman at the window, they cried out, 'Voilà Dulcinea!' Instead of flying before us as elsewhere, the inhabitants crowded to see us pass; and the names of Don Quixote and Dulcinea became a friendly watchword and a bond of union." Toboso lay a league or more to the left of the road, with a single tower and some dingy houses rising above the plain. I looked in vain for the grove in which the Sorrowful Knight awaited the return of Sancho, who had gone to Toboso to beg an audience of the Dulcinea whom he had never seen. I took it for granted that the wood had sprung up for the express accommodation of the poet; for during the whole day's ride I did not remember to have seen a single tree.

The country through which we were now passing was consecrated by the oddest associations, though in itself a dull, unvaried waste. Every thing that met my eye furnished matter of amusement. Near Toboso we saw an immense flock of wild pigeons, blackening the field on which they had lighted. Our guides frightened them from their resting-place, and they kept alternately flying and lighting before us for an hour. These whimsical birds would doubtless have furnished La Mancha's knight with an excellent adventure. When within a league of Quintanar de la Orden, and with the town in sight, we descried three horsemen in the road before us, apparently awaiting our arrival. As we came up, they appeared to be accoutred and armed, each according to his taste, but all had steel sabres and carbines, which hung at their saddles behind

them. One of them had a second carbine, or rather fowling-piece, on the other side, and as we approached, smaller weapons, such as pistols, long knives, and dirks, were discovered, sticking through their belts or lodged at the saddlebow. I quickly prepared the pistol which the colonel had lent me, and, when he had done the same, I thought that if Don Quixote had been near to aid us, the contest would not have been so unequal. When alongside of them, the faces of these fellows exhibited scars and slashes, partially covered with whiskers and mustaches confounded together; and the glare of their eyes was at the same time fearless and stealthy, like that of the tiger. But there was no cause for alarm. These men, whatever they might once have been, were no robbers; for, besides the red cockade, which showed they were true servants of Ferdinand, each wore a broad shoulder-belt, with a plate of brass in front, and on it engraven "Real Diligencia."

These fellows, instead of intending to plunder us, had come to prevent others from doing so; for which service they had received a daily salary from the company ever since about three months before, when the diligence had been robbed on its way to Valencia, almost in sight of Quintanar. There were several other situations through which we had already been escorted since the commencement of our journey; but hitherto the guards had been soldiers of the royal army, such as had accompanied us occasionally in coming from Barcelona. It chanced that these troopers belonged to the very regiment of horse of which my companion was colonel; but as they lived dispersed in the villages over a large extent of country, they had never seen him before. It was curious enough to hear him occasionally addressing those who rode beside us, and telling them "Soy su coronel—I am your colonel," showing at the same time, as if by accident, the three bands of gold lace which bound the cuffs of his jacket, and which in Spain

mark the rank of all officers above a captain; for none of higher grade wear epaulets. Indeed, he would usually turn back his cloak, to expose its red velvet lining, and project his arms negligently out of the window, or raise them to curl his mustaches, whenever he entered a village; and this he now did as we were whirled rapidly into Quintanar.

Just before reaching the gate we had halted to take up two children, a boy and a girl, who had come out to meet us, and seemed dressed for the occasion. They were the children of our mayoral Lorenzo, who had lately come with his family from Catalonia to keep a posada in Quintanar, and to be one of the conductors of the diligence. Having kissed each as he took it up, and placed one on each side of him, he smacked his whip, as if with contentment, and kept looking first at one and then at the other the whole way to the door of the posada. I saw that there could be good feelings under the red cap of Catalonia.

The noise of our entry into the little town brought into the street all those who had nothing better to do, as well as such stable-boys, serving-maids, and others, as had a more immediate concern in our arrival. Among them was a large and fine-looking woman, who withdrew within the doorway of the inn when the diligence halted, and there received Lorenzo, and in such a way as showed she could be no other than his wife. Here was an end to all services from our mayoral; so leaving him, Æneas like, to tell over his toils, and receive consolation, we descended with one accord to make the most of our momentary home.

Most of the inns we had hitherto come to had been established under the immediate patronage of the Catalan company. They were, in consequence, well kept, and though in a homely way, were wanting in no comfort that a reasonable traveller could ask for, but possessed many that I was not prepared to find in a Spanish posada. With

none, however, was this so much the case as with the one we now entered. The building itself did not seem to have been originally intended for an inn; for, contrary to the usual custom in Spanish posadas, the dwellings of man and beast were completely separate. In the better days of Quintanar, it had probably been the family mansion of a race of hidalgos. The large door on the street opened upon a vestibule leading to a square court, which had in the centre the dry basin of what had once been a fountain, and was surrounded by light pillars of marble, behind which were an upper and lower corridor. Along both sides of the vestibule were stone benches, which, as well as every other part of the building, had been newly whitewashed. Here were basins of glazed earthenware and pitchers of water, with a clean towel of coarse linen for each passenger, hanging from nails against the wall. Having paused here to get rid of the dust which we had collected during the day, we next sought out the kitchen, which was in an entirely different style from the one in which we had warmed ourselves at Almansa. The cooking operations were, indeed, performed over charcoal furnaces, much in the same way; but instead of the rude roof and bonfire in the middle of the apartment, there was here an immense fireplace, occupying the whole of one end of the room, and which called strongly to my mind a kitchen chimney I had seen more than a year before in the old chateau of the Count de Dunois, in times gone by the appendage of baronial hospitality. At each side of the large aperture were benches incorporated with the wall, and which, being within the chimney itself, and covered with mats of sedge, formed delightful sofas for the chilly and fatigued traveller. Here then did we bestow ourselves, to await contentedly and even overlook the preparations for our evening repast; and, as we inhaled the well-savoured odour that arose from it, we chatted sociably and cheerfully among ourselves, or

exchanged a complacent word with the Castilian damsels, who were performing so near us their well-ordered operations.

The evening had set in cold, and the cheerful blazing of our fire offered an attraction which brought together many of the worthies of Quintanar. The ill-favoured members of our escort, now divested of every thing but spurs and sword-belt, were among the number. They were to accompany us the next morning the whole of the first stage beyond the village, and were talking over in monosyllables, with Lorenzo, the preparations for our departure. Wherever we had hitherto stopped, the robbery of the diligence near the Ebro had furnished a fruitful and anxious subject of discussion. A robbery of the diligence, attended with murder, was not so common an occurrence in the country but that it was looked to with interest, particularly by our party, which, being similarly situated with the persons who met with the adventure, was liable to a similar interruption. Our student of the rotunda, calling up the rhetoric he had learned in Barcelona, was ever ready to give a coloured picture of the transaction; while I, as a witness, was called on to add my testimony, or, in absence of the young man, to furnish myself the particulars. The escort, too, drawing inferences of what might be from what had been, were no less interested than ourselves. Besides, they had heard that a noted robber of Quintanar, not less cunning than bold, had disappeared from his home, and that several armed men had been seen in the morning by a muleteer, in the direction of Ocaña. This was matter for reflection; and Lorenzo, after gazing a while upon the quiet comforts of our fireside, and on his yet handsome wife, as she busied herself in sending off our supper to an adjoining room, seemed to think that things would not be the worse for a little delay in our departure the next morning; for, when he had glanced round, to see that there were none near who

should not hear it, he named four o'clock as the hour for starting.

The escort continued still to linger a while beside the fireplace. They had many complaints to make of the insufficiency of their pay, many against their want of proper protection from the authorities. A year before, they had repulsed an attack made against the diligence by five robbers; for, having killed the horse of one of them, the fellows made off, carrying with them their dismounted companion. The horse was at once recognised to have belonged to a man in Quintanar, who had been at the head of most of the robberies committed in the country for a long while, and who was the very same one of whom they were now in dread. The suspected person was found badly bruised in his bed, and was of course imprisoned; but having brought many persons to swear that at the time of the attack he was sick at home in Quintanar, he was released after a short detention. The fellow neither lacked money nor friends; he pursued robbery as a regular trade, and was actually getting together a little estate. "Es hombre pequeñito," said the narrator, "pero el hombre mas malo que hay en el mundo—He is a little man, but the worst fellow in the world." What, however, they most complained of, was, that a cloak and some arms, which they found with the horse, to the value of twenty dollars or more, had been seized upon by the justice, and either retained or appropriated by the members of the tribunal; "because," they said, "the matter was not yet adjusted: and these tangible objects were el cuerpo del delito—the body of the offence." In this way, after having met the enemy and stood fire, the shoes and skin of the dead horse, which they had sold for sixty reals, were the only fruits of their victory.

This conversation, and the disagreeable reflections and conjectures to which it gave rise, were at length interrupted

by the announcement of supper, and the past and future were soon forgotten amid the substantial realities of a well-filled board. Our supper-room was adjacent to the kitchen, and its arrangements showed the same spirit of order and neatness with the other apartments. The tile floor was everywhere covered with mats, and the table in the centre was furnished with a cover for each passenger, with a clean napkin and silver fork, as in a French inn. Beneath the table was a brasero, or brass pan, filled with burning charcoal, which had been kindled in the open air, and kept there till the gas had escaped. The brasero was well burnished, and stood in a frame of mahogany or cedar, upon which each of us placed his feet, so that the outstretched legs of our party formed a fence which, together with the table, retained the heat effectually. Supper over, we dropped off, one by one, and sought the common dormitory of our party, situated at the opposite side of the court, with a complete carpeting of straw, and a clean cot for each, placed at regular intervals along the apartment. The conversation which had commenced in the kitchen, and was kept up at the supper-table, still continued to be carried on by a scattering sentence, first from one and then another of the party, as he drew the clothes more closely about him, or turned over in his bed, nor had it entirely subsided when I fell asleep.

Our journey the next day commenced at four o'clock, as had been already concerted, and I found, on going to the diligence, that the seat between the colonel and myself was to be occupied by a hale, well-made young woman, who had come the evening before from El Toboso, and was going to Madrid. When the colonel had taken his place, which was farthest from the door, I put both hands to her waist to help her up, and, estimating the solidity of her body, prepared to make a strong effort. But she little needed any such assistance; for a vigorous spring took her

from my grasp, and brought her to the seat in the cabriolet. As she shot suddenly away from me, I was reminded in more ways than one of the baffled Don Quixote, when Dulcinea leaped through his fingers to the back of her donkey.

Our ride to Ocaña was effected without interruption. Such, however, was not the case with the diligence on its return to Valencia, about a week after. It was stopped by a strong party, and with no little advantage to the robbers; for there happened to be in it an Englishman, who, ignorant, doubtless, of the danger, and of the express injunction of the company against carrying a large sum of money, had with him nearly a thousand dollars, and a watch of some value. This prize stimulated the band to new exertions, and, during the winter, the Valencia coach was plundered near a dozen times; nor did Lorenzo always pass clear. I met him one day in the street at Madrid, with a long face, that told me of his misfortune ere he had given its history.

Ocaña is as old and ruinous in appearance as any other city in Castile. I went forth with the student, while breakfast was preparing, to look at the public square with its colonnades and antiquated balconies. Thence we went to a large reservoir of water in the outskirts of the town, where part of the inhabitants supply themselves, and where the women come to wash in stone troughs prepared for the purpose. The place was thronged with donkeys, coming and going with earthen jars suspended in wooden frames upon their backs, and conducted by lads mounted behind the load on the very end of the animal, which was urged on with a cry of "Arre, borrico!" and guided by the touch of a staff, first on one side of the head, then on the other. There were many young women gathered about the stone basins, kneeling down with their clothes tucked under them, laughing and chatting with each other, crying out in answer to the salutation of a lad of their acquaintance who

had come for water, or singing seguidillas and wild love-songs of Andalusia. The level of the town in the neighbourhood of the reservoir seemed to be raised with the course of centuries, for I saw several subterranean houses, now inhabited, which seemed to have been once on a level with the street. Ocaña is quite celebrated in the late Peninsular war for a decisive battle fought in the neighbourhood, in opposition to the wish of Wellington, and in which the Spaniards were completely beaten.

On leaving Ocaña, the eye is still fatigued with a weary and monotonous waste, and as you approach Aranjuez, the face of the country assumes a white and dusty appearance, as of a soil that has long been superannuated and worn out. A rapid descent down a hill, partaking of the gloomy character of the plain above, brought us in sight of the Tajo Dorado, the Golden Tagus of the poets, winding along its deep-sheltered bed, in the direction of Toledo. As we passed into the wide street of Aranjuez, on our right hand was the unfinished arena for bull-fights, on the left the residence of the Spanish kings, consisting of palaces, churches, and barracks for the soldiery, all bound together by a succession of colonnades; before us opened a wide square, peopled with statues, and animated by fountains of marble, while the Tagus flowed beyond. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge of a single arch, and of great elegance, and then entered an alley surrounded on every side by lofty trees, which concealed the palaces of Aranjuez from view ere I had time for a second glance. But there was that which recompensed me for the loss; instead of the naked plains of Castile, we were now surrounded by noble trees that had not yet lost their foliage, and meadows that were still flowered and verdant, and were serenaded by the singing of birds and by the flow of water.

This state of things was too good to last long. It ceased when we reached the sandy banks of the Jarama,

the larger half of the Tagus, and which only awaits the assistance of man to cover its shores with equal fertility. Here is one of the noblest bridges in Europe, built of beautifully hewn stone, with high walks for foot-passengers, and parapets at the sides, in which the stones are arranged to resémble panels. In the war of independence, the English blew up the road over one of the arches, to check the pursuit of the French. The communication was doubtless immediately re-established in the centre; but the parapets and sidewalks remain prostrate at the bottom of the river, though the king and court have made their annual passage of the bridge every spring since the restoration of the Bourbons.

Having crossed the Jarama, we ascended its western bank by a noble road, which made repeated angles to overcome the abruptness of the declivity. Arrived at the top, we still retained for a few moments in view the verdant groves of Aranjuez, so different from the unvaried plain that spread out before us, and whose monotony was but slightly relieved by the dreary chain of Guadarrama. As we receded, however, from the brink of the ravine which the Tagus had fashioned for its bed, the level ground we stood on seemed to reach over and combine itself with the kindred plains of Ocaña, swallowing up the verdant valley from which we had just emerged, and which had intervened, like an episode, to qualify the monotony of our journey.

The mountains of Guadarrama form the boundary of New and Old Castile, and it is in the former kingdom, and on the last expiring declivity of these mountains, that the city of Madrid is situated. This noble chain grew, as we advanced, into bolder perspective, lifting its crests highest immediately before us, and gradually declining to the northeast and southwest, until it blended with the horizon in the opposite directions of Aragon and Estremadura. Having

passed a hermitage which a devotee from America had perched upon the pinnacle of an insulated hill, we at length caught sight of the capital, rising above the intervening valley of the Manzanares.

Our first view of Madrid was extremely imposing. It offered a compact mass, crowned everywhere with countless domes of temples and palaces, upon which the setting sun sent his rays obliquely, and which conveyed, in a high degree, the idea of magnificence and splendour. Nor was this effect diminished as we advanced; for the cupolas first seen grew into still greater pre-eminence, while others at each instant rose above the confusion. At the distance of half a league from the city we were met by a carriage drawn by two mules, which halted opposite us, when an officer got down to inquire, on the part of some ladies who were in it, for a female friend whom they were expecting from Valencia. There was none such in the diligence. She had announced her arrival, and these friends who had come forth to meet her, as is the amiable custom of the country, looked disappointed and anxious. After a short consultation, their carriage turned about and followed ours in the direction of the city. Soon after we came to the small stream of Manzanares, one of the confluents of the Jarama, and upon whose northeastern bank Madrid is situated. This river, taking its course through mountains, is liable to frequent inundations; and it is to obviate the inconveniences which these might occasion, that it is here crossed by the fine bridge of Toledo, which would do honour to the Hudson or the Susquehannah. When we crossed it, one of its nine noble arches would have been sufficient to allow the passage of the Manzanares; for it flows in a narrow bed of shingle, in the middle of the ravine. The rest was abandoned to a light growth of grass, which some sheep were cropping quietly; a few women in the neighbourhood of the arches were gathering together

the clothes which had been drying on the grass; while others, having already done so, were moving slowly, with bundles on their heads, in the direction of the city. The Manzanares was seen, doubtless, in the same dwindled state by the person, whoever he was, who first took occasion to remark, that he had seen many fine rivers that wanted a bridge, but here was a fine bridge sadly in want of a river, which he thought it would be a very good idea to sell in order to buy water.

Beyond the bridge was a wide road, leading up a gradual ascent to the splendid portal of Toledo. It was thronged by carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, returning to the shelter and security of their homes. We left them to pursue their course, and, taking an avenue that led to the right, in order to avoid the narrow streets of the ancient city, we passed the fairy palace and garden of Casino, and came to the old gate of Atocha. Here our passports were taken to be sent to the police, and in another minute we were within the walls of Madrid, and in the capital of Spain. It was already dark; but as we drove rapidly forward, my companion showed me the large building of the Hospital General on the left; on the right was the Garden of Plants, and the wide alley of trees through which we drove was the now deserted walk of the Prado. Thence passing along the broad street of Alcala, we were set down in the courtyard of the posthouse. Having taken leave of my good-hearted travelling companions, and rewarded the kind attentions of Lorenzo, I put my trunk upon the back of a Gallego, and soon after found myself at home in the Fonda de Malta, in the street of the Gentleman of Grace.

CHAPTER V.

LODGINGS IN MADRID.

Don Diego the Impurificado—His History and Appearance—Street of Alcala—The Gate of the Sun—A Bravo—A Review—The Royal Guard—Don Valentin Todohueso—His Life—His Gacetas and Diarios—His Person and Politeness—His Daughter—His House and Household—His Mode of Life.

One of my first objects on arriving at Madrid was to seek winter-quarters, which should combine the essentials of personal comfort with favourable circumstances for learning the language. These were not so easily found; for though the Spaniards have no less than six different and well-sounding names to express the various degrees between a hotel and a tavern, yet Madrid is so seldom visited by foreigners, that it is but ill provided for their accommodation. In the way of hotels, the Fonda de Malta is the best in the place; and yet the room in which I passed the first two days of my stay had but a single small window, which looked on the wall of a neighbouring house. There were but two chairs, one for my trunk, the other for myself, which, with a bed in an alcove at one end of the room, comprised the whole of its furniture. There was no table, no looking-glass, no carpet, and no fireplace, though there had already been ice, and my window was so placed that it had never seen the sun. There was nothing, in short, besides the bed and two chairs, and the grated window, and dark walls terminated overhead by naked beams, and below by a cold tile floor. What would have become of me I know not, if I had not been taken from this cell on

the third day, and moved into a large apartment at the front of the house, where the sun shone in gloriously, and which, besides, had a sofa and half a dozen straw-bottomed chairs, a straw mat which covered the whole floor, a table with crooked legs, and even a mirror. As for meals, public tables are unknown in Spain, and doubtless have been unknown for centuries; for men are here unwilling to trust themselves to the convivialities of the table, except in the society of friends. It is the custom for each party or person to eat alone, and in the lower part of our fonda was a public coffee-room for this purpose, which I used to resort to in preference to remaining in my room. It was fitted up with much elegance, having marble tables, mirrors with lamps before them, columns with gilt capitals, a pretty woman placed in an elevated situation to keep order, and sometimes a band of music.

Though this mode of living was tolerable, yet it would not have been so for a whole winter. On inquiry, I was told that there were "casas de alquiler" in Madrid, in which a person might rent a whole habitation, and hire or buy furniture to please himself, and be served by a domestic of his own; likewise, that there were other establishments called "casas de huespede," kept by families, which, having more room than they had occasion for, were in the habit of receiving one or more lodgers, taking their meals at the common table, or furnished apart. I determined at once for a "casa de huespede," as according better with means that were rather limited, and because the intercourse of a family would be more favourable to the acquisition of the language. This done, the next thing was to find a place that would suit me; and I was yet pondering over the matter on the sixth day of my arrival, when I was interrupted by the announcement of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who came recommended by a friend to give lessons in Spanish. As I saw a great deal of this gentleman during my

stay in Madrid, it may not be amiss to give some account of him.

Don Diego Redondo, as he was called by his own right, and Moreno in that of his wife, was a native of Cordova, who had resided some years in Madrid, and who, under the Constitution, had been employed in the office of the minister of state. On the overthrow of the Constitution he had been tossed out of his office, which had at once been taken possession of by a relation of one of the new chiefs; while he, not having yet undergone purification, remained in the situation of an "impurificado." The reader is not, perhaps, aware, that on the return of despotism in Spain, Juntas of Purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over-active in support of the Constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as came out clean from this investigation, from being "impurificados" or unpurified, became "indefinidos" or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half pay. These indefinites have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look-out for a God-send, never think of seeking any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth and read the Gazette, but never spend any thing; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known, if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff colour, and by their military batons, or still more readily by the huge cocked hats of oilcloth with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

Many impurificados of the present day have been pre-

vented from offering themselves for purification by the scandal of their past conduct; but a far greater number are deterred by the rapacity and corruption of the purifying tribunals. Don Diego, being both a peaceable and poor man, was probably among the last class. Indeed, I was afterward assured that he was, and that he had been repeatedly solicited by various emissaries, one of whom came from the mistress of the president of the junta, and offered for a stipulated sum to pave the way to his thorough purification. Whether he looked on the nominal pay of an indefinite as dearly purchased by an immediate expenditure, or that he never had enough money at one time to gratify official or sub-official rapacity, he still continued unpurified, and gained his bread the best way he could, as a copyist and instructer of the Castilian. This he was well qualified to teach, for, though he had never read a dozen books besides the Quijote, and was as ignorant of the past as of the future history of his country, he had, nevertheless, pursued all the studies usual among his countrymen, wrote a good hand, was an excellent Latinist, and perfect master of his own language.

The dress of Don Diego had evidently assimilated itself to his fallen fortunes. His hat hung in his hand greasy and napless: his boots, from having long been strangers to blacking, were red and foxy, while his pea-green frock, which, when the cold winds descended from the Guadarrama, served likewise as a surcoat, looked brushed to death and threadbare. He had, nevertheless, something of a supple and janty air with him, showed his worked ruffles and neckcloth to the best advantage, and flourished a little walking-wand with no contemptible grace. So much for his artificial man, which was after the fashion of Europe; the natural man might have bespoken a native of Africa. His face was strongly indicative of Moorish blood, with features the reverse of prominent, and very swarthy; coal-black hair

and whiskers, and blacker eyes, which expressed a singular combination of natural ardour and habitual sluggishness. What my friend had said of Don Diego was greatly in his favour, and his own appearance strengthened my prepossession. Nor did I afterward have reason to regret it; for, though indolent, and wanting in punctuality, I ever found him ready to oblige, and, on the whole, the best-natured fellow in the world. Indeed, I never knew him to be angry but on one occasion, when a servant-woman at the palace shut the door in our faces. Don Diego, who was doing the honours of his country to a stranger, felt his Spanish pride grievously insulted; he flew into a terrible rage, foamed at the mouth, and called her "tunante," or vagabond, an epithet peculiarly odious to Spanish ears, perhaps because too often merited.

Having mentioned to Don Diego my desire to get into comfortable lodgings for the winter, he proposed that we should go at once in search of a room. So, taking our hats, away we went together. The Calle Caballero de Gracia, which we followed to its termination, conducted us into the broadest part of the street of Alcala. Here we found a number of asses which had brought lime to the city. The commodity was piled in a heap, and the owners were sitting on the bags, dozing, or singing songs, and waiting for purchasers; while the donkeys, covered with lime-dust, were lying as motionless as the stones beneath them, or standing upon three legs, with heads down and pensive. Having turned to the right, we went in the direction of the Puerta del Sol, looking attentively on both sides to the balconies, to see if there were any with white papers tied to the rails, to show that there was a room to be let. We found two rooms thus advertised, but the sun never shone on one of them, and the other was kept by a sour old woman, who did not seem to care whether she took in a lodger or not; so we passed on.

As we approached the Gate of the Sun, we were entangled in a drove of turkeys, which a long-legged fellow was chasing up the street of Alcala. They went gobbling good-naturedly along, pausing occasionally to glean the pavement, and unmolested by the driver; unless, indeed, when one, abusing his license, happened to wander out of the way, a rap on the wing from the long pole which the countryman carried would make the offender hop back to the ranks, and restore him to a sense of subjection. Seeing me look about as though I might be in want of something, the countryman caught up a well-conditioned and consequential cock, and brought him to me, held unceremoniously by the legs. "Vea usted que pavo, Señor!" said he. I admitted that it was a noble bird. He insisted that I should buy it. "Para su Señora!" I replied that I had no wife. "Para su Queridita!" Not even a mistress. The cock was thrown down, took the respite in good part, and we renewed our progress.

Passing on, we came to a long row of "calesines," a kind of gig, of grotesque Dutch figure. Many were oddly painted with the church of Buen Suceso, the fountain of the Cybele, or the Virgin Mary, on the back, and were named accordingly. They were, furthermore, profusely studded with brass tacks, as was the harness of the horse, usually a long-tailed Andalusian, decorated with many bells, tassels, and a long plume of red woollen erect between his ears. As for the drivers themselves, they wore round hats, adorned with buckle, beads, and tassels; jackets and breeches of velvet; worsted stockings, and long-quartered shoes. Each had a second jacket, either drawn on over the other, or more commonly hanging negligently from the left shoulder. This was of brown cloth, singularly decorated with embroidered patches of red or yellow cloth, to protect the elbows; a tree and branches of the same upon the back; and in front, instead of buttons, loops and cords,

pointed with brass or silver, which were attached to strengthening pieces of red in the shape of hearts. These caleseros were grouped together about the doors of the taverns, cracking their whips and their jokes together. Nor did they fail to make us proffers of their services, calling our attention to the elegance of a gig, and the good points of a horse. The merry mood, hyperbolical language, and fantastic dress of these fellows, so greatly at variance with the habitual gravity of the Castilian, bespoke them natives of the mercurial region of Andalusia.

Leaving this row of vehicles behind us, we came to the Puerta del Sol. This is an open place in the heart of Madrid, where eight of the principal streets come together, and where the city may be said to have its focus. In the centre is a fountain, from which the neighbourhood receives its supply of water. One of the forks is formed by the parish church of Buen Suceso, and the others by the post-office and a variety of shops and dwellings. In former times it was the eastern gate of the city; hence its name of Gate of the Sun; but when the court came to Madrid, the nobility who followed in its train constructed their palaces in the open place to the east, so that the Gate of the Sun, from being the extremity, became the centre of Madrid. Go where you will, almost, you must pass through the Gate of the Sun, for here you can choose a street that will lead you directly to the place of which you are in search; and, put yourself into any street in the extremities of the city, it is sure to discharge you here. In this way all Madrid passes daily through this centre of circulation; so that a stranger may station himself here and see the population of the whole capital passing, as it were, in review before him.

Here the exchange is each day held, and the trader comes to talk of his affairs; the politician, rolled in his cloak, signifies by a shrug, a significant look, or a whisper,

the news which with us would be told with the hands in the breeches pocket, the legs striding apart, and in the uplifted voice of declamation. Hither the exquisite is mechanically drawn to show off the last Parisian mode, to whip his legs, and pull forward the ends of his collar; or the idle thief, enveloped in his dingy cloak, to talk to a comrade of old achievements, or to plan future depredations. Here are constantly passing flocks of sheep and droves of swine, going to the shambles; mules and asses laden with straw or charcoal, or dead kids hooked by the legs; and always on the very end of the last beast of each row, a rough-clad fellow, singing out, with a grave accent on the last syllable, "Paja! paja! carbon! cabrito!" There are, moreover, old women with oranges or pomegranates, pushing through the crowd, and scolding those who run against their baskets; also "aguadores" with jars of water, who deafen you with cries of "Quien quiere agua?" Nor do beggars fail to frequent this resort, especially the blind, who vociferate some ballad which they have for sale, or demand alms in a peremptory tone, and in the name of Maria Santisima.

Here, too, may be seen all the costumes of Spain; the long red cap of the Catalan; the Valencian with his blanket and airy bragas, though in the midst of winter; the montera cap of the Manchego; the leathern cuiras of the Old Castilian; the trunk-hose of the Leones; the coarse garb and hob-nailed shoes of the Gallego; and the round hat and embroidered finery of Andalusia. Nor does the Gate of the Sun fail to witness prouder sights than these. At one moment it is a regiment of the royal guard going to review; in the next, a trumpet sounds, and the drums of the neighbouring pickets are heard beating the call. Ten coaches and six approach, guarded by a splendid accompaniment. The cry of "Los Reyes!" passes from mouth to mouth; the Spaniards, unrolling their cloaks and doffing their hats, give place for the Absolute King. Pres-

ently a bell rings, and every voice is hushed. A long procession of men, with each a burning taper, is seen preceding a priest, who is carrying the reconciling sacrament to smooth the way for some dying sinner. Does it meet a carriage, though containing the first grandee of Spain, the owner descends, throws himself upon his knees in the middle of the street, and offers his carriage for the conveyance of the host; "Su Majestad!—His Majesty!" to indicate the presence of the Saviour sacramentized, passes in a tremulous whisper from lip to lip; the faithful are all uncovered and kneeling; they smite their breasts with contrition, and hold down their heads, as if unworthy to look upon the Lamb.

We were yet standing in the midst of this buoyant scene of bustle and confusion, when a sturdy wretch brushed past us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. He was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, and had on a pair of boots so run down at heel that he trod rather upon the legs than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely ever the eyes, scarcely allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange people in Spain, this fellow attracted my attention in an unusual degree. Not so with Don Diego. The fellow's frown seemed to forbid recognition, and he said not a word until he had been long out of sight. He at length told me that the man had once been his acquaintance, and was, like himself, a native of Cordova. He had been a captain of horse under the Constitution, and having been a violent man, had lain long in the common prison after the return of despotism. When he at length escaped from it, Don Diego took compassion upon him as one of his own province and a companion in misfortune. He allowed him to sleep in the outer room of his apartment, and even shared with him the contents of his own scanty purse. Very soon after his lodgings were robbed of every

thing they contained, and his friend came no more to share his hospitality. In a short time some darker crime forced the miscreant from Madrid, and Don Diego had not seen him for more than two years. I inquired why he did not send the police after him. He answered that the police would give him more trouble than the robber, and ended by saying, "Is it not enough that he has plundered me; would you have him take my life?"

The unpleasant reflections excited by this rencounter were soon banished by strains of music, and the clatter of advancing hoofs. The body of cavalry, which now attracted the attention of the multitude in the Puerta del Sol, and for which a passage was soon opened by the bearded veterans who came in front of the array, was a regiment of lancers of the royal guard; a beautiful and well-mounted corps, in Polish uniforms, with high schaikos, each with a lance having a pennon of red and white. Next came a band of some thirty musicians, playing, on every variety of horn or trumpet, that most beautiful piece Di piacer mi balza il cor, from the Gazza Ladra of Rossini. I thought I had never heard any sounds so delightful. Even the ardour of the horses seemed lulled by them; presently, however, the cadence passed into a blast far livelier than the love-song of Ninetta, and away they went at a gallop in the direction of the Prado.

Immediately behind the lancers came a regiment of cuirassiers, mounted chiefly on powerful horses, with long sweeping tails, and manes parted in the middle, and flowing on both sides the whole depth of the neck. The men were stout and fine looking fellows, incased in long jack boots, with Grecian helmets and cuirases of steel, on the front of which were gilded images of the sun. Their offensive weapons consisted of stout horse-pistols and straight sabres of great length, from the royal armory of Toledo. There was to be a review on the Prado, and having always

been fond of listening to music and looking at the soldiers, I proposed that we should see it. Don Diego was one of those ready fellows of idle mood and ample leisure who are pleased with every proposition; so we went at once in quest of the soldiery.

The review took place near the convent of Atocha. The minister of war, with a brilliant staff, mounted on splendid barbs from the meadows of the Tagus or Guadalquivir, was posted in front of the convent, and received the salutations of the passing soldiery. It was one of those bright and cloudless days so common in the elevated region of Madrid. The sun shone full upon polished helmets, cuirases, and sabres, or flickered round the ends of the lances; while the combined music of both corps, stationed at the point about which the platoons wheeled in succession, sent forth a martial melody. The display was a brilliant one, and I enjoyed it without reservation. I looked not to the extortion and misery which, among the industrious classes, must pay for this glitter and pageantry; to the cause of injustice and oppression it might be called to support; to the rapine and murder, the famine and pestilence, the thousand crimes and thousand curses, that follow in the train of armies.

The corps of the royal guard has been established within a few years, to supply the place of the foreign mercenaries, the Swiss and Walloon guards, formerly employed by the kings of Spain. It consists of twenty-five thousand men, at least as well equipped as those of the French royal guard; while in point of size, sinewy conformation, capacity to endure fatigue, and whatever constitutes physical excellence, the Spaniards are far superior. The officers, however, and it is they who give the tone to an army, are very inferior; for the old Spanish officers, having been almost all engaged in bringing about and sustaining the Constitution, are now generally in disgrace or banishment. Their

stations in the regiments of the line are chiefly filled by lowborn men, taken from the ploughtail or the workshop, who were led by avarice or fanaticism to join the royalist guerillas at the period of the last revolution. In the royal guard they have been superseded by young nobles, who are many of them children in age, and all of them infants in experience. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive a greater disparity than exists between those old French sabreurs, with their long mustaches and scarred features, who have gained each grade upon the field of battle, and these beardless nobles of the Spanish guard. Though young and inexperienced, these officers are yet spirited, fine-looking fellows. They are said to be imbued with liberal ideas, and to be only different from their predecessors of the Constitutional army in not having had an opportunity to declare themselves. This is the more likely to be true from their youth; for though at a more advanced age men easily adapt their opinions to the dictates of interest, yet the young mind ever leans towards truth and reason. When there is another revolution in Spain, it will doubtless be brought about by the army, which in point of intelligence is far in advance of the nation; and, though expressly created to prevent such a result, it is most likely to originate with the royal guard.

By the time the review was over, and we were on our way back, Don Diego was very tired. He had a mode of walking on his heels, with out-turned toes, which, however graceful, did not at all answer on a march. He complained bitterly of his feet, sent his boot-maker to the devil, and made a low bow at every step. I sympathized in his sufferings, offered him my arm, and helped him to carry himself back to the Gate of the Sun, from which the soldiers had drawn us. On the way he bethought himself of an old friend in the Calle Montera, who might perhaps be willing to receive a lodger. The man's name was Don Valentin

Todohueso, and the particulars of his history were strongly indicative of the character of his countrymen and of the misfortunes of his country.

Don Valentin was a native of Logroño, in the fertile canton of Rioja. He was by birth an hidalgo, or noble in the small way, after the manner of Don Quixote, and had been of some importance in his own town, of which he was one of the regidores. In the political ups and downs of his country, he had several times changed his residence and occupation; was by turns a dealer in cattle, which he purchased in France or in the northern provinces of the Peninsula, to strengthen the stomachs of the combatants who disputed for the possession of Spain; or else a cloth-merchant, keeping his shop in the same house where he now lived, near the Puerta del Sol. His last occupation was interrupted, according to his own account, in a very singular way. While he had been regidor in Logroño, the ayuntamiento of the town became acquainted with the hiding-place in which some French troops, in retreating rapidly towards the frontier, had deposited a large quantity of plate and valuables, robbed from the royal palace. On the return of Ferdinand, the account of the buried plate reached his ears; and having likewise learned that there was a man in Madrid who knew where it had been concealed, he sent at once for Don Valentin, who was the person in question. When ordered by his majesty to conduct a party to the place of concealment, he pleaded the situation of his affairs. If his shop continued open, it would be pillaged by the clerks, who are the most unprincipled fellows, except the escribanos, to be found in Spain; and if it were shut up, he would lose both present and future custom. Besides, the other regidores, his colleagues in the municipality, were yet alive, and still resided at Logroño. He entreated his majesty, therefore, not to send him from his affairs, for he was but a poor man, and had a wife and daughter. Fer-

dinand, in reply, promised to recompense all losses he might sustain by abandoning his trade, and to pay him well for the sacrifice. He ended by putting it upon his loyalty. Don Valentin was an old Castilian; so he hesitated no longer, but sold out, shut his shop, and went off to Rioja.

Whether it were owing to the small number of persons who had been in the secret, or to the sacredness with which the Spaniards regard every thing which belongs to their religion and their king, the treasure was all found untouched in the place of its concealment. It was brought safely to Madrid, Don Valentin being at the expense of transportation. He now presented his various claims to government, for damages suffered by loss of trade, and for the expenses of the journey, including the subsistence of the foot-soldiers who had served as escort, which he had defrayed from his own purse. These claims were readily admitted, and an early day appointed for their liquidation. The day at length comes, but the money comes not with it. Don Valentin has an audience of the king; for no king can be more accessible than Ferdinand. He receives the royal word for the payment; for no king could be more compliant. He has many audiences, receives many promises, but no money. Meantime he lives upon hope, and the more substantial balance remaining from the sale of his stock. These were near failing together, when the year 1820 brought some relief to the misfortunes of Spain. It likewise improved the condition of Don Valentin. Taking advantage of the publicity which was allowed in Spain by the new system, he established a reading-room, where all the daily papers of the capital and of the chief cities of Europe were regularly received. This went on very well, until the French, who never yet came to Spain on any good errand, overthrew the constitution. Liberty of thought and speech fell with it. Don Valentin was invited to shut up his reading-room, and he once more retired to live upon his

savings, amounting to some ten or twelve hundred dollars, which he had hidden away in a secret corner of his dwelling. This was taken out, piece by piece, to meet the necessities of his family, until one day the house was entered by three robbers, who muzzled the old woman with a towel, tied her to the bedstead, and then carried off not only the earnings of Don Valentin, but silver spoons and forks, and every thing of value, to the very finery of his daughter. This last blow laid poor Don Valentin completely on his back. All that he now did was to take the Diario and Gaceta, which his wife let out to such curious people as came to read them in the common entry of their house. This furnished the trio, of which the family consisted, with their daily puchero, his daughter with silk stockings and satin shoes to go to mass and walk on a feast-day upon the Prado, and himself with now and then his paper cigarillo.

By the time we had discussed the history of Don Valentin, we reached the door of his house in the Calle Montera. Nearly the whole front of the basement story was hung with cloths festooned from the lower balcony, to show the commodity that was sold within. Beside the shop was a second door opening on a long entry, about four feet in width, which led to an equally contracted staircase at the back of the house. Here we entered, and found seated within the doorway an old woman, with a woollen shawl over her head, and on her lap a bundle of Gacetas and Diarios. The whole extent of the entry was strung with a file of grave politicians, wrapped in their cloaks, as in so many sleeveless frocks, with their hands coming out indecently from beneath to hold a Gaceta. Don Diego begged my pardon, and went in advance to clear the way, with the cry of "Con licencia, señores!" The readers let their arms fall beside them, drew nigh to the wall, and turned sidewise, to make themselves as thin as possible.

We did the same, and as fortunately none of us were very corpulent, we got by with little detention or difficulty, and commenced ascending a stairway partially illuminated by embrasures, like a Gothic tower. Let us pause to take breath during this tedious ascent up three pair of stairs, and profit by the interval to say something of the Diario and Gaceta, which so greatly occupied the attention of the politicians below, and which contain, the first, all the commercial information of the Spanish capital; the second, all the literary, scientific, and political intelligence of the whole empire.

The Diario is a daily paper, as its name indicates, printed on a small quarto sheet, a good part of which is taken up with the names of the saints who have their feast on that day; as, San Pedro Apostol y Martir, San Isidoro Labrador, or Santa Maria de la Cabeza. I forget whether it was from the Diario of Madrid or of Barcelona that I took the following singular heading in relation to the religious ceremonies of the day. "To-morrow, being Friday, will be celebrated the feast of the glorious martyr, San Poncio, advocate and protector against bedbugs—abogado contra las chinches.—There will be mass all the morning, and at seven o'clock will take place the blessing of branches and flowers, in honour of the aforesaid saint."—The branches and flowers thus blessed are doubtless found efficacious in preserving houses from these irksome tenants, and so form a convenient substitute for the troublesome care of cleanliness. Next follows an account of the churches where there are to be most masses, what troops are to be on guard at the palace, the gates, and theatres. Next the commercial advertisements, telling where may be purchased Bayonne hams and Flanders butter, with a list of wagons that are taking in cargo and passengers for Valencia, Seville, or Coruña, and the names and residence of wet-nurses, newly arrived from Asturias, with fresh milk and good characters.

The Gaceta is published three times a week, at the royal printing-office, on a piece of paper somewhat larger than a sheet of foolscap. It usually begins with an account of the health and occupation of their majesties, and is filled with extracts from foreign journals, culled and qualified to suit the meridian of Madrid; with a list of the bonds of the state creditors which have come out as prizes, that is, as being entitled to payment by the "Caja de Amortizacion," or Sinking Fund; with republications of some old statute, condemning such as neglect to pay their tithes to the infliction of the bastinado; or with an edict against freemasons, devoting them to all the temporal and spiritual punishments which the throne and altar can bestow: death here, and damnation hereafter.

Meantime we had reached the landing-place of the third story, and pulled the bell-cord which hung in the corner. Before the sound was out of the bell, we were challenged by a voice from within, crying, in a sharp tone, "Quien?—Who is it?"—"Gente de paz!—Peaceful people!" was the answer of Don Diego. Our professions of amity were not, however, sufficient, and we were reconnoitred for half a minute through a small wicket, which opened from within, and was provided with a mimic grating like the window of a convent. The man who now looked at us from the security of his stronghold had no occasion to close one eye while he peeped with the other, for he was one-eyed, or, as the Spaniards, who have a word for every thing, express it, "tuerto." When he had sufficiently assured himself of our looks and intentions, several bolts and latches were removed, the door was opened, and Don Valentin stood before us. He was a tall and thin man, dressed in a square-tailed coat and narrow pantaloons of brown, with a striped waistcoat of red and yellow. The collar and ruffles of his shirt, as well as the edges of a cravat of white cambric, were elaborately embroidered, and made a singular contrast with the

coarseness of his cloth. Beside him were an immense pair of stiff-backed boots with tassels, ready to supersede the slippers which he wore. His face was thin, wrinkled, and sallow, with teeth of a dark and unnatural colour, like those of most of his countrymen; a circumstance which was sufficiently accounted for by the cigarillo which he held in his fingers, the ends of which had been died by the heated paper to the colour of saffron. I had observed from without, that of his right eye nothing remained but an ungainly hollow; this gave a sinister expression to a face in itself sufficiently ill-favoured, and which was further set off by a bony, gaunt figure, and by black and bristly hair, which seemed to grow in all directions from sheer inveteracy.

These observations were made while the punctilious politeness which distinguishes the old Castilian, and to which the Andaluz is no stranger, was expending itself in kind inquiries after the health of each other and family. "Como esta usted?—How fares your grace?"—"Sin novedad para servir á usted, y usted?—As usual, at your grace's service; and yourself?" Then followed a long list of inquiries for Doña Concha on one part, and La Flornecia on the other; with the replies of "Tan buena, tan guapa para servir á usted—Equally well, famously, at your mercy's service." By this time, Don Valentin had discovered me in the obscurity of the doorway; so, directing his eye at me, and inclining his ungainly figure, he said, with an attempt at unction, "Servidor de usted caballero," and bade us pass onward into a small saloon, of which he opened the door. When he had got into his boots, he followed, and, after a few more compliments, Don Diego opened the subject of our visit. Don Valentin, after a becoming pause, replied, that the room we were in had served them as a parlour, and that the alcove had been the sleeping apartment of his daughter; but that, if it suited me to occupy it, they would live in the antesala adjoining the

kitchen, their daughter would move up stairs, and I should have the whole to myself. The room was every thing one could have wished in point of situation, for it overlooked the Puerta del Sol, and had a broad window fronting towards the southeast, which, from its elevation above the opposite roofs, was each morning bathed by the earliest rays of the sun. But I did not like the look of Don Valentin, nor did I care to live under the same roof with him. So, when we rose to depart, I said I would think of the matter, secretly determining, however, to seek lodgings elsewhere.

Don Valentin accompanied us to the door, charged Don Diego with a load of "expresiones" for his family, and, as is the custom on a first visit to a Spaniard, told me that his house and all it contained was at my entire disposal. He had told us for the last time, "Que no haya novedad! Vayan ustedes con Dios!—May you meet with no accident! May God be with you!"—and was holding the door for us, when we were met on the narrow landing, full in the face, by the very Doña Florencia about whom Don Diego had asked, and who had just come from mass. She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned, with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a basquiña of black silk, garnished with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same colour.

As I said before, I was met full in the face by this dam-

sel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a colour not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that sense of satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favourite in Andalusia, and which begins,

"O no! no quiero casarme!
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera!"

We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency. Here the matter was again talked over, the daughter lent her counsel, and I was finally persuaded that the room and its situation were even more convenient than I at first thought, and that I could not possibly do better. So I closed with Don Valentin, and agreed to his terms, which were a dollar per day for the rent and meals. In Madrid, lodgings are hired by the day; and though a tenant may abandon a house at a day's notice, he cannot be forced from it by the landlord, so long as he continues to pay the stipulated rent. That very afternoon I abandoned the Fonda de Malta, and moved into my new lodgings, where I determined to be pleased with every thing, and, following the prescription of Franklin's philosopher with the handsome and deformed leg, to forget that Don Valentin was tuerto, and look only at Florencia.

Being now established for the winter, it may not be amiss to give some account of the domestic economy of our little household. The apartments of Don Valentin occu-

pied the whole of the third floor and two rooms in the garret, a third being inhabited by a young man, a cadet of some noble house, who was studying for the military career. One of these rooms was appropriated by Don Valentin as a bedroom and workshop; for, like the Bourbon family, he had a turn for tinkering, and usually passed his mornings, to my no small inconvenience, in planing, hammering, and sawing in his aerial habitation. I used sometimes to wonder, when I saw his neighbour the cadet lying in his bed and studying algebra in his cloak, boots, and foraging-cap, for he kept no brasero, how he managed with such a din beside him to follow the train of his equations.

Immediately within the door of our habitation was a small room called antesala, where the family ate their meals. Connected with the antesala by a doorway which had no door, was a kitchen equally small, and of which near one half was occupied by a huge chimney, hanging over it like an inverted funnel. The space under the chimney was filled by a brick dresser with several furnaces. Here the family cooking was done, over embers of charcoal, in small stone pitchers, called pucheros, which were seen hanging on nails round the kitchen, of every different size, like big and little children of the same family. Here every thing had its place. The walls were garnished with platters, knives, forks, and tumblers, bestowed in wooden racks, the handiwork of Don Valentin. In one corner stood a huge earthen jar, which the waterman filled every other day with water from the Gate of the Sun; while the hollow place beneath the furnaces was stowed with charcoal, bought once a week from a passing carbonero.

A narrow passage led from the antesala to my own apartment. On one side of it was the bedroom of Don Valentin's wife, the same old woman whom we had seen in the entry, a good-natured soul, whose desire to oblige made a perfect drudge of her. It was always night in this room,

for, being in the middle of the house, it was without a window. On the opposite side, a door opened into the alcove of an apartment, which corresponded with and adjoined my own. This was inhabited by one Doña Gertrudis, a noble lady of Asturia, whose husband had been a colonel in the army, and who dared not return to Spain, whence he fled on the arrival of the French, because he had given an ultra-patriotic toast at a public dinner, in the time of the Constitution. He was wandering about somewhere in America, she scarce knew where, for it was next to impossible to hear from him. This woman was a singular example of the private misery which so many revolutions and counter-revolutions have produced in Spain, and brought home to almost every family. Of three brothers who had held offices under the government, two had been obliged to fly, and were now living in England, a burden to the family estate. This, with the death of her two children, and the absence of their father, who alone could have consoled her for the loss, had so greatly preyed upon her health, that she was threatened with a cancer in the breast. Her friends had sent her to the capital, to procure better advice than could be found at Oviedo. She frequently told me her story, talked of other days, when her husband, being high in favour, had brought her to this same Madrid, taken her to court, and led her into all the gayeties of the capital. Her situation was indeed a sad one, and I pitied her from my soul.

My own room was of quadrangular form, and sufficiently large for a man of moderate size and pretensions. On the side of the street a large window, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, opened, with a double set of folding-doors, upon an iron balcony. The outer doors were filled with glass of various forms and sizes, curiously put together in a sash of iron. The inner ones were of solid wood, studded with iron, and fit to resist a siege. When closed, they

were firmly secured by a long vertical bolt, having hooks at either end, which projected above and below the door, and drew it close to the window-frame. This folding window is found all over France, and the bolt which confines it is there called espagnolette. Directly in front of the window was a recess or alcove, concealed by curtains; within which was my bed, consisting of a set of loose boards supported on two horses, and painted green to keep away insects, a woollen mattress, with sufficient clothes, making altogether a bed which was rather unyielding, but of which I soon grew fond, and which, at any rate, was better than that of the fonda. At the bedside was a clean merino fleece to alight on, in addition to the mat of straw or esparto, which covered the alcove and sitting-room.

The furniture consisted of a dozen rush-bottom chairs, a chest of drawers, which Don Valentin himself had made, and where, at my request, Florencia continued to preserve her feast-day finery, and a huge table, which filled one end of the room, and which I had at first taken for a piano. There were here but few ornaments; two or three engravings hung about the walls, in which one of Raphael's Virgins was paired with a bad picture of hell and its torments. There was, likewise, on the bureau, a glass globe with a goldfish. Though the pet of Florencia, and well cared for, this little fellow seemed weary of his prison-house; for night and day he was ever swimming round and round, as if in search of liberty. On the whole, there was about this dwelling an air of great snugness and quiet. The balcony, however, was by far the most agreeable part of my habitation. There, leaning on the railing, I passed a portion of each day; for when cavalcades and processions failed, there was always abundant amusement in gazing upon the constantly circulating multitude, and in studying the varied costumes and striking manners of this peculiar people. Nor were other motives wanting to lead me

to the balcony. The one immediately next my own was frequented, at all hours, by a young Andaluza of surpassing beauty; while over the way was the habitation of Letizia Cortessi, the prima donna of the Italian opera.

As for the occupations of our little family, they were such as are common in Spain. The first thing in the morning was to arrange and order every thing for the day. Then each took the little "higada" of chocolate and "panecillo," or small roll, of the delightful bread of Madrid. This meal is not taken at a table, but sitting, standing, or walking from room to room, and not unfrequently in bed. This over, each went to his peculiar occupations; the old woman with her Diarios and Gacetas to open her reading-room in the entry; Florencia to ply her needle, and Don Valentin to play tinker over head, having first taken out his flint and steel, and cigar and paper, to prepare his brief cigarillo, which he would smoke, with a sigh between each puff, after those days of liberty when a cigar cost two cuartos instead of four. Towards noon he would roll himself in his "capa parda," cloak of brown, and go down into the Puerta del Sol, to learn the thousand rumours which, in the absence of all publicity, there find daily circulation. If it were a feast-day, the mass being over, he would go with his daughter to the Prado. At two, the family took its mid-day meal; consisting, besides some simple dessert, of soup and puchero, well seasoned with pepper, saffron, and garlic. If it had been summer, the siesta would have passed in sleep; but it being winter, Don Valentin took advantage of the short-lived heat to wander forth with a friend; and in the evening went to his "tertulia," or friendly reunion. In summer, one or even two o'clock is the hour of retiring; but in winter it is eleven. Always the last thing before going to bed was to take a supper of meat and tomatoes, prepared in oil, or other greasy stew, to sleep upon.

Such was the ordinary life of this humble family. Don

Valentin sometimes varied it by going off with some friends on a shooting excursion, from which he scarcely ever returned without a good store of hares and partridges. On such occasions he was always followed by his faithful Pito, a fat spaniel, of very different make from his master. This Pitt, or Pito, so called in honour of the British statesman, had passed through dangers in his day; for in Spain even the lives of the dogs do not pass without incident. He was one day coursing with his master in the neighbourhood of the Escurial, happy in being rid of the dust and din of the city, when they were suddenly set upon by robbers. Don Valentin was made to deliver up his gun, and lie down on the ground while his pockets were rifled. When, however, the robber who took the gun had turned to go away, Pito gathered courage and seized him by the leg. The incensed ruffian turned about and levelled his piece, while poor Pito, well aware of the fatal power of the weapon, slunk to the side of his master. The situation of man and dog was indeed perilous; but, fortunately, the piece missed fire, and both were saved. Nor should I forget to say something of a cat, last and least of our household, whose name was Jessamine. It was only in name, however, that he differed from and was superior to other cats; like them, he was sly, mischievous, and spiteful, and would invite my caresses by rubbing his back against my leg, or playing with the tails of my coat, only when he wished to share my dinner or be allowed to warm himself on the brasero.

Of my own mode of life and occupations in Madrid it is unnecessary to speak, since they had little connexion with the customs of the country. It may, however, be proper to say something of the city, and of the public spectacles and amusements, which have so much to do with forming, as well as elucidating, the manners and character of a nation.

CHAPTER VI.

MADRID.

Kingdom of New Castile—Situation of Madrid—Climate—History—General Description—Gallician Watermen—The Five Royal Palaces—Churches—Museum of Paintings—The Spanish School—Academy of San Fernando—Museum of Armour—Charitable and Scientific Institutions—Royal Library.

New Castile occupies the centre of the Peninsula, and is enclosed on every side by the kingdoms of Arragon, Old Castile, Cordova, Jaen, Murcia, and Valencia. It is subdivided into the provinces of Madrid, Guadalaxara, Cuenca, Toledo, and La Mancha. Its surface consists chiefly of elevated plains, intersected by lofty mountains, notwithstanding which its rivers are few and inconsiderable; and as it rains seldom, the country frequently suffers from drought, particularly in La Mancha, where the water is of very bad quality. The cold is often severe in winter in New Castile, especially in Cuenca; but the air is very pure, and the climate healthy. This kingdom possesses mines of calamine at Riopar in La Mancha, and of quicksilver at Almaden in the same province, and near the celebrated shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe. The mines of Almaden produce annually twenty thousand quintals of this precious mineral. The mountains of New Castile supply the inhabitants of the plains with charcoal for fuel, and are covered with noble trees, suitable for ship-building. They likewise afford pasture to horses, cows, mules, and swine, and to large flocks of wandering merinoes, which come in summer from the warmer plains and valleys, to crop their tender herbage. The level regions produce wheat and wine of ex-

cellent quality; some oil, honey, saffron; a plant called alazor, useful in dying, and sumac, barilla, and glasswort. With the exception of manufactories for cloth at Guadalaxara, silk at Toledo and Talavera, and such rude fabrics as are necessary for domestic use, New Castile possesses no manufactures except in a few decaying establishments.

The city of Madrid is the capital of New Castile, as of the whole Spanish empire. It is situated upon the left bank of the small stream of Manzanares, on several sand-hills, which form the last declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama. It stands in latitude forty north, at an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and almost mathematically in the centre of the Peninsula. It is the highest capital of Europe, for its elevation is fifteen times as great as that of Paris, and nearly twice that of Geneva. The neighbouring country is of very irregular surface, and broken into an infinite succession of misshapen hills, so that, although there are near two hundred villages in the vicinity of the capital, not more than four or five can ever be discovered at once. The soil is of a dry and barren nature, and produces nothing but wheat, which yields only ten for one, but which is very sweet and of excellent quality. Madrid has no immediate environs, no country-seats of the rich inhabitants, none of those delightful little colonies which are usually found clustering round the walls of a great city, and which combine the convenience of a town residence with the enjoyment of rural life. The dread of living secluded leads the inhabitants to gather together for mutual protection; so that if you wander a hundred yards from the gates of Madrid, you see no dwellings to allure you forward with the cheering assurance of society, but seem to have taken leave of civilization and the haunts of men. Nor are there any forests or orchards to make up for the absence of inhabitants, if, indeed, you except the valley of the Manzanares, and to the east a few

scattering olive-trees, as sad and gloomy in appearance as their owners, the monkish inmates of San Geronimo and Atocha. In former times, however, the country about Madrid was covered with forests, abounding in wild boars and bears; and hence it is that the city derives its arms of a bear rampant, with his fore paws resting against a tree. The total disappearance of these forests can be accounted for only by that singular prejudice of the Castilians which has already been noticed.

The climate of Madrid, though subject to great variation, is nevertheless healthful, and has ever been a stranger to epidemic diseases. Its sky is almost always transparent and cloudless, and the air so pure, that the carcasses of cats and dogs, which are often allowed to remain in the streets, dry up beneath the ardent sun with scarce any signs of putrefaction. The ordinary extremes of temperature in Madrid are ninety of Fahrenheit in summer, and thirty-two in winter; but there is scarcely a year that the thermometer does not rise above a hundred, and fall below fourteen; for, though the inclined position of the city facilitates its ventilation, it likewise exposes it more fully to the unintercepted rays of a powerful sun; and in winter the neighbouring mountains of Guadarrama send down from their snowy reservoirs such keen breezes, that, perhaps in a few places is the cold more pinching than in Madrid. This was especially the case during the winter I resided there, which was the most inclement that has been known in Europe for many years. Several sentinels were frozen on their posts along the parapet in front of the palace, overlooking the ravine of the Manzanares, down which the northwest winds descend with accumulated violence. Two soldiers of the Swiss brigade were among the number; and though they were relieved at short intervals, and might have been supposed no strangers to cold in their own Alpine country, they were nevertheless found in their sentry-

boxes stiff and lifeless. Several washerwomen, too, going as usual to the Manzanares—for, being poor, they could not well lie by for the weather—were overtaken by a similar calamity; so that the police was obliged to place sentinels to prevent others from pursuing their ordinary occupation.

I have said that the climate of Madrid was healthful in the extreme. This, however, like every general rule, has its exception. There is in winter a prevailing disease called pulmonia, a kind of pleurisy, which carries the healthiest people off after four or five days' illness. I was one evening, in the month of November, at the house of a marquis, a very fat man, who in his early days had been an officer in the navy, and had even made a campaign of six weeks in a guarda-costa. Though he had retired to Madrid decorated with a variety of crosses, to live upon the income of extensive estates which he possessed in Murcia, his tastes were still altogether naval, and his rooms were hung round with plans of ships, dry-docks, and sea-fights. A short time after I met him in the Puerta del Sol, as fat and smiling as ever; but at the end of three days I was told that he was ill of a pulmonia; on the fourth, that he had received the viaticum and extreme unction; and the next day the poor marquis was no more. This was not a solitary case; for during the months of November and December, this disease carried off its hundreds in a week. The Madrileños have a mortal dread of a still cold air which comes quietly down from the mountains, and which, they say, "mata un hombre, y no apaga una luz,—kills a man, and does not put out a candle." In such weather you see every man holding the corner of his cloak, or a pocket handkerchief, to his mouth, and hurrying through the streets, without turning to the right hand or the left, as though death, in the shape of pulmonia, were close upon his heels. For myself, I never felt the cold more sensibly. It seemed to pierce my clothes like a shower of needles, and I found

there was no way of excluding it but to get a cloak as ample as John Gilpin's, and roll myself up in it until I became as invisible as the best of them.

Such are the situation and climate of Madrid. As for its antiquity, the pride of its inhabitants would carry us back to a period anterior to the foundation of Rome, when some foolish Grecks came, passing over the fair regions of Andalusia or Valencia, to found in this cheerless waste, and among the savage Carpitanians, a city to which they gave the name of Mantua. If such were indeed the case, these colonists could only have been members of some Stoic sect, whose chief ambition it was to reject ease and comfort for self-denial and mortification. The first mention that is anywhere found in history of Madrid is in the tenth century, two hundred and twenty-five years after the Moorish invasion, when Don Ramiro II., King of Leon, fell upon the Moors of the town of Magerit, entered the place by force of arms, threw down its walls, and committed all sorts of ravages. Hence, it probably owes its foundation to the Moors.

Don Enrique III. was the first king of Castile proclaimed in Madrid. The court continued still to fluctuate between Valladolid and Madrid, until the accession of Philip II., who finally settled it in the latter place, where it has remained ever since with little interruption. He is said to have been chiefly attracted by the salubrity of its climate, the excellence of the water, and the vicinity of the mountains of Guadarrama, which furnished abundance of game. At the same time, the principal nobles removed to Madrid, in order to be near the court, and the city began to acquire the magnificence becoming a capital which was the focus and rallying-point of the whole Spanish monarchy. The arts and sciences were soon in a flourishing condition, and churches and convents rose in every direction, to bear testimony to another age, of squandered wealth and mistaken piety.

Notwithstanding the civil wars which disturbed the accession of Philip V. to the throne, he found means to increase and embellish the capital, by establishing the royal library and various academies. He constructed the bridge of Toledo, and commenced the building of the palace. But it is to Charles III. that Madrid owes all its present magnificence. Under his care the royal palace was finished, the noble gates of Alcala and San Vincente were raised; the custom-house, the postoffice, the museum, and royal printing-office were constructed; the academy of the three noble arts improved; the cabinet of natural history, the botanic garden, the national bank of San Carlos, and many gratuitous schools, established; while convenient roads leading from the city, and delightful walks planted within and without it, and adorned by statues and fountains, combine to announce the solicitude of this paternal king. In the unworthy reign of Charles IV., of his wicked queen, and of Godoy, Madrid was the scene of every thing that was base and degrading, until the nation, wearied of such an ignominious yoke, proclaimed Ferdinand VII. at Aranjuez, and the populace testified their joy by plundering the palace of the Prince of Peace. Very soon after the accession of Ferdinand, he left Madrid on his infatuated journey to Bayonne, and Murat took possession of the city at the head of thirty thousand French. The occasion of the departure of the remaining members of the royal family for Bayonne first gave vent to the indignation of the Madrileños. The gallant partisans, Daoiz and Velarde, turned two pieces of cannon upon the usurpers, and fell gloriously in the cause of their country, while the populace, rushing forth with their knives, assassinated the defenceless French wherever they met them. The vengeance of Murat was terrible. Sending patrols into every street, he seized all such as were found with knives, drove them into the neighbourhood of the Retiro, and fired upon them by volleys.

This is the celebrated "Dos de Mayo—Second of May." The news of the atrocity spread like wildfire throughout the Peninsula. The Spaniards flew to arms, and the war of independence was commenced. After the shedding of rivers of blood, and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, Ferdinand at length returned to his capital, to which he was chiefly restored by the fierce energies of his subjects.

Such are some of the events of which Madrid has been the theatre. When the stranger, newly arrived within its walls, looks round in search of the local advantages which led to its foundation, he is at a loss to conceive how it should have become a great city. The surrounding country is so little adapted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits, that butcher's meat, and fruits, and almost all the necessaries of life, are brought from the extremities of the kingdom. Thus, supplies of fish come in fish-diligences from the Atlantic and Mediterranean; cattle from Asturias and Gallicia, and fruit from the distant orchards of Andalusia and Valencia. With these disadvantages, manufactures can never flourish in Madrid; and as to commerce, the mountains which form its barrier on the north and west check its communications with half the Peninsula; while the inconsiderable stream of Manzanares furnishes no facilities of transportation; none of any sort, indeed, except supplying water to accommodate the washerwomen.

Though accident or caprice has alone given existence to Madrid, and though a city thus raised to wealth and power must necessarily relapse into insignificance when the interests of the whole, and not the will of one, shall govern the concerns of Spain, yet it is not the less a great city. It is nearly eight miles in circumference, of square figure, and contains a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, living in eight thousand houses; so that there are about eighteen persons to a house, each

house containing, in general, as many families as stories. Madrid has one hundred and forty-six temples for worship, including collegiate and parish churches, convents, beaterios, oratories, chapels, and hermitages. Among this number are sixty-two convents for monks and nuns. It has, besides, eighteen hospitals, large and small; thirteen colleges, fifteen academies, four public libraries, six prisons, fifteen gates of granite, eighty-five squares and places, and fifty public fountains, which supply the inhabitants with delightful water, brought from mountain springs thirty miles from the city.

The water is conveyed from the fountains to the houses of the inhabitants by several thousand Gallegos and Asturians, who are exclusively the water-carriers. Indeed, a Gallego who has established an extensive custom, when he has made a little fortune of two or three hundred dollars, wherewith to retire to his native mountains and rear a family, has the privilege either of selling his business or of bequeathing it to a relative. To lay up money on their scanty earnings of course requires the most narrow economy. Accordingly, we find them doing menial offices for a family, for the sake of sleeping on the entry pavement, or else clubbing together, a dozen or twenty, to hire a little room in the attic. As for their food, they buy it at a tavern, or from old women who keep little portable kitchens at the corners, and either eat it on the spot, or seated on their water-kegs about the fountains, two or three messing together, and helping themselves with wooden spoons from the same earthen vessel. Others there are who, instead of carrying water for domestic use, parade certain streets, taking due care not to infringe the domain of a brother, and sell it by the glassful to those who pass. They carry simply an earthen jar, suspended by a leathern sling behind the back. The mouth of the jar has a cork with two reeds; one to allow the water to pass out, the other to admit the

air. When asked for water, they take a glass from the basket on their left arm, and, stooping forward, fill it with great dexterity. They do not wait, however, for the thirsty to find them out, but deafen one with cries in badly-pronounced Spanish, of—"Agua! Agua fresca! Que ahora mismo viene de la fuente! Quien bebe, seniores? Quien bebe?—Water! fresh and sparkling! just from the fountain! who drinks, gentlemen? who drinks?"

In stature the Gallegos are low, stout, and clumsy, as different as possible in form and figure from the Spaniards in general, and equally different in manners and in dress. They wear a little pointed cap, jackets and trousers of brown cloth, extremely coarse; heavy shoes, armed with hob-nails, and made to last a lifetime; a large leathern pocket in front to receive their money, and a pad of the same on the right shoulder to protect the jacket. They are but a rough set, and little mindful of the courtesies in use among their countrymen. They even take the right-hand side along the narrow walk, and never turn out for man or woman. One day Don Diego came up to my habitation to give the customary lesson, with his hat in hand, endeavouring to restore it to shape, and cursing the Gallego who had run against him at the turning of a corner. He had undertaken to lecture him; but the Gallego, putting down his keg, and drawing himself up with dignity, said to him, "I am a noble!"—a thing not uncommon among his countrymen—"you, maybe, are no more!—Soy noble! usted acaso no sera mas!" Notwithstanding their bluntness, however, they have many good qualities, and are trusty and faithful in a rare degree. They and the Asturians act as porters; in which capacity they are even employed to deliver money and take up notes. Such is the unshaken probity of these rude sons of the Suevi.

The streets of Madrid are in general straight, and wider than those of most cities in Europe; a fact which is prob-

ably owing to its being almost entirely modern, and having been built under royal patronage. They are all paved with square blocks of stone, and have sidewalks about four feet wide, and on a level with the rest of the pavement. In order to avoid contention for this narrow footway, it is the custom always to take the right side; and you may thus, in a crowded street, notice two currents of people going in opposite directions without interfering with each other. This has, however, the inconvenience, that a person cannot choose his own gait, but must move at the pace of the multitude.

Some of the palaces of the high nobility are built in a quadrangular form, with a square in the centre. The dwelling-houses, however, are generally built much in our way, three or four stories high, with a door and small entry at one side, and balconies to the upper windows. They have rather a prison-like appearance, for the windows of the first floor are grated with bars of iron, while the stout door of wood, well studded with spike-heads, has more the air of the gate of a fortified town than of the entrance to the dwelling of a peaceful citizen. The outer doors of the different suites of apartments indicate the same jealousy and suspicion, nor are they ever opened without a parley. These precautions are rendered necessary by the number and boldness of the robbers in Madrid, who sometimes enter a house in the middle of the day, when the men are absent, and, having tied the female occupants, plunder the dwelling and make off with their spoil. This is of no uncommon occurrence; indeed, I scarce became acquainted with a person in Madrid who had not been robbed one or more times. The greatest danger is, however, at night in the streets. I knew a young man, a native of Lima, who was encountered in a narrow street, on his way to an evening party, by three men, and dragged by them into the concealment of a doorway. One of them held a knife to his

throat, while the two others stripped him of his clothes and finery, until nothing was left but his shirt and boots. Then giving him a slap on the "trasero," and the parting benediction, "God be with you, brother—Vaya usted con Dios hermano!" they gathered the spoil under their cloaks, and made off in another direction.

By far the noblest building in Madrid is the royal palace, built on the same site where formerly stood the old Moorish Alcazar. Philip V., who caused it to be erected, conceived originally the idea of a palace which was to have four façades of one thousand six hundred feet by one hundred high, with twenty-three courts and thirty-four entrances. A mahogany model of the projected palace is still shown in Madrid, and must of itself have cost the price of as good a dwelling as any modest man need wish for. This palace was to have lodged the royal body-guard, the ministers, tribunals, and indeed every thing connected with the machine of state. Though this stupendous project was never realized, the present palace is, nevertheless, every way worthy of a prince who was born at Versailles. It consists of a hollow square, four hundred and seventy feet on the outside, and one hundred and forty within. Without is a judicious distribution of windows, cornices, and columns, unencumbered by redundant ornament, except, indeed, in the heavy balustrade, which crowns the whole, and hides the leaden roof from view, while within is a colonnade and gallery, running entirely round the square. The construction of this palace is of the noblest and most durable kind, being without any wood, except in the frame of the roof and the doors and windows. The foundation stands entirely upon a system of subterranean arches. The first floor is occupied by the officers and servants of the court. A magnificent staircase of marble, in the decoration of which the architect, the sculptor, and the painter have exhausted their respective arts, leads to the second

floor, which is likewise sustained upon arches. Here are a second colonnade and gallery, looking upon the court, and paved with marble. This is always filled with groups of body-guards and halberdiers on service, and with persons in court-dresses waiting for an audience. This gallery opens upon the apartments of the different members of the royal family, the chapel, and audience-chamber. Their different ceilings are appropriately painted by the pencil of Mengs, Bayeux, Velasquez, or Giordano, while the walls are hung round with the best productions of Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, and Spagnoletto. The small oratory of the king is perhaps the most beautiful apartment of the palace. It is adorned with rich and finely variegated marbles, found in the Peninsula. A single glance at them is sufficient to convince one that the marbles of Spain are surpassed by none in the world. The clocks, furniture, tapestry, beds, dressing-tables, and glasses, are in the highest style of magnificence. It will give a sufficient idea of this to mention, that in one room there are four mirrors one hundred and sixty two inches high by ninety-three wide. They were made at the royal manufactory which formerly existed in San Ildefonso, and, with some others cast in the same mould, are the largest known. This palace, whether it be viewed with reference to its architecture or decoration, is indeed a noble one. I have heard it said, by those who had visited the chief capitals of Europe, that they had seen none superior to it; and, though Versailles may excel in detail, as a perfect whole, the palace of Madrid may even claim pre-eminence.

The palace of Buen Retiro, where the court lived before the completion of the new palace, is at the eastern extremity of Madrid, and overlooking the Prado. It consists of a variety of ancient and disjointed edifices, rapidly falling to ruin. The progress of decay would have been assisted, and the whole pile long since demolished, were it not for

some admirable paintings in fresco which still cling to the mouldering ceiling, and are in Giordano's best style. The most remarkable one is allusive to the institution of the Golden Fleece, in which Hercules is seen offering the prize to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. This order of knighthood, which has preserved its splendour better than any other in Europe, has the King of Spain for its head, as Duke of Burgundy, one of the many titles attached to the crown since the time of Charles V. In another room are some scenes from the wars of Granada. The Moors are, of course, in the attitude of the vanquished. Horses and riders are strewed upon the dust, while the Christian knights, with Santiago at their head, are urging forward with hearts as hard as their own cuirases.

The garden of the Retiro is of great extent, but its situation is high and exposed, and the walks are by no means agreeable. The present family has directed the different improvements, if indeed they may be so called, which are in process here, and perhaps nowhere has there been so much labour expended and so little produced. In one place is an artificial mound, with a Chinese temple perched upon it; in another, a little cottage, with an old woman of wood sitting by a painted fire, and rocking her baby in a cradle; overhead are wooden hams and leathern sausages, while in an adjoining room the good man of the house is ill and in bed, with a pot of soup beside him, and rises by machinery when strangers enter. In another part is an oblong lake, enclosed with a wall of cut stone and a high railing of iron. On one side of it is a small building surmounted by naval emblems and a flagstaff, and beneath it a dock or cove for the royal galley. The elevation of the Retiro is an obstacle to the bringing of water in pipes to fill the lake, and the object is therefore effected by the labour of a mule, who turns a wheel hard by, and is hidden under a rustic shed adorned with Egyptian pagods. Sometimes the royal per-

sonages come to take a water excursion upon the lake; the basin is then filled, the gilded barge, which is truly classic in its construction, is floated to the stairs of the navy-yard, and the august individuals enter and put forth, with an air of perfect contentment and unaffected complacency, to the great admiration of the beholders, evinced by waving of hats and handkerchiefs; and, if you happen to be near the wheel-house, the creaking of the machinery, the "Arre!" of the muleteer, and the grunting of the mule, furnish a suitable musical accompaniment of this raree show.

They are likewise constructing a new house for the royal menagerie, and it is not a little singular that, at a moment when the debts of interest, honour, and gratitude are left unpaid, at the very time when money is wanting to buy horses for a train of artillery waiting to depart for the frontier of Portugal, a considerable sum should be remitted to foreign countries for the purchase of wild beasts. There is one thing, however, in the garden of the Retiro which any man may admire; a bronze statue of Philip IV., cast by Taca, a Florentine sculptor, after a painting of Velasquez. Though the figures are four times as large as life, and the enormous mass, weighing no less than nine tons, is supported on the horse's two hind feet, yet the beholder is not struck with astonishment; for there is a harmony in the parts and perfection in the whole, that prevent it from appearing cumbrous or unwieldy. This beautiful Colossus stands in an elevated situation of the Retiro, and looks the modern gewgaws into insignificance. And yet the prince, thus immortalized by the hand of genius, was even less than an ordinary man. He never did any thing to promote the interests and add to the honour of human nature; was imbecile in character, and mean in appearance. What American can reflect on this, and remember without shame that, in a country where men possess great wealth and the freedom of doing with it what they please, there should be

no disposition thus to commemorate the brightest virtues and the most exalted services?

The Casino is a mimic palace, on the scale of a private dwelling, situated in a populous part of the city, and decorated with taste and elegance. The last queen took great delight in this little retirement, and spent much of her time there; but since her death it is rarely visited by any of the family. The Casa del Campo is another royal mansion, which stands low in the valley of the Manzanares, and directly in front of the palace. Its gardens offer shade and seclusion, but their chief ornament is a bronze statue of Philip III., the joint work of Bolonia and Taca, which, though weighing twelve thousand pounds, was sent from Florence as a present from Cosmo de Medicis. In its present situation it is scarcely ever seen, and there are doubtless many persons in Madrid who are ignorant of its existence. There is yet a fifth royal mansion in the environs of Madrid, standing upon a hill, and overlooking the valley of the Manzanares and the grove of the Florida.

Although Madrid contains in all near one hundred and fifty places of worship, yet it cannot boast a single one of superior magnificence. In those days when most of the Gothic cathedrals which we meet with in the older European cities were erected, Madrid was but an inconsiderable place. Even now, though the political capital of Spain, it still belongs to the diocess of Toledo, and is not so much as the see of a suffragan. Most of the churches are small, of mixed Grecian architecture, and many, in their exterior appearance, are hardly distinguishable from the dwelling-houses which surround them. The interior, however, is usually decorated with much architectural ornament, and with a profusion of paintings and statues. The Jesuits have by far the largest and most imposing church in Madrid. This order is the most enlightened of the Spanish clergy, and I took much pleasure in going to hear them

preach, especially during the Carnival. As it was the winter season, the pavement was covered with mats, upon which the multitude kneeled during the exhibition of the host. When the invocation was over, and the sermon commenced, the women assumed a less painful and more interesting posture, sitting back on the mats with their feet drawn up beside them. If pretty, as was generally the case, one foot was allowed to peep out from beneath the basquiña, presenting itself in its neat thread or silken stocking, and little shoe of prunello, in the most favourable position for display. The men stood intermingled with the women, or apart in the aisles and chapels, or reclined against the columns, making altogether a very singular scene, not a little augmented in interest by the deep obscurity, approaching indeed to darkness, which generally prevails within the walls of the churches.

Some of the preachers were very eloquent, and the strong yet graceful language in which they spoke gave additional force and beauty to every happy sentiment. By far the greatest treat, however, is the music performed on these occasions; nowhere, indeed, perhaps not even in Italy, is the luxury of church music carried to a greater extent than in Madrid. The organs are played in perfection; and, in order to procure fine tenor voices, a practice is still continued here which has been abolished in Italy since the domination of Napoleon. In the Musical College of Madrid, the mutilated victims of parental avarice are received at an early age, and their voices carefully cultivated. Some are admitted to holy orders, evading the strict canon of the church, which requires physical perfection in its ministers, by a most whimsical artifice. Others earn their bread easily as public singers, living in the world, or rather enjoying a negative existence, readily recognised by the unnatural shrillness of their tones, and by the heavy expression of their beardless, elongated, and unmanly visages. One or

two of these miserable beings are employed in the choir of the royal chapel. The maintenance of worship in this establishment costs Spain annually one hundred thousand dollars, no small part of which is for singers and musicians. A solemn mass witnessed in this chapel is indeed one of the greatest treats in the world. The structure is of octagonal form, and surmounted by a dome, not dissimilar, nor altogether unworthy of being compared, to the Dome of the Invalides. Here architecture, statuary, and painting have lavished all their beauties in a narrow compass; the organ, with a choice selection of bassoons and viols, and the full choir, are placed in a hidden recess beside the dome; whence the music follows the sacrifice, through all the sad symbols of the Saviour's Passion; and when the expiation is made, and man is reconciled to his Maker, the circling concave rings with exulting peals, which the entranced listener is almost ready to ascribe to the hosts of angels which he sees in the hollow hemisphere above, surrounding the throne of the Eternal.

The museum of statuary and painting at the Prado is a modern and admirably contrived building, which extends its front along the public walk, and adds greatly to its elegance. No edifice could be better adapted to the exhibition of paintings than this, which was commenced under Charles III., with an express view to its present object. The collection of paintings in the Prado was made in the better days of the Spanish monarchy, when the gold of America could command the presence and services of living artists, and purchase the productions of such as were dead. It is said, in the illustrious names of the contributors and the excellence of the pieces, to be inferior to no other; and when the additions which are now making from the different royal palaces shall be completed, it will probably be the first in the world. To give an idea of the Italian school, it will be sufficient to name some of those

great men who are here represented by their finest productions. Such are Guercino, Tintoreto, Poussin, Anibal and Augustine Carracci, Guido Reni, Luca Giordano, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo, the head of the Florentine school; Titian, the prince of Venetian painters, and Raphael of Urbino, the great father of all, who is here represented by his painting of Christ carrying the Cross, which is esteemed second to nothing but the Transfiguration. It was originally painted on wood, but with the lapse of three centuries the wood became rotten, and there was a danger of its being entirely lost. This was of course among the immense number of paintings carried away to Paris by the French; it was likewise among the smaller number of those which returned after the final overthrow of Napoleon. In this case the voyage was a serviceable one; for the French artists were so fortunate as to succeed in transferring the painted surface from the wood to canvass, and have thus saved it from premature destruction.

Nor are the Flemish masters without their representatives in the Prado. It is there, however, that one may study and appreciate the Spanish school, which had scarce been known in Europe until the invading armies of Napoleon carried off some of the best pieces to constitute the brightest ornaments of the Louvre, and to form several private collections. Witness the undisgorged plunder of the Duke of Dalmatia.

The Spanish school is chiefly celebrated among painters for perfection of perspective and design, and the vivid and natural carnation of its colouring. One of the first painters who became celebrated in Spain was Morales, who began his career about the time that Raphael's was so prematurely closed, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose heads of Christ have merited for him the surname of Divine. Morales was a native of Estremadura, but the art in which he so greatly excelled made more rapid progress

in the city of Valencia, where a kindly soil and kindlier sky seem to invite perfection. Juan de Juanes is considered the father of the Valencian school, which in the beginning was in imitation of the Italian, but which afterward assimilated itself to the Flemish, and to the manner of Rembrandt and Vandyke, until, under the name of the school of Seville, the Spanish painters had acquired a distinctive character.

Under Ribera, better known at home and abroad by the singular surname of Españoleto, the Valencian school attained the highest perfection. The subjects of Españoleto are chiefly Bible scenes, taken indifferently from the Old or New Testament; but his most successful efforts have been the delineation of scenes of suffering and sorrow, such as are abundantly furnished by the lives of our Saviour and the saints. In describing the extremes of human misery, a macerated wretch, reclining upon a bed of straw in the last agony of starvation or infirmity, he is perhaps unequalled; and he has been able to give such a relief to the perspective, such a reality to the colouring, that the deception, at a first glance, is often irresistible. Indeed, my memory became so strongly impressed with some of his pieces, that I can still call them up at will in all their excellence; he was, however, a gloomy painter, giving to his works the sad colouring which he borrowed from the religion of his day; a religion which was fond of calling up reflections of despondency, and thinking only of Christ as the bleeding and the crucified.

Another great painter, who, like Españoleto, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Diego Velasquez. Velasquez is sometimes an imitator of his great contemporary; at others, his style is materially different, and he is generally allowed to be superior to Españoleto in correctness of design and fertility of invention. His portraits, for furnishing accurate representations of individ-

uals, are perhaps superior to those of Titian and Vandyke; they are not, indeed, highly wrought, but have about them the strong strokes of a master.

Bartholomew Murillo, who, like Velasquez, was born in Seville, studied at Madrid under the direction of his countryman, and never travelled out of Spain. There is in his manner all the correctness of Velasquez, all his truth to nature, which he seems to have studied thoroughly, and at the same time a more perfect finish, and a warmth and brilliancy of colouring to which the pencil of Velasquez was a stranger. Nothing indeed can be so true and palpable as Murillo's scenes of familiar life, nothing so sweet and heavenly as his Virgins. Murillo brought the school of Seville, or more properly of Spain, to the height of its glory. He seems to have combined the excellences of Vandyke and Titian, the truth of the one and the warm carnation of the other; and though Raphael be looked on by painters and connoisseurs as the most perfect of known artists, yet, if the chief excellence of the imitative art consist in showing nature, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and in producing momentary deception, this excellence belongs to none so entirely as to Murillo.

The decline of painting throughout Europe during the past century has likewise extended itself to Spain, with, however, some honourable exceptions, such as Bayeu in the past century, and Maella and Lopez in the present; the last being a living artist, whose portraits are admirable.

The cabinet of natural history stands beside the stately edifice of the Aduana, or custom-house, and with it constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the noble street of Alcala. Here is a fine collection of birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, arranged in elegant cases of plate-glass and mahogany. The collection of minerals is, however, the most perfect, especially in whatever relates to the precious metals, so abundantly found in the former possessions of

Spain. There is also a small cabinet of marbles, brought from every corner of the Peninsula, and which can scarcely be surpassed for variety and beauty. The cabinet of natural history is open twice a week to the visits of the public; and the learned and ignorant may then pass in review the whole realm of nature, compare the narrow shades of distinction between those animals that are most similar, and then admire the immense disparity between the extremes of creation.

In the same building are the school, library, and museum of San Fernando, where the three noble arts, painting, statuary, and architecture, are taught gratuitously. In the academy of San Fernando excellent masters are provided, who superintend the labours of such persons, whether children or adults, as choose to turn their attention to either of these arts; and, by a happy arrangement, the school is only opened in the evening, when the ordinary studies or labours of the day are over. Here I have often spent an hour in passing through the different rooms of the school. In one, the beginners were occupied in their first rude attempts to copy engravings, or to imitate the foot or hand of a broken statue. In another, the more advanced pupils were arranged at a circular desk round a plaster cast of the Apollo or the Laocoon, representing it in the attitude it presented itself to each, either on paper or on a board, with clay to form a relief; while in the last apartment one or more living subjects were standing or sitting in some particular attitude. I more than once found a finely-formed fellow standing under the shade, which was made to throw a gloomy desponding light upon him, with his head reclining on one side, and his hands extended to the extremities of a cross. This posture he would maintain without moving a muscle for minutes together. The fellow, however, was not much to be pitied, as he must, of course, have preferred this passive sort of labour to the more active

exertions for which he was so well qualified by a powerful conformation. Every three years premiums are distributed to such of the students as are most distinguished; and when a young man of great promise is discovered, he is sent to Rome to study at the public expense.

Lectures on descriptive geometry are given in the academy for the advantage of the students, and there is likewise a library, which, besides a general collection of books, is very rich in such as relate to the arts. The most remarkable part of the institution, however, is a museum of paintings, intended as a study for the scholars, and which contains some of the finest in Spain. The stolen benediction of Jacob by his father Isaac is the most perfect thing I have seen from the pencil of Españoleto; and in a private room, which is seldom shown to any one, are some interdicted paintings of singular merit. Here one is surprised to see a full-length portrait of Napoleon in his imperial robes, a copy of the celebrated portrait of Gerard, which the emperor sent to Madrid at the time he was alluring the royal family to Bayonne. There are likewise some naked beauties by Rubens, water-nymphs closely pursued by greedy satyrs, whose ill-made legs and clumsy ankles are perfect prototypes of his own Dutch models. Such is not the case with the blooming mistress of King Philip II., whom Titian has represented with so much truth of design and reality of carnation, as to bring the beauty and the spectator into the presence of each other. But he is not admitted to the privilege of a tête-à-tête; for on the foot of the silken couch upon which she reclines, half sleepy, half voluptuous, sits young Philip playing on a piano. His head is turned to gaze upon the unveiled charms of the beautiful creature behind him; his thoughts seem to wander from the music, and his fingers are about to abandon the keys of the instrument. That a very young man should have been willing to place himself in such a situation, is

not incredible; but that he should have been willing to be seen in it, and even thus to appear before posterity, is a thing of more difficult reconciliation. This, too, was the prince who afterward became so bigoted and so bloodthirsty, and though not the murderer of his own son, at least the persecutor, and it may be the destroyer, of his brave brother, Don Juan of Austria. The most remarkable painting, however, of this collection, is Murillo's picture of Saint Isabel, the good queen of Hungary, so celebrated in regal annals for benevolence and charity. She is represented washing the sore of a beggar. At one side is an old man binding his leg, whom one might almost fancy living; on the other, a ragged boy scratching his head, with his face screwed up into a whimsical expression of pain. The subject of this painting is disgusting enough. It will, however, offend less if it be remembered that Murillo painted it in Seville, to hang in the Hospital of Charity. It is, perhaps, the most perfect imitation of life which exists on canvass.

The academy of San Fernando deliberates on the plans of all public buildings proposed to be erected; a censorship, whose good effects are evident in all the fine monuments with which Charles III. has ennobled the capital. Institutions similar to this, and which, like it, bear the name of San Fernando, are found, since the time of the same beneficent monarch, in all the larger cities of Spain; and, though checked and counteracted by a hundred obstacles, their effect cannot be other than beneficial to national industry. There is, indeed, scarce a station in life in which a knowledge of design may not be turned to good account. The builder will make a handsomer house, the cabinet and coach-maker will turn out more elegant furniture and equipages, and even the tailor will cut a neater coat, from possessing the principles of the art. As for men of leisure, their perception of beauty, whether it exists in the produc-

tions of art or nature, must by it be sharpened and developed, and new avenues thus opened to pleasure and happiness. One would think that no great city, which has an eye to the advancement of industry within its walls, should be without an institution like this of San Fernando.

Another museum is that of artillery, which contains a large collection of models of gunpowder manufactories, cannon foundries, and of all such machines and weapons as are useful in warfare. The most remarkable objects to be seen here are models of the fortresses of Cadiz, Carthagena, and Gibraltar, made of clay, and coloured to imitate more closely the reality. The scale of these models is so large that all the streets and public buildings are laid down in them, and perhaps a better idea may be formed of the whole of one of these places from looking down upon the model, than from any single view that could be caught of the place itself. Gibraltar is so accurately represented, that the plan of an attack could be as well or better devised at Madrid than before the fortress, by a general who should be without such assistance.

The museum of the armory, in front of the royal palace, is of a similar but far more interesting character, at least in the eye of poetry; for in it are arranged the armour of all the illustrious warriors which Spain has produced, of many whom she has conquered, and a variety of trophies, arms, and banners which have been won in battle. On entering the hall, you first see, without knowing why, the funeral litters, in which the remains of Charles IV. and his queen were brought from Rome to be interred in the Escurial. Here is likewise the coach of Joanna the Foolish, which was the first used in Spain since the fall of the Roman domination. It is oddly carved and fashioned; not much more so, however, than some that are still seen of a feast-day on the Prado. Near this is the litter in which Charles V. used to make his journeys and excursions It was carried

like a sedan chair by two horses, one going before and the other behind, between shafts which were supported on their backs. Before the seat within is a moveable desk, which could be adjusted in front of the occupant. Here the emperor transacted business as he travelled, in order to economize time, so valuable to one who took care of the affairs and bore the burdens of so many people. The remainder of the large hall is full of armour, either hung in detached pieces against the wall, or arranged collectively in standing postures, or mounted on wooden horses.

Among the antiques are many shields and helmets, curiously and beautifully worked into relief, representing land and sea engagements, charges of cavalry and contending galleys. There is one helmet, however, of more than ordinary beauty, worthy in all respects to have covered the head of Julius Cesar, to whom it is said to have belonged. In answer to all my inquiries concerning the way in which this precious piece of antiquity came into the possession of his Catholic Majesty, I could get nothing but "Es de Julio Cesar y no hay mas—It's Julius Cesar's, and that's an end of it." There is likewise a shield of one of the Scipios. The armour of the Cid has nothing remarkable about it beyond the circumstance of having once been his. The same may be said of the suit of Guzman the Good, the royal governor of Tarifa, so celebrated in the annals of Andalusian chivalry. At the extremity of the room is a chapel of Saint Ferdinand, the conqueror of Cordova and Seville, the sainted king, of whom it was disputed whether he was most distinguished for valour, or piety, or good fortune. The armour of the saint is so arranged that he seems seated on a throne in his proper person, having on the left side his good sword, and on the right a list of the indulgences which the father of the church grants to such as shall there say a Pater or an Ave.

In one of the most conspicuous stations is the suit of ar-

mour usually worn by Ferdinand the Catholic; who is seated upon his war-horse, with a pair of red velvet breeches, after the manner of the Moors, with lifted lance and closed visor. There are several other suits of Ferdinand, and of his queen Isabella, who was no stranger to the dangers of a battle. By the comparative heights of their armour, Isabella would seem to be the larger of the two, as she certainly was the better. Opposite to these is the armour of Abou-Abdallah, or Boabdil, whom the Spaniards have surnamed Chico, the last of the Grenadian kings, and who was by turns the friend, the enemy, and the captive of Ferdinand and Isabella. His armour is of beautiful finish, in all respects like the other suits, except that the helmet, instead of being in the form of a Grecian casque with a visor, having apertures in it, to close down from above, is made of a solid piece, of great thickness in front, and screws upon the cuiras. Instead of sight-holes in front, it has a broad gap, like a skylight, running across the top above the eyes, the lower part overlapping so as to keep out the point of a lance. On the right side is a small window, which swings upon hinges, and is fastened with a steel button. This may have served to take in refreshment, or for the purpose of a parley. I was at a loss to conceive what could have been the object of this unwieldy head-furniture, and the explanation of the keeper was not very satisfactory. According to his account, it was to protect the head against the iron maces used in duels. It is, perhaps, as likely that casques such as this were used in the tilting-matches and tournaments so frequent among the Grenadian chivalry, as offering more effectual resistance to a splintered reed or the point of a lance than the visor of a common helmet. Though a cavalier might be safer from harm with this box upon his head, he would be less fitted for action; for it could not have weighed less than twenty pounds. If he should fall from his horse thus accoutred, he would

never be able to stir; but must lie and be trampled upon by friendly and hostile feet, like poor Sancho sweating between two shields. I was generally struck with the great weight of these suits of armour, and saw in it an explanation of instances that more than once occurred in the Spanish wars, of valiant princes falling from their horses and fainting to death upon the field of battle.

Gonsalo Fernandez of Cordova, and Hernan Cortez, stand forth in full array. The armour of Philip I., surnamed the Handsome, shows him to have been a giant, certainly not less than six and a half feet high; nor could Charles V. have been less than six feet. There are many splendid suits, which the great emperor received from foreign princes and from the cities of his vast empire. Philip II., too, though he never came within reach of a blow, was no less abundantly supplied than his father with the means of warding one off. The helmet of one of his suits is covered with a variety of figures, so beautifully executed as to compare with those on the antique shields and helmets. Beside the suits of his father and brothers, is the giant armour of Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Charles V. and the hero of Lepanto; a victory the news of which was received with unbounded joy throughout Christendom, and on hearing which Pope Pius V. is said to have exclaimed in a holy ecstasy, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John!" It is of Lepanto, too, that Cervantes speaks, when, on being reproached by a literary rival, he breaks forth in this noble strain. "What I cannot help feeling deeply is, that I am stigmatized with being old and maimed—as though it belonged to me to stay the course of time; or as though my wounds had been received in some tavern broil, instead of the most lofty occasion which past ages have yet witnessed, or which shall ever be witnessed by those which are to come. The scars which the soldier wears upon his person, instead of badges of infamy, are

stars to guide the daring in the path of glory As for mine, though they may not shine in the eyes of the envious, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were received. And even, were it not yet too late to choose, I would rather remain as I am, maimed and mutilated, than be now whole of my wounds, without having taken part in so glorious an achievement." I looked in vain for the armour of the poet-warrior.

Such are some of the suits of armour arranged in standing attitudes around the hall; and in which one may almost fancy that he sees the cavaliers they once enclosed, still keeping guard over their trophies. In the middle of the room are a variety of weapons, ancient and modern; among them an old machine, mounted like a field-piece, which was used to project iron balls, upon the principles of a crossbow. On each side of the shrine of Saint Ferdinand are glass cases, containing a variety of cimeters and fire-arms, the handles of which are profusely inlaid with gold and precious stones; these, with some splendid housings, the bits and broad stirrups of which are of gold or silver, came as a present from the Turkish sultan. It is a singular instance of the changing destinies of nations, that mention should be found in the Arabic historians of the Calif of Spain receiving rich presents some eight centuries before from the Christian emperor of Constantinople.

In these are also the swords of the Cid, of Guzman, Gonsalo, and Cortez; all straight, long, and two-edged, with plain scabbards of red velvet, and hilts in the shape of a cross. Thus armed, a cavalier carried with him at once the emblem of his faith and the instrument of his valour; and, if mortally wounded on the field of battle, he could, like Bayard, kneel and pray before the emblem of the crucifixion. Here are likewise some swords of immense length, made at Rome, and consecrated by the pope, who sent them to be used in the crusades against the Sara-

cens. In those wars of the faith, they were borne by bishops in the midst of the array, together with the bones of a saint, or some favoured statue of the Virgin; thus sustained, the Christians were sure to conquer, for they carried with them the pledges of victory. Overhead hang the banners taken in battle; a great number have been removed, with the sword worn by Francis at Pavia; but many still remain, and the whole hall is surrounded by large leathern shields, taken from the Turks at Lepanto.

The Cabinet of Armory furnishes a great historical record, in which the Spaniard may come and read of the better days of his country, and, amid these pledges of departed greatness, lose sight of her present degeneracy. Here the Cid still stands forth the unequalled cavalier; Ferdinand frowns upon Boabdil; Cortes strikes terror into the trembling Montezuma, whose feathery armour still flutters to the breeze, while Don Juan of Austria may see around him the three tails and the bloody turban of the Pacha Ali, whom he slew, with five and twenty thousand of his followers, in the bloody battle of Lepanto.

There is a vast number of charitable institutions in Madrid, and it would be an endless task to enumerate the different hospitals, three of which alone receive annually twenty thousand patients or paupers. Among them are houses of refuge for old men, poor gentlemen, sick priests, and worn-out players; also several hospitals for foundlings; one of which, the Inclusa, receives annually a thousand infants. It has an open porch, with a shrine that is illuminated in the night by a single lantern. Here the infants may be deposited in front of the altar, and are taken in at stated periods during the night. From that moment they are consigned to the care of mercenary hands, and sink into the condition of orphans. There are likewise two houses of refuge for women, the first, called Recogidas, being under the invocation of Mary Magdalene. Its inmates cannot

leave the walls of the building except to become nuns or be given in marriage. Under the same roof is a room of seclusion, where women are kept in confinement at the desire of their husbands.

Such are some of the institutions, called charitable, to be found in Madrid. They are supported on the rents of houses that have been entailed upon them by their founders, or by assignments on the income of the theatres, lotteries, and bull-fights. Many similar establishments have degenerated from their primitive destiny into hermitages and oratories, where a few monks say mass, and fatten from year's end to year's end, under the pious title of Arrepentidos, Afligidos, or Agonizantes. Those which still exist are, for the most part, appendages of vice and misery, which they probably tend more to promote than to check or alleviate. The same may not be said of the Monte-de-Piedad, an establishment, the object of which is to alleviate the necessities of the poor, by lending them money upon pledges, which are preserved a year, and then, if they remain unreclaimed, publicly sold, and the loan being liquidated, the balance returned to the borrower, who, though he may have saved but little from the wreck, at least escapes the greedy clutches of the pawnbroker.

Nor are the learned institutions of Madrid less numerous than those of which the object is benevolence. The first of these in rank and name is the Royal Spanish Academy, whose object is to refine and perfect the national language, and which has already promoted the object of its institution by the publication of a grammar, in which every thing is defined by invariable rules, conformable in an unusual degree to reason and the soundest logic. It has also produced a dictionary, which is considered the most perfect of any known. The Spaniards doubtless owe no little of that rare and admirable symmetry for which their language is conspicuous to the labours of this learned society.

The Royal Academy of History undertakes to inquire into the past, and record the present history of Spain. The society of Amigos del Pays was instituted to investigate all subjects relating to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; to suggest the means of raising them from their fallen condition, and to stimulate and direct the dormant energies of the nation. Similar societies are found in all the cities of Spain. There are likewise royal academies of surgery, veterinary surgery, botany; of roads and bridges, of cosmography, and even of stenography. In each of the thirty-two barriers into which Madrid is divided is a school for boys, and another for girls, in which the children whose parents are unable to pay the small charge for tuition are taught gratuitously, the teachers being recompensed by the Junta of Charity.

Madrid had formerly an academy for the instruction of deaf mutes, and claims the high honour of having originated this noble art. It was invented towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, by Don Juan Pablo Bonet, and was put in practice, under his direction, by Father Bernardino Ponce. Bonet, being secretary to the Constable of Castile, was led to turn his attention to the subject, by the grief which he felt at seeing the brother of his patron deprived of the use of speech. This wonderful art, one of the proudest efforts of the human mind, is a triumphant proof of what man is capable of when guided by the noble desire of alleviating misery.

There is one institution which is more remarkable than those which have just been enumerated, called the Hidrografica, of which the object is to collect all such information as relates to naval affairs. For this purpose the principal of the establishment is in constant correspondence with the officers of government in Spain and the colonies, and with men of science in every country, in order to receive the earliest information of newly-discovered land or

dangers in the ocean, or of corrections in the positions of such as are already known. These are forthwith inserted and made public in the charts, which are, from time to time, published by the Hidrografica. Connected with the establishment is an engraving-press; a shop where all the books and charts published by it are sold at cost; and a well-selected library, in which one may find all books, in whatever language, of mathematics, astronomy, navigation, voyages, and travels; in short, every thing which in any way relates to the nautical art. Of two draughtsmen employed in the Hidrografica, I found one occupied in correcting a map of Cuba, the other in making a new chart of the coast of the United States. It was curious to see a Spaniard, in the heart of the Peninsula, laying down the soundings of Chesapeake Bay, which is scarcely visited once a year by the flag of his country. The execution of such charts as were finished was as good, nay, better, than that of any that are published in France or England. Don Martin Navarrete is at the head of this establishment; and in this character he has lately published a collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, which contains the journal of Columbus. He is a veteran sea-officer, who has a high character for science; and the admirable order visible in the Hidrografica speaks greatly in his favour.

Though such an institution as this may be looked on as a useless encumbrance to a nation which, like Spain, is absolutely without a marine, its utility to one which covers every sea with its ships will be readily admitted; one which, like the United States, claims the rank of second naval power. With us, a man of science, invested with the authority of a government office, could call upon our consuls in foreign countries, and upon our naval commanders who visit every sea, for such information as they might be able to procure of a novel or interesting nature; such, for instance, as would result from collecting correct charts of

the coasts and harbours they visit; pointing out any errors they may discover in those which have hitherto been received as perfect; determining doubtful or disputed longitudes, and in furnishing such observations as may aid in forming a general system of winds and currents. There are few of the oldest countries, whose coasts have been known and frequented from time immemorial, which are delineated with perfect accuracy; but the coasts on both sides of America, and even of the United States, are in a measure imperfectly known.

It may be urged, in reply to this suggestion, that the value which navigators set upon accurate information of this nature will always offer a sufficient bounty to the publishers of charts to make them seek the earliest and best advice, and strive to excel each other in furnishing correct publications. But let it be remembered that the object of these publishers is not so much to be at great trouble or expense in order to render their charts correct, as to induce navigators to believe that they really are so. Besides, individuals cannot possess those extensive means of procuring information which a public officer may have at command, and which are now lost to the world. If the troublesome plea of economy be urged against such an establishment, I answer, that it might easily be made to pay its own expense. And though it should not, the saving of a single vessel in a year would balance many times the deficiency. The people of the United States, collectively, are as much poorer for the loss of a single vessel, as though an equivalent in money were taken from the public treasury and cast into the sea. I say nothing of the loss of valuable lives to the community; of drowning sailors, of widowed women, or of children that look in vain towards the sea for the return of their fathers.

There are in Madrid four public libraries, which are constantly open from nine until two o'clock, with the exception

of feast-days, and of which the Royal Library is the principal. It has been lately removed to a building erected for the purpose, which is finely situated on the square beside the palace. The reading-tables are placed in three noble rooms, corresponding to as many sides of the edifice, which is built round a court, and has a fine stairway in the centre. These rooms are carpeted with straw mats, and in the middle are files of tables with pens and ink, and comfortable chairs beside them. Against the walls are the bookshelves, numbered, and tastefully ornamented. In each corner of these rooms are persons reading at their desks, who rise instantly to hand down such books as are asked for; they are not servants dressed in livery, as in the French library, but well-bred men, apparently literary persons, who find here a maintenance and leisure to follow their pursuits. Besides these attendants, ten in number, there were a porter, who lived in a small room upon a lower court, and whose business it was to kindle and place the braseros of burning embers in the different rooms; a gardener, who cultivated a small spot adjoining the edifice; and over all, an aged chief, decorated with three or four ribands and crosses, who came and went every day very quietly in a low-hung carriage, drawn by two fat mules, and driven by an ancient postillion. Thus there were no less than thirteen persons attached to the Royal Library, without counting a picket of the Spanish Guards, who kept sentry at the door, to see that every one doffed his hat and unrolled his cloak before entering this sanctuary of learning; a fact which may serve to give an idea of the manner in which every branch of the public service in Spain is burdened with officers.

Besides two hundred thousand printed volumes, the Royal Library contains a number of Arabian, and an immense quantity of Spanish manuscripts, that have never seen the light. This is not conclusive as to their want of merit, but shows the barrier which has for centuries been maintained

here against every species of publicity. I have even heard it said, that in Spain the manuscript was wellnigh as valuable as the printed literature. The cabinet of medals is arranged in one of the most beautiful rooms I have anywhere seen; and indeed it well deserves the care taken of it, for it contains perfect and extensive series of Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and modern coins and medals, in excellent preservation, and is considered the third in the world, being estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

Few establishments of the kind are on an equal footing for convenience and comfort with the Royal Library. Its rooms have a pleasant exposure, are well furnished, and appropriately ornamented, are kept warm in winter, and silent at all times. Indeed, the most fastidious reader, as he sinks into one of their ample chairs, glances round upon the well-filled shelves, and thence upon the busy people about him, each intent upon his book, and at length lets his eye fall upon the volume of his choice spread out before him, could not possibly find any thing to desire. This prosperity is doubtless owing to the library's drawing its support from sources which are independent of the necessities of the state. It is one of many institutions which awaken the admiration of the stranger in Spain, as being at variance with the pervading decay.

Such are some of the claims which Madrid possesses to be called a great city; and so enthusiastic is the opinion which the inhabitants entertain of it, that they will even tell you, with the bombast in which they are apt to indulge, that there is no capital but Madrid, and where Madrid is, let the world be silent—"Solo Madrid es Corte—Donde esta Madrid calle el Mundo!"

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Spanish Drama — Its Fertility—Calderon — Tragedy—The Sainete—Its Popular Character—Theatres of the Cross and Prince—Arrangement of Houses—Actors—La Torre—Guzman—Actresses—The Prompter—The Bolero—The Fandango—The Cachucha.

THE late period of the Constitution was, in Madrid, a season of jubilee, in which the public mind, so long shackled by despotism, and held in check by inquisitorial dread, was at once allowed free exercise and unrestrained expression. The people, intoxicated by indistinct notions of liberty, evinced their joy by crowding to the places of public amusement, and by festive entertainments given in the open promenade of the Prado. This, however, had its end, like the season of stupor by which it had been preceded. The French were admitted to an easy conquest of Spain, and Ferdinand, having exchanged one set of masters for another, returned once more to his capital. Fury and fanaticism came with him; robberies, murders, and public executions took the place of rejoicings; and the Spaniards, who still continued to think and feel, sought to conceal it under a cloak of apathy. The effect of such a change on public manners is perfectly obvious; friends no longer cared to meet friends, when every topic of discourse might lead insensibly to something that was proscribed, and when no man was willing to trust his security to the keeping of another. Each person sought his amusements within the well-bolted door of his own apartment, and festivity no longer gained by participation. As the storm passed over, and the panic abated, the intercourse of society was partially resumed; but, in general, it still confines

itself to meeting at the theatres, public walks, or in the evening tertulias, when the ladies remain at home and receive the visits of their male acquaintance, who circulate until a late hour from house to house. In the most distinguished class, consisting of the higher noblesse and the diplomatic corps, the French usages are so entirely adopted, that when they occasionally come together, even the national language is partially superseded. With the French customs, however, the French fondness for society has not been adopted, or else it is restrained and counteracted by political dissension.

Notwithstanding the stagnation of public festivity brought about by the counter-revolution, those who cater for the Spanish nation in all matters, whether of politics, information, or amusement, still continue to provide certain diversions to give employment to the public mind. Of these, the most prominent is the drama.

The Spanish theatre is said to possess the richest fund of dramatic literature in existence, and to have contributed abundantly to the other stages of Europe. It counts upwards of twenty thousand comedies, of which Lope de Vega alone furnished near two thousand. Lope de Vega is by far the most prolific dramatist that ever lived, and a line of his own has been quoted to show that the same day has frequently witnessed the writing and performance of his comedies. They are not, however, so much esteemed as those of Calderon de la Barca, who wrote less and better. Calderon is remarkable for a fruitful invention in developing a plot, and in bringing about unexpected coincidences; for nobleness of sentiment, too, and harmony of diction; but his compositions are wanting in attention to general effect, abound in plays upon words and equivoque, mix together pathos and buffoonery, and sometimes set all moral at defiance. They are chiefly copies of Spanish manners, as they existed in the heroic days of the nation, abounding

in romantic actions of courage and patriotism, of disinterested generosity and of revenge, the consequence of that easily-offended honour which distinguished the old cavaliers. They likewise show the intrigue which passionate love suggested in a country where the obstacles to female intercourse, the bolts and bars bequeathed by the Moors, which compassed the Spanish women about as in a seraglio, served to inflame desire and awaken ingenuity. Scarcely one of them but has a lover, meaning no harm, yet caught by accident in the apartment of his mistress, and forced to resort to concealment. The brother of the lady enters and discovers the supposed delinquent; a duel ensues, and, without time for explanation, he is left dead on the pavement. The lady is casually saved from a similar fate by the interposition of a third person, and presently after her innocence is manifest. Sometimes there are three or four duels, and as many dying men crying out, "Muerto soy!" in the very first "jornada." This furnishes abundant perplexity for the heroes and heroines, of whom there are usually two or three sets, and the plot becomes entangled in such a knot of trouble, that to cut off the whole dramatis personæ would seem the only means of extrication. But is one man left dead at the door, and another killed in the house, and does the justice, which in Spain is looked upon as the most terrible of all visitations, set upon the afflicted parties?—the ready wit of a lady saves all; the alguazil is told that the dead men had fallen by each other's hands, and this difficulty is removed to make room for a succession of others, which appear and vanish before the ingenuity of the author, until the entanglements being all dexterously unravelled as if by magic, the survivers are at length seen linked in couples, ready to be married at the falling of the curtain.

How little the moral is sometimes regarded by Calderon may be seen in the tragedy entitled "A Secreto Agravio,

Secreta Venganza," which I saw represented at Madrid. It begins with the story of one Don Juan, who, having killed a rival for giving him the lie at Goa, escapes in a ship to Lisbon, where he is publicly pointed at as an insulted man, and at once puts to death this new assailant of his honour. These two preliminary deaths are introduced for no other purpose than to prove that an affront is often remembered when its reparation is forgotten. On his arrival at Lisbon, Don Juan finds his old friend, Don Lope de Almeyda, newly married to Doña Leonor, a lady of Toledo. This Doña Leonor had been affianced to Don Luis de Benavidas, who, being at the wars in Flanders, is, through some mistake, reported to have been slain in battle. Doña Leonor, believing her lover dead, becomes indifferent to life, and is easily prevailed upon by her father to give herself away to Don Lope de Almeyda. Scarcely, however, has she contracted this unhappy tie, when her former lover, the only lover of her choice, returns from Flanders, and appears before her in Lisbon. The first surprise over, she reproaches his delay as the cause of her misfortunes. Then, yielding to the necessities of her situation, and to the new obligations which bound her, she grants him an interview, that they might make their peace and bid adieu for ever. For this purpose, Don Luis is admitted into the house of Leonor. As bad luck, or the will of the poet, would have it, he is there discovered by Don Lope in concealment. The latter, however, dreads the stain which his honour would suffer from public scandal, if a fatal affray should take place in his own house. He therefore affects to believe the evasive explanations of Don Luis, and conducts him secretly to a door, whence he makes his escape; consoling himself with the reflection, that a man who seeks revenge must await the occasion, and, until it be found, suffer, dissemble, and be silent. At length, chance throws the husband and the lover together into the same boat, embarked

upon the Tagus. There, Don Lope grapples with the supposed destroyer of his honour, and throws him into the stream. Thus much of his revenge accomplished, Don Lope returns to land as if shipwrecked; and, having told Doña Leonor that his companion had perished in the destruction of the boat, he affects to receive her grief at the death of her lover as if excited by his own danger. In the dead of that very night, he fires his country-house upon the banks of the Tagus, and murders his wife. Fire and water have thus combined to cleanse his honour of its stain, and he consoles himself with the reflection that his secret is in good keeping, and that they will not proclaim his affront who cannot proclaim his revenge. The story is only related to King Sebastian, who observes, that a secret injury calls for secret revenge, and the survivers set off to fight for religion in Africa.

The Spanish sainetes or farces are very different from these long-winded old tragedies of "capa y espada." The scene, instead of passing in the capital, is always laid in some obscure village; and the personages, instead of being princes or nobles, are of the lowest class. The stage is alternately trodden by a gipsy, an alcalde, or an alguazil, a robber, a contrabandista, or a sexton. The plot of the sainete is always perfectly simple, and turns more frequently upon the passing interest of a moment, than upon matters which concern the future happiness of the parties. The inside of a dwelling or posada, or the public square of a village, is laid open to the audience. A few of the worthies of the place come together, and talk for half an hour, uttering equivoques, and sometimes saying things that are not at all equivocal. They at last begin to quarrel, and get by the ears; the chairs and tables are overturned in the confusion, and the parties fall to beating each other off the stage with pasteboard clubs, which make a loud report, and gratify the audience, without breaking the bones of the comedians.

There is no people who have more in their manners of the grotesque and amusing than the people of Spain; for this reason, the sainete, which, like Gil Blas, is a copy and not an invention, is always full of amusement. The play upon words, and the lively sallies of the gracioso, so offensive in serious pieces, are here no longer amiss. One has to laugh, not only at the wit of the sainete, but often at its very absurdity. The name of the piece, too, and the list of personages, often suffice of themselves to promote merriment. At one time it is Saint Anthony's Pig, in which the characters are a peasant, his wife, an alcalde, a castrador, and a sexton, the latter of whom makes love successfully and talks Latin. At another, it is the Cause of a Jackass, pleaded by his driver and an innkeeper, before some worthy alcalde, who administers justice much after the manner of Sancho in his Island of Baritaria. The interlude of Olalla is a good specimen of the Spanish sainete.

Olalla is a country lass, sadly perplexed by the solicitations of several equally detested suiters. One of them is a sexton, another a soldier, and a third no less a personage than the village doctor. In order to rid herself of their entreaties, she determines to set them all by the ears together. When, therefore, the sexton comes to see her, she promises to grant his most unreasonable request if he will dress himself as a dead man, and lay himself out in the church at midnight. From the soldier she next obtains a promise that he will go at the same hour and keep watch over the corpse; and the doctor is persuaded to assume the attributes of the devil, and go to turn the dead man out of his coffin. Last of all, she gives notice to the alguazils of the expected disorder. At the appointed hour, Rinconete, the sexton, goes to the church, wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet, with a light in his hand, and his face covered with flour. Having stretched himself out in the place

where the funeral mass is performed, he puts the candlestick on his breast, and commences a soliloquy on the wonder-working power of love. Presently the soldier appears, and takes his post tremblingly, though with sword and buckler. The sexton is greatly alarmed at the soldier, and the soldier much more so in finding himself in private with a dead man, who presently begins to talk with him, and tell him that there is no jest about it, but that he is really dead. Upon this the doctor enters, covered over with little bells, having a pair of horns on his head and a long tail behind. He is the least frightened of all, and finds that the guise of the devil lends him courage. The soldier, unused to face such foes, is greatly dismayed, and the dead man believes that the devil has indeed come for his own. Meanwhile the devil advances, catches the corpse by the feet, and pitches it over upon the pavement. The dead man resents the blow. He falls upon the devil; and the soldier, gaining courage as the strife grows warm, begins to lay about him furiously. As a finale, they are all pounced upon in the midst of the affray, and carried off by the justicia.

In addition to the tragedies, comedies, and farces, they have in Spain short musical pieces, called tonadíllas and seguidíllas, which are sung, danced, and recited by two or three performers. The music is entirely national; and one may find in these little primitive pieces the earliest stage of the opera. As for the theatres of Madrid, they do not confine themselves to Spanish productions; but more frequently represent tragedies, comedies, and melodrames, in the modern taste, chiefly translated from the French. They likewise have very fair Italian operas once or twice a week, which are given in the two theatres alternately.

There are at present in Madrid two public theatres, the Theatre of the Cross and the Prince's Theatre. Their decoration is neat, though plain, and the scenery very

good; each is capable of containing about fifteen hundred persons, and in arrangement they cannot well be surpassed for comfort and convenience. The half of the pit immediately behind the orchestra is divided into rows of seats, each with a back and arms, and numbered, so that a person may, late or early, find his place unoccupied. These seats are called "lunetas," and are either hired for a month or for the evening, at twelve reals, or sixty cents. The remaining half of the pit contains seats of inferior price and convenience; and still farther in the rear are people who stand up and see the play, mixed with royalist volunteers, who are present to keep order. The galleries are divided into private boxes, which are either hired for the season or the night. Except one little pigeon-house next the ceiling, which is known by the sociable name of the tertulia, the men, in the public parts of the house, are always kept separate from the women. For the accommodation of the latter there is a large place called the cazuela, directly in front of the stage, separated from the rest of the theatre, and where none can enter but women in black mantillas. In the intervals of performance, the gentlemen rise from their seats in the lunetas, and go to wait upon their female acquaintances in the boxes; or else they stand up with their backs to the stage, and sweep the whole range of the house with their double opera-glasses. When they catch the eye of a female friend, they beckon with their hands, and take their hats off; a salutation which the lady returns with a nod, a smile, a brightening of the eye, and a pleasing beckoning with the fan or fingers. The whole range being well examined, and this task of salutation over, all eyes are turned towards the cazuela, or stewpan. To look on the pale faces, black mantillas, and blacker eyes of the damsels assembled there, one might almost believe them a party of nuns, such as may be seen in the chapel of a convent, peeping through a grating upon some solemn cere-

mony, and casting now and then a furtive, I have sometimes fancied, a wistful glance, upon the assembled multitude. This deception, however, is but momentary; for the inmates of the cazuela are, many of them, any thing but nuns. It is somewhat unfavourable to the gentler sex to remark, that while every thing goes on orderly in the lunetas, the cazuela is often the scene of scolding and contention. This, however, may proceed from their being more crowded together than the men, and being, furthermore, left entirely to themselves; while the men are watched and taken care of by sundry fierce-looking realistas. Be it as it may, there was sometimes more real amusement in glancing into the cazuela than in gazing at the stage; for, what with confusion of voices, adjusting of hair and mantillas, nods, glances, and agitation of fans, it had the turmoil and flutter of a rookery.

The two companies of Madrid are of pretty equal force; but if there be any difference, it is in favour of the Principe. At the Cruz, the first parts are filled by Garcia Luna; at the Principe, by La Torre, who is the first Spanish tragedian of the day. La Torre is a pupil of the celebrated Maiquez, who must, from all accounts, have been a wonderful actor. Maiquez had formed himself under the eye of Talma, and played for a while with great success in Madrid; but, being infected with liberal notions, he found a difficulty in smothering his feelings, and allowed himself on several occasions to direct his indignant declamations towards the king, who used to come frequently to the theatre during the lifetime of his last queen. For this or some other reason he fell into disgrace, and was driven from the capital; and, being unable to delight other countries with those talents which could only be appreciated in his own, he languished in poverty somewhere in Andalusia, where he at last pined away and died, just before the return of the Constitution. As for La Torre, he is above the middle

size, and finely proportioned, but his face is far from handsome. His features are large and coarse, and deeply pitted with the smallpox. La Torre is, on the whole, a good tragedian, equal, perhaps, to the best on the French stage. He has, to a certain extent, freed himself from those prescribed modes of declamation, those gestures established by custom for every sentiment, and that forced and inflated style which is general among Spanish players, and which they doubtless borrow from the exaggerated and bombastic character of their national drama. Though following nature rather than the rules of critics, La Torre is still a long way from perfection, and is entirely a stranger to those quiet, those wonder-working touches, which gave such a charm to the acting of Talma.

Nor should I forget to mention Guzman, who likewise plays at the Principe, and who is far better as a gracioso than La Torre as a tragedian. As for the female performers, they are equally poor in both theatres; a singular fact, which may, perhaps, find a cause in the disreputable character of the dramatic profession in Spain, which excludes educated women from the stage; and in the looseness of morals, which often leads such as are beautiful to abandon an ungrateful profession. In private life, the Spanish females are remarkable for tact and sprightliness in conversation, and for that natural courtesy which gives a charm to social intercourse. When they step upon the stage they seem to leave all their fascination behind them; their manner is at times inflated and unnatural; at others they exhibit symptoms of weariness by gaping, or of inattention to the business of the scene, by exchanging glances of recognition and smiles with their acquaintance among the audience.

But by far the most objectionable appendage of the Spanish stage is its prompter, who sits in a kind of trap-door in front of the stage, immediately behind the lights, con-

cealed from the audience by a tin box: from hence he reads the whole of the piece for the guidance of the players, who seldom commit their parts to memory. His book and hand usually project upon the boards, and are seen pointing from one to another of the actors, to indicate whose turn it is, his voice being always audible; and occasionally, in a pathetic part, his declamation becomes loud and impassioned, and he forgets where he is, until called back by the audience. Since the prompter precedes the actor, you frequently know in anticipation what the latter is to say, and the idea is conveyed by the ear before you see the action which is meant to accompany it; after a while the actor draws himself up in a mysterious way, to repeat to you a secret which is already in your possession. This is even more monstrous than the custom which prevailed in the infancy of the Greek drama, of having one man to speak and another to gesticulate. All deception is destroyed, and the chief pleasure of the drama, that of making one forget that he has actors before him, instead of persecuted orphans, hapless lovers, or heroes bearing up under misfortune, is lost entirely. It is an excellence which, with one or two solitary exceptions, is absolutely unknown to the Spanish comedians; they are all players.

At all events, this is true of them considered as tragedians. In the sainete, the case is different; indeed, no sooner is the tragedy over, and the men, throwing away cloak and sword, and kicking off the buskin, appear in the every-day garb of peasants, gipsies, and contrabandistas, and the women, laying aside their assumed and ill-worn look of innocence, step forth loosely and boldly as coquettes and shrews, than the audience is at once lost to every thing but the reality of the scene. The jokes and equivoques call down unremitting bursts of laughter, and the finale of breaking each other's heads with clubs of paper is the signal for shouting and uproar amid the dispersing audience.

That the Spaniards should fail in tragedy and succeed in farce, may clash with all those received notions of lofty bearing and Castilian gravity which the reader may have formed to himself. Such is, nevertheless, the case; and I describe things as I found them, not as I expected to find them.

But I had wellnigh forgotten to say something of the dancing, usually introduced as an interlude between the play and the farce. Who has not heard of the fandango? —a dance which has been bequeathed to Spain by the Arabs, together with the guitar and the castanet, and which, though now banished from refined society there, still prevails in all the cities of South America. The fandango is danced by two persons, who stand opposite to each other, and who, without touching so much as a finger, still contrive to interest each other by alluring postures, by advancing, retreating, and pursuit; the female flying for a time before her partner like a scared pullet, and showing at last evident symptoms of languor, hesitation, and approaching defeat. No one can deny that the fandango is a most fascinating dance; and there is even a story told of it, which would set the matter beyond a doubt, and which is, perhaps, as true as many other very good stories.

The holy see, it appears, being incited by the solicitude of the Spanish clergy to attempt the reformation of public morals in Spain, issued a decree forbidding the exhibition of bullfights, and sent a Roman bull to drive all the Spanish ones out of the arena. This triumph paved the way for another; the fandango was presently attacked in form, as having a tendency to excite unchaste desires, and to promote sensuality. But as the reverend consistory of cardinals was too just to pass sentence unheard, even upon the fandango, a couple were brought before the grave assemblage to exhibit the delinquent dance. The dancers made their appearance in the usual costume, took out their cas-

tanets, raised their voices, and commenced the fandango. The venerable fathers first received them with the look of sages, determined to hear in patience and decide justly. When the dance began, however, they contracted their brows and looked on frowningly, as if each would conceal his own secret satisfaction. But at last nature overcame dissimulation, their hearts warmed, their countenances brightened, and, flinging their long hats and scullcaps at each other, they began to caper over the floor, in delighted imitation of the fandango.

The fandango having thus successfully pleaded its own defence, continued to appear nightly upon the Spanish stage, and the progress of refinement in the public taste has gradually stripped it of all indecorum. The bolero is neither more nor less than a new edition of the fandango, which contains all the beauties of the original, curtailed of every thing which might offend the most scrupulous delicacy. There are several varieties of the bolero, known by distinct names, and which may be danced by two, four, six, and even eight persons. To my taste, however, the most beautiful version of all is the cachucha. It consists of a natural succession of movements at once easy and graceful, and has been well defined "a just and harmonious convulsion of the whole body." You are not astonished, as at the French opera, by the execution of feats of force and agility, which you would deem impossible did you not see them, nor by a combination of intricate movements in which the art consists in reducing confusion to order; but you are led along, delighted by a series of motions and attitudes, which succeed each other so naturally, that the dancers seem to be on the floor rather for their own amusement than for the purpose of exhibition. In France, the standard of excellence consists in who shall jump the highest, and turn round longest on one foot, the other being raised to a level with the chin. There the legs do every thing; but the

Andalusian bolera dances not only with her feet, but likewise with her arms, with the graceful inflections of her body, and with her speaking eyes.

I have seen the cachucha danced in many Spanish cities, but never so well as one night in the theatre of Malaga. On that occasion, the couple could scarce have been surpassed, either for good looks or good dancing. Of the young man it is but small praise to say, that he was of fine size and perfect proportions; for how could it be otherwise, when he had been selected from a whole nation of well-made men, to do the honours of his country? All this nature had given him; nor had art failed to lend its assistance. He was dressed in the gala costume of Andalusia, which is known all over Spain under the well-received name of majo, or dandy. His long hair was combed backward and platted with ribands, while his luxuriant whiskers were trimmed into the true Andalusian curve. Over a shirt richly worked at the breast, sleeves, and collar, he wore a green velvet jacket, too narrow to meet in front, and trimmed at the lapels and cuffs with abundance of dangling gold buttons of basket-work. Under this jacket, and indeed forming part of it, was a waistcoat of the same material, richly embroidered with gold, and which served to tighten the outer jacket to the body. The collar of his shirt was confined by a narrow scarf of yellow silk, which descended along the bosom, and his waist was also girded with many turns of a sash of the same material. He wore small-clothes of green velvet, studded with buttons from the hip to the knee, white silk stockings, and black shoes; and an embroidered handkerchief peeped from each pocket of his jacket. Such was the majo of Malaga.

But how shall I give the reader an adequate idea of the charms of the bolera? for though here, too, art had been busy, nature had done more, and even surpassed herself. Though taller than women usually are, she was still of per-

fect conformation, with just enough of fulness to remove the imputation of being lean, and to indicate the perfection of agility and grace. Her appearance offered one of the best comments upon the character of the bolero; for her form had not suffered by the nature of the exercise, and was neither cramped nor disfigured by painful exertion. Her head wore no other covering than its own luxuriant tresses of jet black hair, parted in the middle, and decorated by a single red rose. As for her complexion, it was of a ripe and ruddy brown, with features dignified enough, but rather laughing and complacent; white teeth, well-arched eyebrows, and flashing eyes, such as are only to be met with in the mellow region of Andalusia. There was, in fact, about this lovely girl, the air of one who had inherited even more than a woman's share of soul and feeling.

The dress of the maja was of green silk, trimmed with gold, and the lower half was entirely surrounded by a loose tassel-work of glittering gold fringe. When she stood still, it hung in rich and heavy folds around her; but, when turning rapidly in the windings of the dance, it would expand into a golden halo. Though her dress rose high in the neck, it left the arms at liberty, and their healthy hue was relieved by black ribands tied above the wrist and elbow, while a string of the same confined a castanet to either thumb. Over stockings of white silk she wore a light slipper, partially covering a foot that did but touch the ground, as if unwillingly, at the heel and toe, and seemed to spurn it.

The music has given a preparatory flourish, and the fine-looking young man and this bewitching girl have darted from behind the scenes, rattling their castanets as they come. They are evidently well pleased with themselves, and their eyes beam with good-humour towards each other and the happy audience. As for the bolera, she salutes us with a laughing eye, a retreating step, a backward motion

of the arms, and a single stroke of her castanet. They are, in fact, only waiting for the murmur of applause to pass away, that they may begin the entertainment. I would willingly make the reader follow them in this trial of grace; but to give an idea of any dance, where so much depends on the motion, the attitude, or the look of the moment, is an ungrateful task. I will therefore merely tell him that here, as in most Spanish dances, there was implied a simple story of rural courtship and coquetry, upon which to found a pantomime. The dancers alternately advanced, drew back, pursued, retreated, passed and repassed each other, keeping time all the while with their arms and castanets, nay, with the whole body, to a peculiar music, which was sometimes gay, sprightly, and animating, sometimes wild, plaintive, and reproachful, expressing, now contentment and happiness, now the poignant sorrow of unrequited love. Occasionally there would occur an abrupt break in the music, and they would remain an instant in the attitude in which it left them. At others, the bolera alone would pause, look with a satisfied air upon the performance of her partner, and, not content with striking the castanets in her extended hands, would mark the time for him by a skilful motion of her heel. At this critical moment the curtain interposed its dingy folds; the interruption was most unwelcome, for I thought I could have thus gazed for ever. Nor was the impression merely momentary; for never since then have I heard the sound of the castanet, without a quickened motion of my blood and a full recollection of that lovely Maligueña.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BULL-FEAST.

Its Origin—The Royal Feasts—Their Magnificence—Noble Combatants—The Spear—Modern Fight—The Arena—Winter Feast—Young Bulls—The Audience—Opening of the Feast—The Chulos—The Picadores—The Bull—The Fight—The Horses—The Matadore—The Death.

THE bullfight is the great national amusement of Spain; an amusement which, though it may be stigmatized as cruel and brutalizing, is nevertheless unequalled in deep and anxious interest. As for the drama, it owes every thing to deception, and it is only when most cheated that we are most amused. I have seen Talma stand alone upon the stage, and describe the execution of Mary Stewart, as it advances in the hall adjoining. He shows you each motion of the victim; she ascends the scaffold under the pious revilings of the English dean, prepares her neck to meet the instrument of the executioner, takes an affectionate leave of her followers. Presently the hollow sounding stroke of the axe calls forth a piercing shriek, and deprives him of sensibility; the audience is convulsed with horror. I have seen this same wonderful man and Mademoiselle Mars in Kotzebue's drama of the Stranger. The heart-broken husband and the unhappy wife have come together to take a last farewell; forgiveness has been asked and granted, and the hard, the fatal word is already uttered. They turn to depart, and are met by their children. They pause, embrace these dear pledges of a still lingering love, turn again to look, then fall upon the necks of each other. I saw this, and wept until I was ashamed of myself; but this dramatic interest, though more grateful to our best sensibil-

ities, more worthy of a feeling heart, is far less powerful than that which is excited by the real dangers of the arena.

It has furnished matter of much learned discussion, whether the Spaniards derive their bullfights from the Romans or the Moors. It is, however, pretty well established, that the Taurilia of the Romans were similar to those of modern times. It is equally certain that the bullfight held an important rank in the chivalrous sports of the Arabian Spaniards. Having adopted this custom of the conquered country, they carried it to great perfection; for with them it furnished a means of finding favour with the fair, who attended the spectacle, and was, besides, a miniature of those scenes of strife and warfare in which they were constantly engaged. They, doubtless, introduced the mode of fighting the bull on horseback and with the lance; for they were a nation of cavaliers, who did every thing in the saddle, and even conquered Spain at a gallop. Thus improved, the bullfight, with many other usages, was transmitted by the Moors to their Christian conquerors, who also inherited many beautiful ballads on the subject. These are still preserved in the Castilian, and form part of the spoil which the exiles left behind them when they returned to Africa.

Even in the last century, the Royal Feasts were still celebrated in Spain on all great occasions, such as the birth, marriage, or coronation of a prince. In Madrid, these feasts always took place in the Plaza Mayor, an extensive quadrangle, four hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, which stands in the centre of the city. The Plaza Mayor is surrounded by uniform ranges of houses, five and six stories high, with wide balconies and an arcade below, which runs round the whole interior. At each of the corners, and midway between them, are arched portals, which communicate with the streets without, while within the arcade furnishes a covered walk round the area, which serves as a market-place. The buildings around the Plaza

Mayor consist of the royal bakery, and of one hundred and thirty-six dwelling-houses, which contain a population of three thousand persons. When the royal feasts took place, the front apartments of these houses were let out by their occupants, and thronged with spectators to their very roofs. Below, wooden benches were erected for the populace, and the royal halberdiers, with their steel-headed battleaxes, formed a barrier to protect them from the fury of the bull. The royal family drove into the Plaza in splendid carriages of state, and being attended by the first cavaliers and most distinguished beauties of the court, took their station in the gilded balconies of the Panaderia; while all the surrounding houses were hung with curtains of variegated silk, intermingled with fans and handkerchiefs, set in motion by the hand of beauty.

When all was ready, the cavaliers selected for the combat made their appearance in gala coaches, attended by their sponsors, who were usually the first grandees of Spain; for in the days of chivalry, to fight the bull was the peculiar privilege of gentle blood. They were followed by companies of horsemen, dressed in the Moorish garb, who led the horses of their masters. These having mounted and received their lances, went beneath the royal balcony to salute the king, and each took care, doubtless, to catch the approving or cautionary glance of his mistress. The arena being cleared by the alguazils, the king waved his handkerchief, warlike music repeated the signal, and a bull was let in. The cavaliers approached him one by one, with lances in rest, and their ardour was shared by their proud-spirited horses. Sometimes the bull would receive the spear deep into his neck, at others he would shiver it to pieces, and overturn every thing in his course.

There were on these occasions several modes of combat. Dogs were occasionally introduced to meet the bull, and though often tossed and mangled, it was more frequent

for them to succeed in seizing his nose and holding him motionless to the ground. Another manner was much more harmless. The skins of different animals, blown into whimsical figures, were placed in the arena; and it was often found that the bull had less dread of an armed antagonist than of these immoveable objects, which awaited his attack without any sign of fear. There was, however, one mode the most cruel and dangerous of all. A man dressed in fantastic colours, to attract attention, placed himself in front of the portal by which the bull was to enter, holding in both hands an iron spear, one end of which was fixed in the ground, while the point inclined upward in the direction of the portal; the combatant crouched closely behind this spear, which served the double purpose of weapon and defence. Thus prepared, he awaited the career of the bull, who, on the opening of the portal, made at once towards the only object which stood in the way of its fury. If the career of the bull were direct, the spear entered deep into his forehead, and he remained nailed to the earth; if, on the contrary, the hold of the combatant became unsteady through fear, or the bull glanced to either side, he would pass the point of the weapon with a grazed face or the loss of an eye, and dart with fury upon his unprotected victim, toss him high into the air, and moisten the arena with his blood.

The bullfight has been several times abolished in Spain; once in 1567, by an edict of Pope Pius V., which was revoked in 1576 by Clement VIII. In the present century it was again abolished by Godoy; but is now re-established, and will doubtless long continue to form the favourite amusement of the Spanish people. It is true that it is no longer the splendid spectacle which it once was; we look in vain for the gilded balconies, thronged with the wealthy and the beautiful, and for that soul-inspiring enthusiasm which has died with the days of chivalry. But though

princes and nobles no longer descend into the arena, their places are filled with equal courage, and, perhaps, greater skill, by butchers from Andalusia, who become toreros by profession. The toreros of modern times no longer contend from a thirst after honourable distinction, or a desire to win the approving smile of beauty; but for money, to be spent in taverns, where such as escape the dangers of the arena usually end their lives in brawls by the knives of their companions.

At Madrid the bullfight now takes place in an edifice called the Plaza de Toros, which stands upon an eminence without the gate of Alcala. The Plaza is of a circular form, and not elliptical, like the Roman amphitheatres. It differs from them, too, in being of frail and paltry construction, and in being partially covered with a roof, while the amphitheatre consisted usually of huge masses of uncemented granite, with no other shelter than a canvass awning, which protected the audience, but left the arena uncovered. The extreme diameter of the Plaza is three hundred and thirty feet; of the arena, two hundred and twenty. It is capable of containing eleven thousand spectators. The exterior wall is of brick, but the barriers, benches, and pillars, which sustain the two covered galleries and the roof, are all of wood. The upper gallery is divided into commodious boxes, of which the one which looks to the north, and is never shone on by the sun, is decorated with the royal arms, and set apart for the king. Beneath the first gallery is another similar to it, except that it is not divided into boxes, but is left open the whole way round; lower still is a succession of uncovered benches, sloping down towards the lobby which encloses the arena. These benches make the complete circuit of the edifice, and give a good idea of the Roman amphitheatre.

The portion of the Plaza allotted to the bulls, horses, and toreros, is of very simple construction; the arena is

enclosed by a barrier six feet high, surrounded by a circular lobby, into which the combatants escape when too hotly pursued. This lobby is pierced by four sets of folding-doors, communicating with the arena and the different apartments beneath the amphitheatre. One of these is the toril, where the bulls are enclosed preparatory to the combat. A second door in front of the toril gives admittance to the alguazils, who act as marshals; a third, to the horses and picadores; while through a fourth are dragged away the carcasses of the victims.

In summer the bull-feast usually takes place in the morning of a week-day, which is spent by the labouring classes in idleness and debauchery; in winter, on Sunday afternoon. The winter feasts are called "Corridas de Novillos," because only young bulls are then brought forward. The style of the handbill issued on these occasions is singularly indicative of that propensity to be pompous and bombastic, which the Spaniards ridicule in the Portuguese, and for which they themselves are equally remarkable. It begins thus: "The king our master, whom may God preserve, has been pleased to name this day for the fifth course of novillos, granted by his majesty for the benefit of his royal hospitals and the gratification of his vassals. His excellency, the corregidor of this very heroic city, will preside over the Plaza. The function to commence with two valiant novillos, which will be attacked by the intrepid amateurs Bernardo Bermudez and Ramon de Rosa."

This modest invitation was always sufficient to bring together several thousand motley Madrileños and Madrileñas. Few or none of the Spanish gentry were present on these occasions, and the boxes of the upper row were almost entirely deserted. I do not know, however, whether they continue to avoid the Plaza in summer, when the number of muertos or bulls which are to die in the arena, instead of two, is increased to six, and when a hotter

sun maddens the victims into deadlier fury. The second row was usually better filled, with company, however, by no means select. The well-dressed persons were chiefly strangers belonging to the different legations, intermingled with officers, royalist volunteers, shopkeepers, and women, congregated together, or else singly, with small children by the hand, and not a few with infants. Here and there, too, one might see a dirty priest, who, having chanted himself hoarse in the morning, comes with his snuff or cigarillo to pass more congenially the evening of the Sabbath. But the uncovered benches of the patio were ever filled to overflowing with the populace; and no vagabond ever remained away who could muster the two reals demanded for admission, whether by stealing or starvation. Here the canalla are in all their glory. While the contest lasts, they encourage or reprove the combatants, applaud or bellow at the bull, then shout, swear, and whistle during the period of the interlude. It is they, in fact, who give a tone and character to the whole entertainment.

The hour appointed for the commencement of the feast having at length arrived, the corregidor takes his seat in the royal box, supported by his officers. A priest also remains in waiting with "su Magestad," the host, ready to administer the sacrament to the dying toreros. The trumpets now sound, the gate under the royal box is thrown open, and two alguazils enter the lists, mounted on proud Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under manes parted in the middle, with eyes glaring fiercely through their forelocks, and tails which sweep the arena. These noble animals are richly caparisoned, with powerful bits, peaked saddles, and broad stirrups, after the manner of the East. The alguazils have their black wands of office, and are dressed in cloak, buskin, slashed sleeves, ruffles, and plumed hat, the graceful costume of Hernan Cortez and Gonzalo. Having ridden round the lists to clear

them of those who have been sweeping and sprinkling the ground, and of the canalla who have been wrestling and rolling in the dust, they meet each other in the centre, and then ride to the box of the corregidor, before which they make an obeisance, to signify that every thing is ready for the opening of the feast. Upon this the corregidor throws down the key of the toril, waves his handkerchief, and the music stationed at the opposite side of the amphitheatre sounds a march. The folding-gates are thrown open at the left, and the chulos enter, escorting the two picadores.

The chulos, or cheats, are dressed as majos, in black, green, or crimson. They are all well-made men, and are seen to peculiar advantage in their tight dress, ornamented with bunches of riband at the knees, and shoe-ties, and in the hair. Besides a worked cambric handkerchief floating from either pocket, each chulo wears a silk cloak of green, red, or yellow, which serves to irritate the bull, and to divert his attention.

The picadores wear Moorish jackets embroidered with gold, large flat hats of white, ornamented with roses or gay ribands, and which are confined by a string passing round the chin, and buckskin pantaloons lined with plates of armour to protect the leg. Their lance is long and heavy, with a small three-cornered point of steel at the end. This point is wound round with yarn, so that the more it is pressed by the bull, the deeper it enters. The lance of the picador serves to turn the bull off, but does him little injury; indeed, it may rather be looked on as a defensive than as an offensive weapon. Thus, in the contest between the bull and the picador, the danger is altogether on the side of the horse and his rider. The picadores enter the lists mounted on jaded beasts, which are evidently within a few months of their natural death. They are bought for a few dollars, part of which the proprietor gets back by the sale of the skin. When brought into the lists, they are half

hidden under huge Moorish saddles, which rise before and behind, near a foot from the back, in order to strengthen the seat of the picador. If the animal has a good eye remaining, he blinds it with his pocket handkerchief. The attire of the picador is usually soiled by frequent rolling in the dust; hence, when he poises his lance and kicks his limping beast forward, by dint of spur, to pay his devoirs to the corregidor, his whole appearance offers a striking contrast to the gallant bearing of the alguazil.

The winter feast always commenced with novillos embolados, whose horns were covered with balls, and who overturned the picadores and their horses without doing them much injury. This contest is sustained usually by novices, whose clumsy efforts to turn aside the bull give infinite amusement to the audience, and prepare them to estimate the excellence of the veteran picadores, who come afterward to contend with the muertos. Indeed, to appreciate correctly the difficulty of any task, we should not only see it well, but ill executed. The novillos, and the novices who contend with them, having left the lists, two old toreros ride through the portal, and are greeted with the applause of the multitude, to whom they have been rendered familiar by many a feat of skill and courage, and by many a scene of danger. There is no limit to the lengths to which they go in the amphitheatre to give effect to this force of contrast, or to excite attention by some novel feature in the entertainment. A friend who visited Madrid some years ago, witnessed the rare spectacle of two women entering the lists as picadores. One of them, the wife of a barber, showed great courage, and turned the bull off repeatedly, encouraged by enthusiastic cries of "Viva la barbera!—Success to the barber's wife!" The other, not having so much heart, was overturned and badly wounded.

To give a general idea of the mode of attacking the bull, it may be sufficient to describe an individual fight, by far

the most bloody of many that I saw in Spain. On the occasion to which I allude, the bull, though he bore the name of novillo, was a sturdy beast that might have counted a lustrum. Though not large, his conformation could scarce have been more powerful. He was rather lightly built behind, widening, however, in span towards the shoulders, which served as foundation to a thick neck and short head, armed with a pair of horns, which, though not long, were stout and well pointed. His coat was of a rusty brown, darkening into black towards the neck and shoulders, where it became thick and curly, like the mane of a lion.

This bull had taken the place of a companion who had preceded him to slaughter, in the narrow entry which leads from the toril to the arena. The chulos having taken their stand, with the two picadores drawn up behind them, the signal was given, and the trumpets sounded a martial flourish. The gates were at once thrown open to admit a passage into the lists, and we now first discovered the bull, such as I have described him, endeavouring to force his way through the iron grate which separated him from the toril. The poor animal had been tormented by separation from his flock, by confinement, by tortures to which his lacerated ears bore testimony, and by desires which had been pampered, but not gratified. At this moment a prick from a torero in the lobby caused him to turn about, when he discovered a clear passage into the lists, and rushed at once madly in, hoping, doubtless, that he had at last found an open road to conduct him to the fertile marshes of the Guadiana, where he had so long reigned lord of the herd.

This moment is one of the most interesting of the whole spectacle. The bull is seen coming forward in mad career; his tail writhing furiously, his head down, mouth foaming, nostrils wide open and fiery, and eyes glaring fiercely through the matted curls of his forehead; while

the red riband, nailed with a barbed iron to his neck, flutters wildly back, and serves at once as a torture and device. Having reached the centre of the arena, he discovers that his hope of escape is illusory; he pauses, glares with wonder upon the multitude drawn up in a continuous ring around him, and who greet his arrival with shouts, whistling, and the waving of garments. But, though astonished, he is not terrified. Determined to make good his retreat, he endeavours to accommodate his bewildered eye to the broad day of the arena, and to seek out an enemy upon whom to wreak the first efforts of his fury.

No sooner did the bull discover the chulos, fluttering their gay cloaks, and inviting him to victory by showing a disposition to fly before him, than he made after the nearest, at the top of his speed. The chulo, thus warmly pursued, waved his crimson cloak to the right and left, to retard the progress of the beast by rendering it unsteady, and, having with difficulty reached the barrier without being overtaken, he leaped over it into the lobby. The escape of the chulo was by no means premature; the bull reached the barrier at the same instant, and as the legs of the fugitive were vaulting over, his horns caught the fluttering silk and nailed it to the boards.

Excited by victory, the bull now makes for the picador. Here is another situation which would furnish a fine study for the pencil. The picador is seen drawn up at a short distance from the barrier, with his lance grasped tightly in his right hand and under the arm, and presenting the right shoulder of his horse to the attack of the bull. Before aiming his blow, the bull usually pauses a moment to eye his antagonist. Then, if he be cowardly, he paws the ground, bellows, and makes a great display of valour, going backwards all the while, as if to gain space for his career; but in reality to place a greater distance between himself and his adversary. Such, however, was neither the character

nor conduct of the bull in question; indeed, no sooner had he cleared his horns of the cloak of the chulo, than he rushed towards the first picador. The shouts of the multitude now gave place to silent glances of anxiety; for the bull, having aimed his blow, dropped his head to cover it with his horns, and, shutting his eyes, darted upon his enemy. This first effort, however, was unsuccessfully made, or at least it was defeated by the address of the picador; the bull was met by the lance just as he rose on his hind legs to make his last bound, and was turned dexterously aside. Without checking his career, he darted at once upon the second picador, drawn up behind his comrade. This new attack was more successful. The lance of the picador was driven in by force, and the horns of the infuriated animal entered deep into the side of his victim. The wounded horse now turned to escape in the direction opposite to that whence this unseen attack had come; but he was instantly overtaken by the bull, who, goring him in the flank, and tossing his head, completely overturned both horse and rider. But the fury of the animal was not yet satisfied; he darted upon his fallen adversary, and most unluckily came upon that side where lay the entangled picador, trampled him under foot, and drove his horns deep into the saddle. The anxiety of the multitude was now at its height, and horror was plainly painted upon every countenance. The men rose from their benches; some of the women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, while such as had infants clasped them tighter; at this moment the chulos came up with their cloaks, and drew the bull to another quarter of the lists. It was for a moment uncertain whether the fallen man were dead or living; but being at length raised from the dust, it appeared that he had sustained no serious injury. The horse, being the more prominent object of the two, had attracted the chief attention of the bull; but a deep rent in the jacket of the picador showed how narrow had been his escape.

While this was doing, the first horseman, who had turned the bull, rode round the lists to take his place in the rear of his comrade. His second effort to turn the bull was less successful; probably through the fault of the horse, which, being imperfectly blinded, saw the approach of his antagonist, and retreated sidewise before him. The lance of the rider was forced in, and the bull, darting his horns into the side of the horse, held him securely to the barrier. The picador, now abandoning his lance, caught the top of the barrier, and being assisted by people from without, was drawn over into the lobby. The chulos again diverted the attention of the bull; he released the horse, and the wounded beast, no longer supported by the murderous horns which had rendered support necessary, staggered sidewise towards the centre of the lists. At each step the blood gushed in a torrent from behind his shoulder, until he fell motionless to the earth. The saddle and bridle were at once stripped from the carcass of the horse, and carried away to deck out another for the same doom.

Meantime the second picador raised his horse from the ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a chulo, and commenced spurring the mangled beast around the arena. I felt more for this poor horse than I had for his hireling rider, when trampled beneath the feet of the bull; he was a beautifully-formed animal, once doubtless the pride of the Prado, and fit to have borne a Zegri beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardour; for though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the picador, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists, his bowels getting nearer and nearer to the ground, until they actually reached it, were drawn a while over the dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by

his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would perhaps have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favour. He was led staggering away, and as the gates closed upon him, we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were at an end.

The lists were now cleared, and the bull, wandering about unopposed, came at length to the spot wet with the blood of his comrade. When he had rooted the ground awhile, he turned his nose high into the air, snuffed the passing breeze, and then, having sought in vain to discover the passage by which he had entered, made a desperate effort to leap the barrier. He was very nearly successful; his body for an instant balanced in uncertainty on the top, and in the next fell back into the arena. The new hope thus speedily defeated, he bellowed in a low indistinct tone, and being excited by the taunting shouts which greeted his failure, fell to wreaking his fury upon the dead body of his first victim.

By this time the picadores were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and, being gored behind, fell back upon his rider. The chulos with their cloaks most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse, and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; the leg, being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out, and, with an agonized moan, he commenced scratching them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled. The trumpets gave a signal for a change in the bloody drama. Hitherto the bull alone had been the as-

sailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the chulos, having laid aside their cloaks, proceeded to arm themselves with banderillas: light darts which have a barbed point, and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colours. The chief art in placing the banderilla is to make the bull attack; if he do not, this operation, like the final office of the matadore, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straightforward career of a claro, or brave one.

A single instance may show the danger of attacking one of these treacherous bulls. El Sombrerero, thus surnamed from having been once a maker of hats, was for some years the most noted matadore in Spain. He was once dealing with a bull of this description, when the animal, by an irregular career, passed by his sword, caught him upon his horns, and, transfixing him, bore him bleeding round the arena. He at length was disengaged and taken off insensible. Nevertheless he recovered slowly, and, naturally enough, forswore his profession. But the taste for these sports, and perhaps extravagant habits not to be gratified by the narrow earnings of a hat-maker, drove him back at last to his old profession. He appeared again in the lists, but no longer with his former coolness and intrepidity. I saw him afterward in Granada, attacking a bull of the same character as the one which had been so near destroying him. The eccentric charges of the animal and his own faltering thrusts rendered his situation most critical, and the audience called loudly for the other matadore. This roused him, and a desperate though well-aimed thrust left him triumphant. I wondered more that he should have been able again to enter the arena, than that he should no longer do it with his former intrepidity.

But the bull in question was a claro. With a dart therefore in each hand, one of the chulos, now become banderil-

lero, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the banderillero likewise ran to meet him, and directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, while he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, and get a new supply of banderillas. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever; rubbed his neck against the boards of the barrier, in the vain hope of alleviation; a hope which was set at naught by his own ill-directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby, who would reach over and force the darts deeper, until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor can the torments he has suffered be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of the Plaza are inexorable; his name is muerto, and the red riband fluttering from his neck proclaims that he must die. The corregidor is seen to wave his handkerchief, the trumpets blow a warlike blast, and the matadore faces his antagonist.

The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet was no other than the principal matadore of Spain, Manuel Romero by name. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulence, with small regular features, a keen, sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger and to deal death. The dress of Romero was that of a majo, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery; his hair, combed backwards and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of a banner which was fastened to a short staff. The colour of this banner was red, deepened here and there into a

deadlier die, where it had been used after former combats to wipe the sword of the matadore. It was to him at once a trophy and a buckler, as with the warriors of old, who carried their achievements emblazoned on their shield.

Romero did not enter with the air of one who knew his own force and despised his adversary; nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow; but with a fearless, determined, yet quiet step. Having approached the box of the corregidor, he took off his hat and made a low obeisance; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre. This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back a few hairs which had escaped from the platting of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then taking his well-tried blade from beside the banner, he displayed a long straight Toledano, such as was once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

Meantime the chulos were occupied in running before the bull, and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to excite the last fit of ferocity, which was to facilitate his own destruction. In this way, the bull was enticed towards the spot where the matadore awaited him. The latter, holding out the banner, allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but the third time the matadore held the banner projecting across his body, while with his right hand extended over the top he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest; the multitude once more rise upon the benches. All eyes meet upon the glittering point of the weapon. The bull now makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the matadore, but the sword which he held a moment before is no longer seen; it has entered full length

beside the shoulder of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

Having received his death-blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly, was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the matadore, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches, mingled with the clang of trumpets to proclaim the triumph of the matadore.

A few more impotent attacks of the bull, and his strength began to pass away with the blood, which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he could no longer advance; the motion of his head became tremulous and unsteady; he bowed to his fate, paused a moment upon his knees, and then with a low moan settled upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn, then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over the whole frame of the victim, and his torments were at an end.

At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where lay the carcasses of the two horses. Having tied a rope about their necks, he lashed his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had

been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered. The canalla, too, who had jumped into the lists to sport with the novillos, unmindful that the animal which to-day furnished them with amusement, would to-morrow supply them with food, now jumped upon him, greeted him with kicks, and even fastened upon his tail. Trumpets had announced the entry of the bull; trumpets are again heard at his departure. But who can recognise, in the unresisting carcass which now sweeps the arena, the proud beast which a few minutes before overturned every thing before him?

Scarcely had the gate closed, when the trumpets once more sounded, and a novillo embolado, or young bull, with balls on the ends of his horns, was let into the lists, to be baited by the ragged rabble. Now begins a most singular scene. The bull, taunted by the waving of jackets, cloaks, and mantas, pursues and tramples upon one, tosses another into the air, and dragging a third along by the cloak, at length escapes with a portion of the tatters hanging to his horns, to the infinite amusement of all except the sufferer, who, if he be not hurt, is beset and banged for his clumsiness by the mantas of his companions.

I had seen enough of this, and was turning away in disgust to leave the amphitheatre, when I was met by the matadore Romero, who had concealed his gala dress under a capa parda. He made at once towards a pretty girl in a black mantilla, who sat near me during the whole entertainment. Having unfolded his cloak and made his obeisance, Romero presented her with a small iron barb, strung with a red riband. The whole iron was stained with blood, and the riband was the same fatal device which had fluttered from the neck of the last muerto.

"Pan y toros!—Bread and bulls!" exclaims the philosopher Jovillanos, like the Roman of old, in lamenting the fallen fortunes of his country. The Spaniards have still their bull-feast, but where shall we look for the spirit of the Cid?

CHAPTER IX.

THE PASEO.

The Prado—The Fountains—The Paseadores—The Madrileña and Madrileño—The Cloak and Mantilla—Equipages—Royal Cortege—Moral of the Paseo—Feast of St. Anthony—The Promenade—Convent of Esculapius—Charms and Benedictions—Blessing the Barley—Beggars—Blind Men—The Lottery—The Hog-Lottery—The Memorialista.

Among the most important "funciones" of Madrid, for so the Spaniards call their public amusements, and in general whatever brings together a crowd, is the "paseo," or stated walk, which is taken daily by the wealthy classes, and on Sundays and festivals by the whole population. There are several public promenades within and about the city, such as the Florida, which lies without the walls, along the sheltered banks of the Manzanares, and the Delicias, which, leaving the gate of Atocha, passes through a double row of trees, until it reaches the canal of Manzanares and Xarama. This canal was commenced by Charles III., with a view to open a water-communication between Madrid and Toledo. To effect this, it was necessary to make the canal four leagues long; but the first half only has been completed, and at present, instead of being a source of utility and wealth, it only serves to keep up an expensive establishment for the amusement of the royal family, who go every year or two to be drawn along the canal in a gilded galley. This establishment is situated at the extremity of the Delicias, and bears the high-sounding name of Embarcadero. It has an imposing entrance, surmounted by sculptured bales, barrels, ropes, and anchors, and all the other emblems of commerce. Royal marines are seen with anchor buttons, standing sentry at the gate,

and there is neither flagstaff, nor piles of shot, nor cannon wanting, to constitute a perfect naval arsenal.

The principal promenade, however, is the Meadow, or Prado. This now delightful resort was, so late as the last century, nothing more than a broken and uneven waste, frequented by politicians or lovers for such deeds and consultations as required secrecy. Here, too, has been committed many an act of treachery, in the unsuspecting confidence inspired by the seclusion. For these reasons it is the spot where the Spanish dramatists and romance-writers have frequently laid the scene of their inventions; and it may very well be, that often they did no more than embellish incidents which had actually occurred in the Prado. Charles III., the most beneficent of Spanish kings, with a view to reclaim this place from its state of prostitution, had it levelled at great expense, and planted with rows of elms and chestnuts, which, being artificially watered, soon grew to a noble size. He likewise provided it with marble benches, enlivened it with many beautiful fountains, and, in short, converted it into the charming resort which is now the pride and pleasure of Madrid, and the admiration of all Europe.

The Prado begins at the neat gate of Recoletos, and takes its course southward, between monasteries and palaces, as far as the street of Alcala, which crosses it at right angles. The street of Alcala is the finest in Madrid, nay, I have even heard it called the finest in Europe. It has a gradual declivity from the Puerta del Sol, widening as it approaches the Prado; on either hand are churches, convents, public buildings, and palaces of the grandees and ambassadors. Crossing the Prado, it once more ascends, and is terminated by the triumphal arch of Alcala, erected to commemorate the happy arrival of Charles III. from his kingdom of Naples, to receive the crown of Spain; a noble monument, finely situated on an eminence, and adorned with ten Ionic columns, after models left by Michael Angelo.

At the angle formed by the Prado and the street of Alcala is a large fountain, entirely of marble. In the centre of the basin a rocky islet emerges out of the water, on which is a stately Cybele in a chariot drawn by lions. Hence to the street of San Geronimo, the Prado is enclosed on one side by gardens and palaces, on the other by the railing of the Retiro. The two avenues of noble trees, which run parallel to each other, enclose a wide place for walking, called the Saloon, and immediately beside it, the road for carriages and horsemen. Here is a fountain surmounted by a colossal statue of Apollo, while below the Four Seasons are beautifully and appropriately characterized. Opposite is an unfinished monument to the Spaniards who were there massacred in mass by the bloody order of Murat, on the famous Dos de Mayo.

Farther on is the finest fountain of Madrid. It represents Neptune riding over his watery dominion; his chariot being a conch-shell resting on water-wheels, about the paddles of which the real element is thrown off by numerous jets, as though it were dashed from the sea. It is drawn by two sea-horses, that seem to dash impetuous through the waves. Vegetation has fastened itself to the joints of the marble, and the plants emblematic of the sea are overgrown with moss. Even live fishes are seen sporting about and rubbing their silvery sides against the marble scales of those which owe their existence to the imitative creation of the sculptor; and the real and artificial are so happily blended throughout, that the beholder is for a moment puzzled to draw the distinction.

Having passed the fountain of Neptune, the road makes an angle to the east, and brings you to the museum of statuary and painting, with its noble colonnade following the course of the Prado. Next is the botanic garden, in which are collected all the vegetable productions of a kingdom upon which but a few years ago the sun never set. In

summer a gratuitous course of lectures on botany is delivered here for the benefit of the public. The garden is surrounded by an open railing of iron, which gives passage to a thousand varied perfumes, and rather improves than conceals the beauties which lie within. Continuing along the Prado, you come at length to the gate of Atocha, where there is another fine fountain, enlivened by the amorous gambols of a Triton and a Nereid. Nor does the Prado end here, but, having made a second angle to the east, it terminates only at the convent of Our Lady of Atocha, for whose image the pious Ferdinand embroidered a votive petticoat during his exile, and whose peaceful inmates are now often disturbed by the military reviews which take place beneath the windows of their sanctuary. In this convent lie the bones of the good Las Casas, the apostle of the Indies, but without either monument or inscription to mark their resting-place.

The whole extent of the Prado falls little short of two miles. Hence it furnishes a variety of promenades suited to every mood and every disposition. The seclusion of Atocha is frequented by priests in their long hats and sable capas, who gather in gloomy triangles about the hermitage of Saint Blas, talk over the perils of the church, and contrive schemes to prop the overgrown and unsteady edifice. Moping misanthropy seeks the solitude of Recoletos, contemplates with a morbid and envious eye the lively throng of the Saloon, and riots in the luxury of unhappiness. The neighbourhood of the Botanic Garden is frequented by a far different class ; ladies who, having abandoned their coaches at the gate of Atocha, come with their children to benefit by the air and exercise. Here a lad, in a soldier's cap, rides upon a stick, and lashes it into a gallop with a wooden sword ; another manœuvres a mimic tartana, drawn by a panting dog, hung round with bells, and whose hair is as neatly washed and combed as though he were one of the

family; while there, a little girl supports her doll against the railing of the garden, endeavours to draw it into discourse, and seeks in vain a reciprocation of her tenderness.

But the Saloon is by far the most remarkable portion of the Prado. It is the great resort whither all the world throngs to see and to be seen. Here may be found every variety of priest or friar, the long hat of the curate, and the longer beard of the capuchin. Here rank displays its stars, its crosses, and its ribands; the trooper rattles his sabre, curls his mustaches, and stares fearlessly around him; and here woman shines out in all her charms and coquetry. Here, too, the multitude, decked out in their best, come on a feast-day with decent looks and behaviour, to be amused at a cheap rate, and to contribute to the general joy by the assurance of its unlimited diffusion. The ladies usually come to the Paseo in small parties of two or more, under the escort of an old aunt or mother. They are not generally attended by gentlemen, but have on either side a vacancy which their friends occupy while they inquire after their health, and make with them one or more turns of the Saloon. And here it may not be amiss to say something of the women of Madrid.

The Madrileña is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, which is seen to great advantage through the elastic folds of her basquiña. Her foot is, however, her chief care, for, not content with its natural beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing. Her step is short and quick, yet graceful, and the rapid action of her arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardour of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that

surround her; but if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles; she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul, you lay it at once at her feet, and are ready to become her slave for ever.

Nor are the men who have been formed and fashioned in such a school at all wanting in the graces. No one, indeed, can be more happy in female intercourse than the Spaniard; for to the polite assiduities of the Frenchman, he adds a fervour and passionate devotion, that go straight to the heart of a lady. It is this show of good understanding between the youthful cavaliers and dames, the lively sallies and gallantries, but, above all, these soul-subduing looks and winning salutations, which lend the chief charm to the concourse of the Prado.

On these occasions the women are invariably dressed in the national costume. Indeed, though at balls and theatres the Parisian modes are adopted by the higher class, yet at the Paseo one sees nothing but the fan, mantilla, and basquiña. The men, too, wear ample capas, or cloaks, which they handle with great dexterity, and throw into a thousand graceful folds. Indeed, in Spain, the handling of the fan and the wearing of the mantilla with the women, and the easy management of the capa among the men, are a kind of second nature, which has grown up with them; nay, it is even said that a French woman, with all her elegance, cannot arrive at the graceful carriage of the mantilla; and that a stranger, who should cover himself with a cloak in order to pass for a native, would thus be most easily recognised. The capa is worn in winter to keep out the cold, and not unfrequently in summer as a shelter from the sun. Indeed, it may rather be looked on as a part than as an appendage of a true Spaniard. In cold weather it is worn with the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder; an im-

portant action in Spain, which is especially expressed by the word "embozarse"—to cover the mouth. At the theatre, or in mild weather, the cloak is more gracefully carried by letting it hang entirely from the left shoulder, and passing the right skirt across the left one, and gathering both under the left arm, leaving the right free and unembarrassed. Such a dark combination of mantilla, basquiña, and capa, produces, however, a monotony of colouring very unfavourable to the distant effect of this spectacle. This was so striking to the French soldiers when they first came to Madrid, that they were used to say that they had at length reached a truly Catholic city, peopled only by monks and nuns.

The Spaniard derives his capa from the romantic days of the nation, when the seclusion forced upon the fair by the jealousy of fathers and of husbands awakened ingenuity, and gave a stimulus to intrigue. Hence the advantage of a garment whose folds could conceal, not only the wearer, but even, upon emergency, his mistress. The capa, too, has often lent itself to the purposes of malevolence, has often covered the ruthless knife of the mercenary assassin. To such an extent, indeed, was this evil carried, that in the last century the use of the capa was forbidden, and patrols scoured the streets of the capital to make prisoners of such as wore it. But the Spaniard could not quit his cloak; a mutiny was the consequence of the forced separation, and the authorities were compelled to yield. It is still universally worn in Spain, and much might be said in favour of its convenience. But why should I make the apology of the capa, since it would be more reasonable to ask why it is not worn everywhere.

Those who make the Paseo in carriages drive up and down in double file between the streets of Alcala and San Geronimo, along the whole extent of the Saloon. The intermediate space between the two files is reserved for cav-

alry officers and young nobility, who take advantage of the assemblage and the watchful presence of beauty to show off the good qualities of a horse, or their own graceful equitation. A company of lancers with gay pennons, or cuirassiers with glittering corslets and Grecian helmets, are always in attendance to enforce the arrangements, without which there would be nothing but confusion. The vehicles, to the number of several hundred, are of every variety; among which are the elegant carriages of the diplomatic corps, of the most modern construction, with a liveried coachman and Swiss footman, flanked by a chasseur with a pair of epaulets, a hunting sword, and cocked hat, surmounted with green feathers. Most of the carriages, however, are in the old Spanish style, not very different, indeed, from the first one used in Spain by the good, or good for nothing, Queen Joanna the Foolish. The body is square and formal, ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and is not unlike a tea-chest. It is sustained by leathern straps, of which the only spring is derived from their great length; for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other that they scarce seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding-steps, the entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to place in readiness beside the door. Nor is the attelage of this singular vehicle less worthy of notice. It usually consists of a pair of fat and long-eared mules, with mane, hair, and tails fantastically cut, driven by a superannuated postillion, in formidable jack-boots, and not less formidable cocked hat of oilcloth, reaching towards each other as if to shake hands and be on neighbourly terms. Such an old carriage as this is one of many things that I saw in Spain which were at variance with the transitory tastes and ever-chan-

ging customs of my own country. Indeed, when I looked at it, I could scarce persuade myself that the coach, the mules, and the postillion had not existed always, and would not continue for ever to make each day the circuit of the Prado.

Such is the Saloon, and such the Prado. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the range of the eye from the fountain of Cybele, on the afternoon of a feast-day. At your back is the gate of Recoletos, standing at the extremity of a double avenue of trees; on the right is a hill, ascending by the street of Alcala towards the Gate of the Sun; on the left the same street, making a second ascent, and terminated by the noble arch of triumph. The whole road is thronged with soldiers in varied uniforms, and people in picturesque costumes, from the various provinces of Spain. The Saloon, too, is crowded to overflowing, while in the distance are partially discovered the museum and botanic garden through the vistas of the trees; and in the interval, Neptune, half concealed by the spray thrown up before him, is seen urging his watery steeds.

At such a moment the arrival of the king, surrounded by a pageantry unsurpassed by any court in Europe, serves to crown the splendour of the spectacle. His coming is first announced by drum and trumpet, as he passes the various guard-rooms which lie in the way, and presently by the arrival of an avant-courier, who rides forward, without looking to either side, in the road which his master is to follow. Next comes a squadron of young nobles of the body-guard, mounted on beautiful horses from the royal stables, which are chiefly of the caste of Aranjuez; and immediately after, a gilded carriage drawn by six milk-white steeds, covered with plumes, and with manes and tails that are full and flowing. They are mounted and controlled by postillions, richly dressed in jockey-suits of blue and gold. Within, the Catholic king is discovered seated on the right, con-

spicuous by his stars, his blue scarf, and the golden fleece which dangles from his neck. He glances round on the multitude with a look of mingled apathy and good-humour, and salutes them mechanically by putting his hand up towards his nose and taking it down again, as though he were brushing the flies away. At his left is the queen, looking too good for this wicked world. Next comes Don Carlos, the heir apparent, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, more beautiful than those of his brother. He grins horribly through his red mustaches, and frightens those whom he intends to flatter. Beside him is his wife, a large, coarse woman, with heavy beetling eyebrows. In the third coach are Don Francisco and his wife, drawn by six noble blacks. In the fourth the Portugueza, with her young son Don Sebastian; after which come some four or five coaches, each drawn by six mules, and which contain the lords and ladies in attendance. The whole is numerously escorted by cavaliers of the body-guard, and grooms of the royal service. The arrival of the royal family, like the passing of the host or the tolling of the angelus, usually arrests every one in the situation in which it may find him. The line between the carriages is at once cleared, through the exertions of the cavalry, and the vehicles on either side pause until their majesties have passed. Those who are walking turn their faces towards the road; the gentlemen unroll the embozo of their cloaks, and take their hats off, while the women shake their fans in passing salutation.

In winter the Paseo takes place at noon, and continues until dinner. In spring and summer it commences at sunset, and is not entirely over until after midnight; for the Spaniards usually pass the siesta of the hot season in sleep, and then, having dressed themselves, they sally out in the evening fresh and buoyant. I was so unfortunate as to leave Madrid just at the close of winter, when returning vegetation denoted the approach of a happier season, and

thus missed the pleasure of passing a summer's evening on the Prado. But I heard much upon the subject; for Florencia, when she urged my longer stay, drew a vivid picture of its attractions. It appears that in that season the walks are carefully sprinkled in anticipation; and if it be a feast-day, the fountains throw their waters higher. In the evening chairs are placed in readiness, in which the ladies take their seats in circles, and hold their tertulias under the trees. Bareheaded boys circulate with lighted matches for the accommodation of the smokers, and aguadores are at hand, with water that is fresh and sparkling. Valencians offer oranges and pomegranates; old women praise their dulces, or sweetmeats, for which the Madrileñas have quite a passion, while the waiters of a neighbouring café bring ices and sherbets to refresh the palates of the thirsty. Children are heard on every side, collected in noisy groups, at their pleasant games and pastimes, while the humbler crowd seat themselves in circles under the trees, strum their guitars, and tune their voices, to make music for a light-heeled couple, who trip it gayly in the midst. Meantime, the falling waters of the neighbouring fountains impart a coolness to the air, which comes perfumed from the neighbouring botanic garden with the aromas of every clime, and burdened with the song of the nightingale.

Who can say enough in praise of the Paseo? It furnishes an amusement at once delightful and innocent, and from which not even the poorest are excluded, a school where the public manners are softened and refined by social intercourse and mutual observation; where families meet families, and friends meet friends, as upon a neutral ground, inform themselves of each other's affairs, unrestrained by ceremonial, and keep alive an intimacy without the formalities of visiting. In these delightful associations, persons of every rank and calling forget their exclusive

pretensions, while the softer sex, to whom belong the attributes of modesty and grace, banish indecorum, and shed a charm over the whole assemblage.

In addition to the stated daily Paseo upon the Prado, there are in the course of the year at Madrid several periodical ones; such as when the devout go on the day of San Blas to make their prayers at the hermitage of that illustrious saint and bishop. Another takes place on Saint Anthony's day, when all the world promenades in front of the convent of San Antoño-Escolapios, in the street of Hortaleza. I had the rare fortune to witness this spectacle, and, much as I had seen of Spain, it appeared to me most singular. It may, perhaps, appear not less so to the reader. The fact is, that Saint Anthony, though a very good man, was both poor and a labourer. Hence, when beatified by the father of the church, and pronounced to be actually in the fruition of heaven, and in a situation to intercede for sinners, the stigma of his worldly humility still clung to him, so that he never became any more than a vulgar saint, the patron of the common people in Spain, to whom he is familiarly known by the nickname of Sant Anton. More especially is he the protector of farmers, horse-jockeys, muleteers, mules, and asses, cows, hogs, and horses. Nay, he is even the saint of the sinful sailor, who, when he has more wind than he wants, and a rough sea, begs Saint Anthony to take some of it back again; and if he has none at all, being a Spaniard, and aware of the efficacy of a bribe, he says, "Sopla! sopla! San Anton, y le dare un pez—Blow! blow, Saint Anthony, and you shall have a fish!"

Saint Anthony's day, if I remember rightly, falls somewhere in the month of January. In Madrid it was a complete feast-day, though I believe a voluntary one; for in addition to the many prescribed feasts in Spain, upon which it is unlawful to do any labour, there are likewise several when the people might work if they would; but it is so

much harder to work than to let it alone, that many follow the latter course by preference, or else fall into it while they are thinking about the matter. On the present occasion the street of Hortaleza was early paraded by squadrons of filthy celadores or gendarmes, who maintained order among the throng. It was not, however, until noon that the promenade of the wealthy commenced, and then carriages and horsemen were intermingled with the pedestrians, as we have seen upon the Prado.

Many of those who took part in this function came to procure a charm or receive a benediction; more to be amused by the spectacle. Having been drawn in by a current of devotees, I was forced to enter the church door, stumbling over two or three beggars that strewed the way, and found myself in a crowd consisting chiefly of females, who were kneeling before a table, at which presided a jolly friar, muttering a spell and crossing them with a bone of Saint Anthony. As each rose from her knees, she threw a piece of money into a box, and then passed to where a young Levite sold consecrated rosaries and charmed scapularies, to hang about the necks of children; also, a lame ballad in praise of Saint Anthony. Having gone through all the motions like the rest, I turned to look upon the massive walls around me, which, in addition to many gloomy paintings and statues, were everywhere hung with wax models of arms, legs, feet, or babies; votive offerings to procure alleviation of suffering in correspondent parts of the body, the cure of a sick baby, or a happy delivery. These waxen offerings form no inconsiderable item of revenue to such convents as are noted for miracles; for when a good number is accumulated, they are melted down indiscriminately, feet, heads, and babies, and made into candles, which are paid for at a good price on the occasion of a funeral mass, when the corpse is surrounded by wax tapers, in numbers proportionate to the rank and dignity of the dead man It was here,

too, if I mistake not, that I saw in a chapel the picture of a naval officer, in sword, chapeau, and small-clothes, represented as kneeling on the steps of the same altar near which the picture was hanging. Getting behind a column, I copied the following inscription, which, for aught I know, may have been traced by one of the heroes of Trafalgar. "El capitan-de-navio de la real armada Don Benito Vivero, hallandose afligido de una enformedad nervosa, acudio al Señor y luego el alivole. Enero, 1818.—Captain Vivero, commander of a ship of the line in the royal navy, being afflicted with a nervous disorder, sought succour of the Lord, and immediately found alleviation."

This is in the interior of the convent. On the outside the beneficent influence of the saint was not confined to man, but extended to the whole brute family, of which he was the patron. Here a friar of the order, more remarkable for being well fed than cleanly, and who had altogether the gross and sensual look of a man of this world, qualified with a good share of plebeian vulgarity, stood at a window with a small mop in his hand, with which he sprinkled holy water upon such as passed. A continuous string of horses, mules, and asses defiled through the street, pausing in turn to receive the genial shower. Each rider brought a sack of barley, which the friar and his men lifted into the window, where it was moistened with the holy water, and well stirred with a relic of Saint Anthony. It was then returned: the friar received a peseta, which he put carefully into the sleeve of his frock, while the other party to the bargain trotted off with the barley, happy in the assurance that his cattle might now be cured of any malady, even though bewitched, by administering a handful of this consecrated grain. It was quite amusing to see the different moods in which the various animals received the wholesome application. A horse, as he was forced up to the window, would rear and plunge for fear of the friar;

a mule would either kick, or go sidewise, or rub the legs of his rider against the wall, rather from perverseness than timidity; but Jack, like a sensible fellow, would busy himself in picking up the fallen grains of his predecessor, or hold his head down and take it patiently. Indeed, you may do any thing with an ass, provided you do not touch his ears; but this is a discovery which I made afterward in Andalusia.

Most of the people who stood nigh were amused with this display of monkish jugglery. None, however, seemed more sensible to the ridicule of the scene than a noisy crew of boys, who had collected under the window. Grasping the iron rejas, they clambered up in order to see better, until the illnatured friar lost at once his patience and self-possession, and drove them down by dashing holy water into their eyes. Thus, the boys got for nothing, and a few hearty curses into the bargain, what the muleteers were buying with their pesetas. Nor were there wanting others who seemed scandalized and indignant that strangers should witness this degradation. One haggard and proscribed-looking fellow, with a long beard and a tattered cloak, shrugged his shoulders, and said to me with energy, "Estas son tonterias Españolas!—These are Spanish fooleries!"

But the most singular appendage of this function of Saint Anthony was the host of beggars collected in front of the convent. On this occasion I recognised many whom I had seen at particular stands, as I made my rambles over the city. Decrepit old men and helpless women, each hovering over an earthen dish of embers, obstructed the way, so that it was difficult to enter the portal without treading upon them; an accident which they seemed to esteem fortunate, since it was sure to be followed by remuneration. They had forgotten all their every-day supplications in the name of Maria Santisima del Carmen!—La Virgen del Pilar! or

Santiago Apostol!—for now, adapting their song to the occasion, they begged only for the love of Saint Anthony. The generous received the thanks of the mendicant, who prayed "that all might go well with him, that he might have health in body and in soul, which is the true riches, and finally, that he might be delivered from mortal sin." The uncharitable were snarled at by some, and more skilfully reproached by others, who, wishing to make an impression upon those who came after, restrained their indignation, and prayed that God would bestow wealth and honours upon the churl, that he might have wherewith to give to the miserable.

There is, perhaps, nothing with which the stranger is more struck and more offended in Madrid, than with the extent of mendicity. There is, indeed, abundance of hospitals and infirmaries, where the poor of the city might all be received and taken care of. But they are not subject to compulsion; and such is the charm of liberty, that many prefer to roam about, depending upon the casual charity of the wayfarer, to comfortable quarters and regular meals, coupled with the conditions of seclusion and discipline. Unfortunately, the facility of gaining a subsistence in Spain by begging is so great, that, notwithstanding the national pride, many able-bodied men prefer it, with all its degradation, to the irksome task of daily labour. This facility comes in part from the practices of certain conscientious Christians, who give each day a portion of their abundance to the poor; some from a mistaken sense of piety, others through remorse for evil actions. The most prominent cause, however, of this evil, is found in the daily distribution of food at the gates of churches and convents. No sight, indeed, can be more degrading than the one which I have often witnessed at the gate of San Isidro, the church and college of the Jesuits. There, at the hour of noon, a familiar brings out a copper caldron filled with soup, which

he serves round in equal portions to each of the hungry crew brought together by the occasion. Should a scramble take place for precedence, the familiar soon restores order, by dashing the hot soup among them with his long iron ladle.

From all these reasons, Madrid abounds in beggars. There is not a frequented street or corner in the city that is not the habitual stand of some particular occupant, and even the charms of the paseo are too often qualified by their unwelcome intrusion. They enter boldly into every house where there is no porter to stop them at the vestibule, and penetrate to the doors of the different habitations, where they make their presence known by a modest ring of the bell. Though often greeted at first with a sound scolding, they seldom go away empty-handed, especially if they happen to appeal to a woman; for the female heart is easily opened by a story of misfortune. I had occasion to see this in the house where I resided; for the daughter of my host, when she found her door thus besieged, would be exceedingly angry for a moment; but if a poor wretch stood his ground and grew eloquent, she would at length soften, the frown would vanish from her brow, and ejaculating "Pobrecito!" she would hurry away to bring some cold meat or a roll of bread. The successful beggar would then kiss the gift devoutly, and say with feeling, as he turned away, "Dios se lo pagara!—God will reward you!"

The churches, however, are the most frequented stands of the beggars. They always collect in the morning about the doors and near the holy water, which they take from the basin and offer on the ends of their fingers, or with a brush made for the purpose, to such as come up to mass or confession. These poor wretches have doubtless found from experience that the most pious are likewise the most charitable.

However one may be prejudiced against this system of

mendicity, it is impossible for him, if he have any compassion, to move untouched through the streets of Madrid; misery assumes so many and such painful aspects, and one is so often solicited by the old, the infirm, the macerated, nay, I had almost said, by the dying. In my winter morning walks down the street of Alcala, to make a turn through the solitary alleys of the Prado, I used to see a poor emaciated wretch, who seemed to haunt the sunny side of the street, and seat himself upon the pavement, rather to be warmed after a long and chilly night, spent, perhaps, upon the stones of some courtyard, than to beg from the few who passed at that early hour. Though sinking rapidly into decay, he was yet a very young man, scarce turned of twenty; and, while his red hair and fair complexion bespoke the native of Biscay or Asturias, the military trousers which he wore, unless the gift of some charitable trooper, showed that he had been a soldier. When any one passed, he would stretch out his hand and move his lips, as if asking charity; but whether his voice were gone, or that he was not used to beg, he never uttered more than an inarticulate rattle. I had several times intended to ask a story, which must doubtless have been a sad one; but ere I had done so, the poor fellow ceased to return to his usual stand. The last time I saw him he was crawling slowly down a cross street, bent nearly double, and supporting his unsteady steps, as he went, with a staff in either hand.

At the coming out of the theatre of Principe, a little girl, bareheaded and with naked feet, though in the midst of winter, was in the habit of patrolling the street through which the crowd passed. She usually finished her night's task by returning home through our street, begging as she went. Frequently, when I had just got into bed, and was yet shivering with cold, would I hear her shrill and piercing voice, borne upon the keen wind, and only alternated

by an occasional footfall, or by the cry of the sereno as he told the hours; "A esta pobrecita para comprar zapatos; que no tiene padre ni madre!—For this poor little creature to buy shoes; she has neither father nor mother!" Many were the contributions which she thus levied upon the charitable; but the winter wore away, and still she went about barefooted, and still she begged for money to buy shoes.

The road from the Gate of the Sun to the library was the habitual stand of a young man, a deaf mute, who sat cross-legged in a gray capote, with his hat before him and a bell in his hand. The sense of his misfortune, of his complete separation from the rest of the human family, seemed to have tinged his character with a degree of brutal ferocity; at least, such was the expression of his countenance. He took no notice of those who gave to him, but sat all day in one of the coldest streets of the city, ringing his bell and uttering sounds, which, as he knew not how to modulate them so as to strike a tone of supplication, came harshly upon the ear, like nothing so much as the moans sent forth by the wounded victims of the arena.

A sturdy wretch, in the garb of Valencia, constantly infested the Calle Montera, placing himself along the narrow sidewalk of flag-stones reserved for foot-passengers. Here he would stretch himself on his side flat upon the cold pavement, with nothing between his head and the stones but a matted mass of uncombed hair and the tatters of a handkerchief. His body was rolled in a blanket, and a young child of a year or two, either his own or hired for the occasion, raised its filthy head beside him. But the most disgusting part of the picture was a diseased and nearly naked leg, thrust out so as to cut off the passage of the walkers, and drive them into the middle of the street. The man was well made and able-bodied, and his sores were doubtless carefully kept from healing, for they constituted the stock in trade, the fortune of the mendicant.

This miscreant was my greatest eyesore in Madrid; stretched out as I have described, the child was always crying, either from the intense cold, or because its legs were pinched beneath the blanket; while the wretch himself shouted in an imperative tone, and without the intervention of any saint, "Me da usted una limosna!"—which, taking the manner into consideration, amounted to, "Give me alms, and be damned to you!"

But the most singular instance of mendicity I have ever seen was furnished by a couple whom I one day met in the Red San Luis. The principal personage was a large blind man, whose eyelids were turned up and fiery, and who carried upon his shoulders a most singular being, with an immense head and a pair of thin elastic legs, which were curled and twisted round the neck of his companion. The fellow overhead carried a bundle of ballads, which both were singing at the top of their lungs. Behind them came a patient ass, tied to the girdle of the blind man, and loaded with their effects, as though they were passing through on their way to some other place, or were coming to make some stay in the capital. They seemed to manage very well by thus joining their fortunes; for while the blind man effected their locomotion, the cripple shaped their course, jesting with the other beggars and blind men whom they met, and holding out his hat to receive the offering of the charitable. Their bodies were, indeed, so twisted and entangled as to give at first the idea of a single being, forming a real combination, almost as monstrous as the fabled one of the Centaur.

The most numerous class of mendicants in Madrid is the blind; and they are also the most worthy of pity, since their misfortune is always involuntary. For, though we know on better authority than that of Don Guzman de Alfarache, that beggars will sometimes deform their bodies and cultivate sores, yet is there no record of one's having

voluntarily parted with his eyes. They endeavour, too, to render themselves useful by hawking ballads about the streets, and crying the numbers of such lottery tickets as may yet be purchased. Nor are they so filthy as the rest of the beggarly brotherhood; since their misfortune, being such as to speak for itself, needs not the appendage of rags to excite pity. It was not the least amusing sight commanded from my balcony, to look down upon the Puerta del Sol, and watch the blind men as they moved about with the most perfect confidence. When one of them wanted to pass from a particular spot to one of the eight streets which discharge themselves there, he would take his station at the corner, and having felt the angle of the building, and noticed, as it seemed to me, the bearing of the sun and the direction of the wind, he would set out and move onward with the utmost precision, his staff extended before him, and the fingers of his left hand bent wistfully, as if the sensibility of the whole body were concentrated in their extremities. Once I saw two of them, who were going in opposite directions, knock their staves together, and meet in the middle. They knew each other at once, shook hands cordially, and had a long conversation, doubtless concerning the gains and adventures of the morning, for they are the most garrulous beings in all Spain. This over, they compared their reckonings, like two ships exchanging their longitudes at sea, and then went on, each arriving exactly at his respective destination.

Blindness is not peculiar to the lower classes in the central region of Spain. Many people in the middle and higher walks of life are thus afflicted, and the paseo is daily frequented by them, leaning on the arm of a servant or a friend. I was so much struck with the number of the blind in Madrid, as to seek a cause for it in the ardent energy of the sun in this cloudless region, combined with the naked and unsheltered condition of the country. Indeed, though

I was not in Madrid in the hot season, I frequently found inconvenience to my eyes, from walking along the sandy roads which surround the capital. Peyron, however, in his sprightly essays, attributes the evil to the intemperate use of bleeding among the Spaniards; a practice which is scarcely less prevalent now than in the days of Dr. Sangrado, at least if one may judge from the number of persons whose business it is to draw blood; for every street in Spain has its barber, and every barber bleeds. Peyron tells us that it is quite common to hear a Spaniard say, when questioned concerning the health of a friend, "Pedro was a little unwell yesterday; but he has been bled four times, and is now better."

If rank and wealth cannot avert this affliction, neither can they avail when associated with youth and beauty. I chanced to meet one evening at a ball in Madrid a lovely girl, scarce ripened into womanhood, who was quite blind. She was somewhat under the middle size, with the form of a sylph, and features that the uncontrolled pencil of the painter could scarce have formed fairer. Her eyes, too, did not bear testimony to their own imperfection, but had only a pensive, melancholy air, which they seemed to borrow from their half-closed lids and silken lashes. I had from the first been struck with the appearance of this young unfortunate; but when I knew her affliction, my interest was at once augmented. There was, indeed, something inexpressibly touching in her condition, as she wandered from room to room, leaning with confidence upon the arm of her mother. How truly hard to be thus cut off from so many sources of innocent enjoyment!—to be insensible to the brilliancy of the illumination, to the richness of the ornaments, to the various dresses and decorations suggested by fancy or authorized by rank, to the rivalling charms and jewels of the beautiful, to the looks of mingled solicitude

and admiration directed towards her by the other sex, nay, perhaps, to be even unconscious of her own loveliness!

She could, however, at least hear the kind words addressed to her by her acquaintance; she could appreciate better than any other the excellence of the music. Nor did her affliction exclude her from the dance; for whenever the formal movements of the quadrille were alternated by the more graceful waltz, she allowed herself to be conducted into the circle formed by those who had gathered round to admire the harmony of her execution. None, indeed, moved in the circling eddies with so rare a grace; and when, towards the conclusion, the time became more rapid, and the feet of the dancers moved quicker, none spurned the carpet with so true a step. There was a confiding helplessness about this lovely creature more truly feminine than any thing I had yet seen in woman. The waltz, too, which she so beautifully executed, seemed to gain a new fascination, and now, if ever called upon to make its eulogy or to plead its defence, I have a triumphant argument by saying that it may be danced by a blind girl.

In speaking of the amusements of Madrid, gaming should not be forgotten, since it is there, as throughout the Peninsula, an all-pervading passion, which extends to every age, sex, and condition. Indeed, so general is it, that it may be said to reach even the most destitute; for I scarcely ever went into the streets of Madrid without seeing groups of boys, beggars, and ragamuffins, collected in some sunny corner, each risking the few cuartos he possessed in the attempt to win those of his companions. The most common way of playing, however, is by means of the lottery, which here, as in many other European countries, is an appendage of the state. The principal lottery, called the Modern, is divided into twenty-five thousand tickets, which are sold at two dollars each. One fourth of the nett amount of fifty thousand dollars, produced by the sale of the tickets,

is taken off by government, to pay the expenses of the central administration, and of the numerous offices established, like the estancos, for the sale of tobacco, in every street of the capital, and in every town of the kingdom. The balance remaining after these disbursements forms an important item of the public revenue. There are eight hundred and thirty-seven prizes, the highest being of twelve thousand dollars. The Modern Lottery draws at the end of each month; a circumstance which you never fail to be apprized of by the blind beggars who assemble about the doors of the lottery-offices, or at the principal corners, and fill the whole city with uproar. The cause of this commotion is, that they learn from the keepers of the lottery what tickets are still for sale, and, selecting two or three at hazard, get them set down upon a scrap of paper, and having learned them by rote, go forth to cry them in the streets. Nor do they fail to mix in arguments of persuasion, when speaking of the numbers of their choice. "Twelve thousand dollars for two," say they; "it draws to-morrow, and the day after you may come with your stocking and carry away the money, taking care that it be not a Valencian one—cuidado que no sea media de Valencia!" The reader will remember that the stocking of a Valencian peasant is without a foot.

The eloquence and the wit of these blind men, though they may sometimes fail, are often effectual. I have frequently seen a man, after passing the lottery-office resolutely, pause to listen to the cry of the blind man, and seem to reason with himself. If he has gained before, and stopped playing on that very account, he asks himself why he may not be successful again. If, on the contrary, he has been uniformly unfortunate, he meditates a moment, takes the paper with the numbers, and gives the beggar a real; for this handling of the paper and crying the numbers by the poor is thought to give luck; then swearing that it is the last

time, he unfolds his cloak, takes out his purse, and enters the office. In this way, the winners and losers, from the most opposite motives, fall upon the same course. Now the whole population of Madrid may be divided into these two classes. I saw something of the operation of this system in my own house; for Don Valentin, though strictly economical, nay, more than half a miser, was in the constant practice of setting aside a portion of the little gains of each month for the purchase of lottery-tickets. His manner of betting, too, was most extraordinary; for he always bought quarters, and would thus spread four dollars over eight tickets. It was impossible to convince him of the folly of this course, much less could he be persuaded to have nothing to do with the matter. He used always to answer that he had no longer any hopes but in the lottery; and if Florencia asked him good-humouredly for her dowry, he would pat her on the cheek—for, though ugly and one-eyed, he was yet affectionate—and say, "En la loteria esta hija mia!" Nor was the girl herself free from the general infection; for if she ever got any money, the first thing was to buy a pair of silk stockings or spangled shoes, and then the rest took the road to the lottery.

As for the drawing, it takes place in a large hall of the Municipality, dedicated on other occasions to the purposes of justice. At one end is a statue erected on a dais, and flanked by a painting of the Crucifixion. Here presides a counsellor of state, decorated with a variety of stars and crosses, and supported by other functionaries of inferior rank. The counsellor sits at the centre of a large table, and the officers of the lottery are placed round on either hand, with pens and paper. In front of this table, and in a conspicuous station near the edge of the platform, are two large globes, which contain, one, the whole number of tickets, the other, the different prizes. These globes hang upon pivots, and are easily made to vibrate so as to mix

the balls between each drawing. Near each globe a boy is stationed, dressed in uniform, and with long sleeves tied tightly about the wrist, so as to remove the possibility of any fraudulent substitution. When drawing, the boy who has the numbers takes out one at each rotation, and reads it off distinctly three times; the boy who has the other globe does the same, and the balls are then passed to the officers who stand behind, by whom they are again called off, and then strung upon iron rods. If the prizes be high, both balls are handed to the counsellor, who reads them off three times in a very distinct voice. These precautions are rendered necessary by the suspicion of the people, who have little confidence in the honest intentions of government. It has been said that the unsold tickets too frequently draw prizes; and I even heard that once such a number of prizes were drawn, that the avails of the tickets sold would not pay them, especially as the fourth part had been appropriated in anticipation by the government, which is often in distress for the smallest sums. In this critical state of affairs, it was somehow contrived to overturn the globe and spill the remaining tickets, when the functionaries insisted that the whole lottery should be drawn over again. The high rank of the presiding dignitary renders this story improbable, so far, at least, as it charges him with dishonest intentions, but it at all events indicates the current of public opinion.

The portion of the room not occupied by the lottery was open for the admission of spectators, among whom I placed myself on one occasion. Immediately in front of the dais was a small enclosure, separated from the rest by a light railing, and provided with benches, where the women were accommodated as in a public pound. They came in large numbers, composed for the most part of the old and the ugly. In the rear was a promiscuous collection of men, some well dressed, more ragged, but nearly all with

the wan and bloodless look of the gambler, if, indeed, you except the priests in their long hats and gloomy garments, who, secure against the griping hand of poverty, seemed rather to play for amusement than as if engaged in a struggle for existence. Most of the spectators were furnished with paper and pencil, or an inkhorn hanging at the button, to take note of the numbers which were drawn. Nor should the provisions for maintaining order be forgotten. They consisted of a file of grenadiers of the Guardias Españolas, who stood like statues round the circuit of the hall, with shouldered arms and fixed bayonets.

When the drawing had commenced, it was a singular scene to watch the ever-varying countenances of the gamesters. On hearing the first three or four numbers of his ticket, the face of one of them would suddenly brighten; he would stretch his neck forward anxiously, and prick his ears with expectation. But if the result did not meet his hopes, if the last number were the wrong one, the expression changed, and he slunk back to hide his disappointment. If, however, the number were indeed perfect, fortune was now within his reach, and his hopes knew no bounds. Did the prize, after all, prove an inferior one, he bit his lips, and seemed vexed at the boy for having made so poor a selection.

As I turned to quit this authorized den of vice and wickedness, I paused a moment at the door, to carry away a distinct impression of the spectacle. What a singular combination! thought I, as my eye wandered over the group, pausing now on the priests, the soldiers, the women, the well dressed, the ragged, the officers of the lottery, the richly clad representative of royalty, until at last it fixed itself upon the image of Him who was made from his cross to look down upon and sanction the scene, the martyred founder of Christianity!

It were a gratuitous task to say any thing of the vice of

this system; of the loss of money and of time which it occasions, principally to those who can least afford to lose either; of an almost equal loss which society sustains in the unproductive employment of those who live by the lottery, in Spain, as everywhere, a vile and worthless crew of bloodsuckers, who prey upon the vitals of the community, or, worst of all, of the baneful effects it must necessarily produce upon the public morals. These are truths which are present to every mind.

But before quitting this subject, it may be well to give some account of a minor lottery which exists in Madrid, and which may be considered a miniature of the Modern Lottery, inasmuch as the tickets, instead of selling for two dollars, cost but as many cuartos. This is the Hog Lottery, held at one corner of the Puerta del Sol, opposite the Church of Buen Suceso. There a "memorialista" has his little pent-house, placed against the wall of the corner shop, and carries on the business of selling the tickets. As the memorialista is a very important personage in Spain, it may not be amiss to say that his employment is to copy documents and write letters, or draw up petitions, with a due observance of the forms and compliments in use among his countrymen. As he is far too poorly paid to be at the expense of a regular office, he is content with a small wooden box, to which he bears the same relation that a tortoise does to its shell, which may be moved about with him at pleasure, and which he is allowed for a trifle to set down against a wall or in a courtyard. But the memorialistas are by no means such transitory beings as this facility of locomotion might imply. Indeed, to look on one of them, seated in his little tenement, half hidden under an old cocked hat and black cloak as thin as a cobweb, and busily employed in forming antique characters upon Moorish paper, with a pen old enough to have served Cide Hamete Benengeli in writing the life and actions of Don Quixote, and ever

and anon pausing and placing his pen over the right ear, while he warms his fingers or lights his cigarillo over the chafing-dish of charcoal beside him—when one sees this, I say, he can scarce believe that the memorialista has not been thus occupied for at least a century.

The most frequented stand of these humble scribes is in the rear of the Postoffice. Here they are ready throughout the day to do whatever may be required of them, more especially to expound letters just received by the post, and to endite answers for such unlearned persons as can neither read nor write, a class sufficiently numerous in Spain. They also muster in force about the purlieus of the palace, to draw up petitions for those who have business with the king, his ministers, or with the servants of his household. In truth, the memorialista is indispensable in Spain, for no business of any kind can be done there without the intervention of a memorial, or, as it is more frequently called in the diminutive, with a view, perhaps, to show the modesty of the supplicant, a memorialito.

To return to the Gate of the Sun, whence we have so unwittingly wandered; the memorialista in question was, like the rest of his fraternity, a threadbare, half-starved man, who sat all day in his humble pent-house, selling the tickets of the Hog Lottery. He always looked cold and torpid in the morning, thawing gradually towards noon, when the sun got from behind the portal of Buen Suceso. It was then, too, that the idle frequenters of the Gate of the Sun began to gather round him, either to take tickets or to praise the good qualities of the hog, which reposed upon straw in a second shed beside that of his master, and which was made very unconsciously the subject of so much discussion. This they might well do, for the animal was always a choice one. In fact, the breed of hogs in Spain is the finest in the world, unless, perhaps, their equals may be found in Africa, whence they came, for aught I know,

though Mahomet was no pork-eater, at the time of the conquest. The hog chosen as a subject for the lottery was always black, without any hair, and enormously fat, having dimples in every direction, such as are to be found about the neck and chin of many a stout gentleman. His legs were short, thin, and sinewy, with a well-made head and curly tail.

The price of tickets in the hog-lottery is such as to exclude no one, however poor, so that even the mendicants can take a chance. This is especially the case with the blind men, who, as we have already seen, fare better in Spain than the rest of the beggarly fraternity. When one of these happened to pass through the Gate of the Sun, he almost always went towards the lottery, winding his way dexterously through the crowd, until he reached the hog-pen. He would then feel round with his staff for the occupant, and when he had reconnoitred him sufficiently, straightway give him a poke under the shoulder, to try if he squealed well; for these poor fellows have a thousand ways of finding out things that we know nothing about. If the result answered his expectations, he came up behind, and scratched him, tickled his ribs, and then twisted his tail, until he squealed louder than ever. This done, to pacify the irritated and now clamorous memorialista, he would go at once and select a number of tickets. When all are thus sold, the lottery draws with proper solemnity, and the successful player, well consoled for the jokes and gibes of the disappointed multitude, moves off in triumph with his prize.

I have been thus particular in describing these things, because any new information on the subject cannot be otherwise than well received in a land where lotteries come in for so large a share of the public approbation. We have already daily invitations, in lame prose and lamer poetry, to come at once and be wealthy; nay, Fortune, in

her gayest garb, is seen in every street, making public proffers of her favours. The system should be carried to perfection. There should be a hog-lottery established at every corner, in order that the matter may be brought more completely home to the means and understanding of the vulgar.

CHAPTER X.

AN EXECUTION.

Plazuela de la Cebada—Its Ordinary uses—Present Appearance—Spanish Executions—The Gallows and Verdugo—The Multitude—Delay—The Procession—The Condemned—The Friar—The Catastrophe.

THERE was yet another spectacle which I witnessed in Madrid. It was one of deep and painful interest, the capital punishment of two noted robbers. The Diario of the morning on which it was to take place contained a short notice that the proper authorities would proceed to put to death two evil-doers, each of whom was called by two or three different names, at ten o'clock, in the Place of Barley. I had already been a spectator of a similar scene, and the feeling of oppression and abasement, of utter disgust, with which I came from it, was such as to make me form a tacit resolution never to be present at another. As I glanced over the Diario on the morning of the execution, the recollection of what I had seen and felt a few months before in Montpelier was still fresh in my memory; but when I turned to reflect that I was in a strange land, a land which I might never revisit, that a scene of such powerful excitement could not fail to elicit the unrestrained feelings of the multitude, and to bring the national character into strong relief, I made up my mind to be present on the occasion, and to overcome, or at least to stifle, my repugnance.

With this intention I went just before ten to the Prison of the Court, in the Place of the Holy Cross, whence the criminals were to be marched to the place of execution. There was a company of Infantry of the Guard drawn up on the square before the prison, ready to act as an escort, and a crowd of people were waiting without; but as there were no immediate indications of a movement, I struck at once into the street of Toledo, and directed my steps towards the Plazuela de la Cebada. This is, on ordinary occasions, one of the principal markets in Madrid. In the centre is a fountain, in representation of abundance, and round it are a variety of wooden tenements, which are occupied as butchers' stalls, and garnished with a lean and ill-dressed assortment of beef and mutton. The rest of the area is filled by market men and women; each surrounded by baskets of eggs or vegetables, festooned with unsavoury chains of garlic; or else intrenched behind conical heaps of potatoes, onions, pomegranates, tomatoes, or oranges. Here, too, one might usually see herds of hogs, all dead, yet standing stiff upon their legs, with each a corn-cob in its mouth, or else hung straddling upon a barrel, and striving to touch the pavement with its feet.

The company usually assembled in this square is the very humblest to be found in Madrid; for it is the old and ruinous quarter of the city, to which it serves as a market and place of congregation. Furthermore, it is in this neighbourhood that one may find the greasy dwellings and slaughter-houses of the butchers. Here, too, pass innumerable carriages, carts, and wagons, going to or arriving from Toledo, Talavera, Aranjuez, Cordova, and Seville; not to mention strings of mules and asses, which are so continually filing through as to appear to be moving in procession. The greater part of the market people are inhabitants of the neighbouring country. As they do not pass the night away from home, they have no occasion to put up at a posada, but

bring their own barley, which they put in bags and tie about the heads of their mules. As for themselves, they either supply their wants from saddlebags, in which they carry bread and cheese or sausages, with a leathern bottle of wine, or else go aside to the nearest corner, where there is always an old woman with a portable furnace of earthenware or iron, over which she prepares sundry greasy stews, in little earthen pucheros.

Most of these things, which rendered the Plazuela on ordinary occasions so animated, were now nowhere to be seen. The meat-stalls were vacant and deserted; the baskets of vegetables and piles of fruit had been removed; while the hogs had either disappeared entirely, or were thrown into promiscuous heaps at one side of the Plaza, without much attention to the symmetrical arrangement of heads and feet. If, however, many objects were missing usually to be met with in the Plaza, there was, in return, one which I had never seen there before. This was the instrument of execution.

There are in Spain several modes of execution. The least dishonourable is to be shot; a death more particularly reserved for the military. Another is the "garrote," which is inflicted by placing the criminal in an iron chair, provided with a collar which fits closely about the neck. The collar is then suddenly tightened by means of a powerful screw or lever, and death is instantaneous. The garrote is also inflicted in some parts of South America, by placing the culprit in the iron chair, as before, and then introducing a wedge between the collar and his neck, which is broken by a single blow struck upon the wedge with a sledge-hammer. The last and most ignominious mode is hanging by the neck; a death more especially assigned to robbery, murder, and other ignoble crimes, but which of late years has likewise been extended, with even more than the usual brutal indignities, to the crime of patriotism. The

men, however, who were this day to suffer, were of no equivocal character, and no one could either dispute or gainsay the justice of that sentence which had doomed them to die upon the gallows.

The gallows erected on this occasion consisted of a heavy oaken beam, sustained in a horizontal position upon vertical posts of still greater solidity. The ascent to the gallows was effected by a stout ladder, or rather close stair, which leaned upon the horizontal beam, the middle of which, immediately beside the ladder, was wound round with sheepskin, so as to cover the edges of the wood, and prevent them from cutting the ropes by a sudden friction. This last precaution, the solidity of the structure, every thing, in short, announced a determination that justice should not be cheated of its victims, nor they be subjected to unnecessary torture.

The approach to the gallows was guarded by celadores, and no one was allowed to come near it but the "verdugo," or hangman, who, as I arrived in the square, ascended the ladder with four ropes in his hand, which he adjusted with much care, the whole four close beside each other, round the middle of the beam where it was covered with the fleece. The office of verdugo is in Spain utterly disreputable and abject. Formerly it was filled only by Moors, Jews, and criminals; indeed, it is still necessary to adduce evidence that one's ancestors were public executioners before being admitted to the degradation. Yet this office is not only accepted, but even sought after. There was, in fact, quite a concourse of competitors on a late occasion in Granada, each proving that he was descended, on the side of father or mother, from a public hangman. The cause of this singular fact is found in another equally singular. In Granada the verdugo has a certain tax upon all "verduras," or greens, whether for soup or salad, which are daily sold in the public market. Hence, being secure of profit, he

can afford to put up with obloquy. As for the executioner who officiated on this occasion, he was a stout and rather fat man, who seemed to thrive well, what with good cheer and idleness. His dress was a plain round jacket and trousers of brown. A broad sash of red worsted, wound round the middle, served instead of braces, and at the same time sustained a rotundity which seemed greatly in need of such assistance, while an oilcloth hat, with a narrow rim and still narrower crown, but imperfectly covered his full and bloated features. Such was the figure of the executioner.

The Plazuela, though on this occasion its ordinary bustle and animation were wanting, was however by no means deserted. The balconies of the surrounding houses were crowded with groups of either sex, formed into a panoramic view, probably not unlike what the Plaza Mayor may present on the occasion of a bull-feast. The area below was thronged by the lower classes, blended in one vast and motley collection. There was abundance of sallow mechanics, tinkers, and cobblers, with leathern aprons and dirty faces; or thin-legged tailors, intermingled with gayly-dressed Andalusians, or with sturdy, athletic peasants and muleteers from the neighbouring plains of Castile and La Mancha. Other men there were, standing apart and singly, whose appearance did not indicate a particular profession, and who, though poor and ragged, seemed too proud to be of any. These were covered to the nose in tattered cloaks, almost met by low slouched hats, between which their eyes wandered round with a glance which betrayed anxiety. Perhaps they were robbers, comrades of the condemned men who were soon to suffer, with whom they might have taken part in many a scene of danger and of guilt; but who, not having as yet filled up the measure of their crimes, had come to witness a fate which might soon be their own.

The conduct of this ill-assorted crowd was not, how-

ever, unworthy of the occasion. Those who composed it seemed either fearful or unwilling to talk of the many crimes of the malefactors, either from a lingering awe of them, or lest they might be overheard by a companion. Some stood alone, muffled up in their cloaks, grave, thoughtful, and solemn; others in silent groups, while here and there a countryman leaned over his motionless donkey, directing his eyes in expectation along the street of Toledo. No clamour was anywhere to be heard, except from the boys who were dispersed about the square, clambering along the window-gratings, so as to overlook the heads of the taller multitude, now quarrelling for precedence, now forced, from inability to cling longer, to let themselves down and abandon stations which had cost them so much contention. There were also a few blind men singing a ballad which they had for sale, and which consisted of prayers for the men who were about to die; and now and then a person passed through the crowd, who, as a self-prescribed penance, for which, perhaps, he took care to be well paid, went about ringing a bell and begging cuartos to buy masses for the souls of the malefactors.

The few moments employed in reaching the Plaza and walking round it sufficed to make these observations; but the arrival of the prisoners was much more tardy. Indeed, ten o'clock went by, and eleven was likewise tolled from the towers of many surrounding convents, without any indication of their approach. The day was cold and sunless, such as in winter may be found even in Madrid; and the air of that chilly, heartless kind, which sets at defiance our endeavours to keep it out by additional clothing, and which will even find its way to the fireside, coming over us with a feeling of misery. I began at last to look with anxiety for the coming of the criminals. But when I came to compare their condition with my own, I could not but reproach myself for my impatience. "The remainder of

their lives," said I, "is all condensed into the present hour, and it, already on the wane. This remnant of existence may be infinitely valuable to them in making their peace with men, and in seeking reconciliation with Heaven. And yet you, who perhaps have years in store, would rob them even of this, to relieve yourself from a short hour of weariness and inactivity."

I had before been disgusted only with the scene around me; but now, becoming disgusted with myself, I turned away to beguile my impatience by wandering through the neighbouring churches. I admired anew the vast dome of San Domingo, and made once more the circuit of the convent. The cloisters were even colder than the street. They were, besides, painted on every side with the actions of the patron saint; he who went hand in hand with the bloody Montfort in the persecution of the Albigenses, because they denied, some two centuries sooner than Luther did, that the true body of Jesus Christ is present in the sacrament: who founded the fanatic order which has furnished the Inquisition with many of its most relentless heroes. Some of these paintings were ridiculous, some bloody, and some disgusting. I returned once more to the Plaza, having gained but little in the way of equanimity.

When I reached the opening of the street of Toledo, and glanced my eye over the crowd which filled it, the multitude seemed moved by some new impulse. The women in the balconies were no longer saluting each other across the streets, or shaking their fans in recognition to those who passed below. All eyes were turned in one common direction. The object of this general attention from the balconies was not so soon visible from the street below; indeed, it was some minutes after before we discovered, first the celadores, with their white belts and sabres, moving upward and downward, next their horses, spurred and reined into impatience, in order to intimidate the crowd and

clear a way for the coming of the procession. Behind the celadores were soon after seen the glittering points of many bayonets, vibrating with a measured motion from right to left, and only seeming to advance as they grew higher above the sea of heads which intervened, growing upward and upward, until the weapons of which they formed the least destructive portion were likewise visible. Presently the large bearskin caps of the grenadiers emerged, until at last the whole was apparent, to the very feet of the soldiery. It was now, too, that might be heard, swelling gradually above the hum of the multitude, the death dirge, chanted by the humble monks who attended the criminals.

The soldiers were so arranged as to give the crowd on either side a view of the criminals. They were three in number instead of two; but the first, though an accomplice of the others, had either been found less guilty at the trial, or else had made his peace with justice by becoming a witness against his companions. At all events, he was not to suffer death, but only to be conducted under the gallows, and remain there during the execution. He was seated upon an ass, with his arms pinioned beside him. His head was bent forward, so as nearly to touch the neck of the animal, and his long hair, whose growth had doubtless been cherished for the purpose during a protracted confinement, hung down on every side, so as to form a complete veil about his features; for the criminal felt the degradation, and dreaded lest he should be recognised at some future day. This was an honourable motive: it seemed, at least, to be so considered by the crowd; for none sought to invade the secrecy but one old woman, who stooped down to the ground as the culprit passed, and then hurried off to watch over the operation of her furnace and puchero.

The second criminal was dressed in a shroud; a living man in the garment of the dead. He sat bolt upright on an ass, and his feet were bound tightly together under the

belly of the animal, to prevent any attempt to escape to the churches which lay in the way, and reach the sanctuary of some privileged altar. As for his hands, they were tied with a cord, and made to clasp a copper crucifix; but when it was pressed to his lips by the anxious and tremulous hands of the poor monk who walked beside him, he refused to kiss the image of the Saviour; nay, he even spit upon it. There was, in fact, more of the hardened villain about this malefactor than I had ever before seen. He was a small, spare man, of a thin, sinewy, and catlike conformation, and such a cast of countenance, that had I not seen him, I could scarce have believed it possible for human features to wear such an expression of fiendish malignity. Wishing to learn his story, I asked his crimes of an old man who stood beside me. He answered the question first with a shrug and a shudder; then using an idiomatic phrase, which has found its origin in the frequency of murder in Spain, he said, "He has made many deaths; very many!—Ha hecho muchos muertos; muchisimos!"

The third criminal was dressed like the last, but his looks and bearing were as different as possible. He was far larger and stouter than his companion, stouter at least in body, though not in heart; for while the latter only seemed pale and wasted from ill usage and confinement, this one had besides that bloodless, livid look, which can only be produced by intense fear. His hands were not bound to a crucifix, like the other, but left at liberty to grasp a hymn, which he was singing with the friar. He had, perhaps, pretended repentance and conversion, with a view to interest the clergy in his favour; for in Spain, criminals are often rescued by their intervention, even under the gallows. This uncertainty evidently added to his fear. It was indeed a disgusting, and yet a piteous sight, to see the lips of the miserable man turned blue with terror, yet earnestly chanting as though his life depended on the perform-

ance, his hands, as they held the paper, and every muscle, trembling in accompaniment to his broken and discordant voice.

The procession had now filed into the square, and taken possession of the area reserved immediately about the gallows. The first culprit was posted beneath, and the other two were dismounted from the backs of the asses, and made to sit upon the last step of the ladder. The executioner now came to take possession of his victims. Getting upon the stair next above them, he grasped the smaller and more guilty miscreant under the arms, and retreated upward, dragging him after, step by step, and pausing an instant between each, which was marked by a vibration of the ladder. At length the executioner stood on the highest stair; his victim was a little lower. They had been followed the whole way by an humble monk, in a loose garment of sackcloth, and girded with a scourge. A long gray beard rested upon his breast, while his falling cowl discovered a half-naked head, shaven in imitation of the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour in his Passion. He seemed deeply anxious that the sinful man should not go thus into the presence of his Maker. Lost to every other feeling than the awful responsibilities of the moment, the tremulous earnestness of his manner testified to the arguments and entreaties with which he urged the sinner to repentance. But the heart of the murderer was obdurate to the last, and the crucifix was in vain pressed to his lips to receive a parting salutation.

The last moment of his life had now arrived. The executioner took two of the cords which dangled from the beam, and having once more convinced himself that they were of equal length, he opened the nooses, and placed them about the neck of the malefactor. This done, he let himself down a single step, and seating himself firmly upon the shoulders of his victim, he grasped him tightly about

the neck with his legs. He then drew powerfully upon the cords. The strangling malefactor made a convulsive but ineffectual attempt to reach upward with his pinioned arms, and then writhed his body to escape from the torture. This moment was seized upon by the executioner, who threw himself over the edge of the ladder, when both fell downward together. They had nearly turned over, when the ropes arrested their fall, and, as they tightened, they struck across the face of the executioner, and threw his hat aside among the crowd. But he clung to his prey with a resolute grasp, recovered his seat, and moved upward and downward upon the shoulders of the malefactor. Nor was he left to his own efforts; his assistants below reached the legs of the victim, and drew them downward with all their might.

When this had continued a few minutes, the executioner stood erect upon the shoulders of his victim, and attempted to climb up by the cords, as he probably had been wont to do; but whether he had been stunned by the stroke of the ropes, or had grown heavier and less active since the last execution, his attempt proved abortive, and the loud cries of the multitude, outraged at the brutality, restrained him from a second effort. He then slid down by the body and legs of the criminal, until his feet rested upon the ground, and having tied a rope about the ankles of the dead man, he was drawn aside so as to make room for his companion.

Meantime the remaining malefactor had continued at the foot of the ladder, singing with his confessor a hymn, which made a singular and fearful accompaniment to the scene which was going on behind them. But his respite was a short one; the impatient hands of the executioner were soon upon him, lifting him step by step, as had been done with his companion. The dreadful uncertainty whether he were indeed to die seemed still to cling to him, and he strained his voice and chanted louder than ever. Before

the ropes were put round him he kissed the cross with a greedy eagerness, and then uttered his creed with great volubility, until a jerk of the executioner broke at once upon his chant and upon the delusive hope of pardon. Executioner and malefactor went off as before, and the latter was straightened and stretched, like the blackened corse which hung stiff and motionless at his side.

The conduct of the crowd was singularly solemn. As each victim plunged downward from the gallows, there was a tremulous murmur upon every lip, ejaculating a short prayer for the peace of the guilty soul which was then entering upon eternity. The cloaks of all were unfolded, and, as their lips moved in supplication, each crossed himself devoutly. These feelings, however, were not shared by the executioner. They might, perhaps, have been banished by the active part he had taken in the execution; or else they were ever strangers to his breast. No sooner, indeed, had he descended the last time, than he turned leisurely to readjust his disordered dress. He also recovered his hat, pushed out a dent which the rope had made in it; then taking a half-smoked cigarillo from under the band, he struck a light and commenced smoking. I even fancied, as he looked round upon his victims, that the expression of his face was not unallied to satisfaction. Dreadful propensity of our nature, which often leads us to exult in the vilest deeds, provided they be adroitly executed!

The crowd now began to disperse. Such as had asses mounted them and rode away; others rolled themselves in their cloaks and departed. Nor did I linger, but moved off in a state of mind which none need envy. I experienced a return of the same sickly feeling of disgust with mankind and myself with which I had once risen from the reading of Rousseau's Confessions. Surely there can be nothing in such a spectacle to promote morality, nothing to make us either better or happier: a spectacle which serves but to

create despondency, and to array man in enmity with his condition.

I hurried at once from the spot, determined to seek some society which might rid me of my thoughts and reconcile me to my species. On turning to leave the square at the Calle Toledo, I paused to take a last look at the now lifeless malefactors. The first executed had been loosened from the post to which his feet were bound, and his body still continued to knock against and revolve round that of his companion. However closely associated they might once have been in crime, they were now more closely associated in retribution. It was now, too, that I remembered that the same Plaza and the same gallows had known other and very different victims—that along this very street the purest and bravest of Spanish patriots had been drawn to execution on a hurdle; nay, it was more than likely I had seen the very executioner who had ridden upon the shoulders of Riego!

END OF VOL. I.